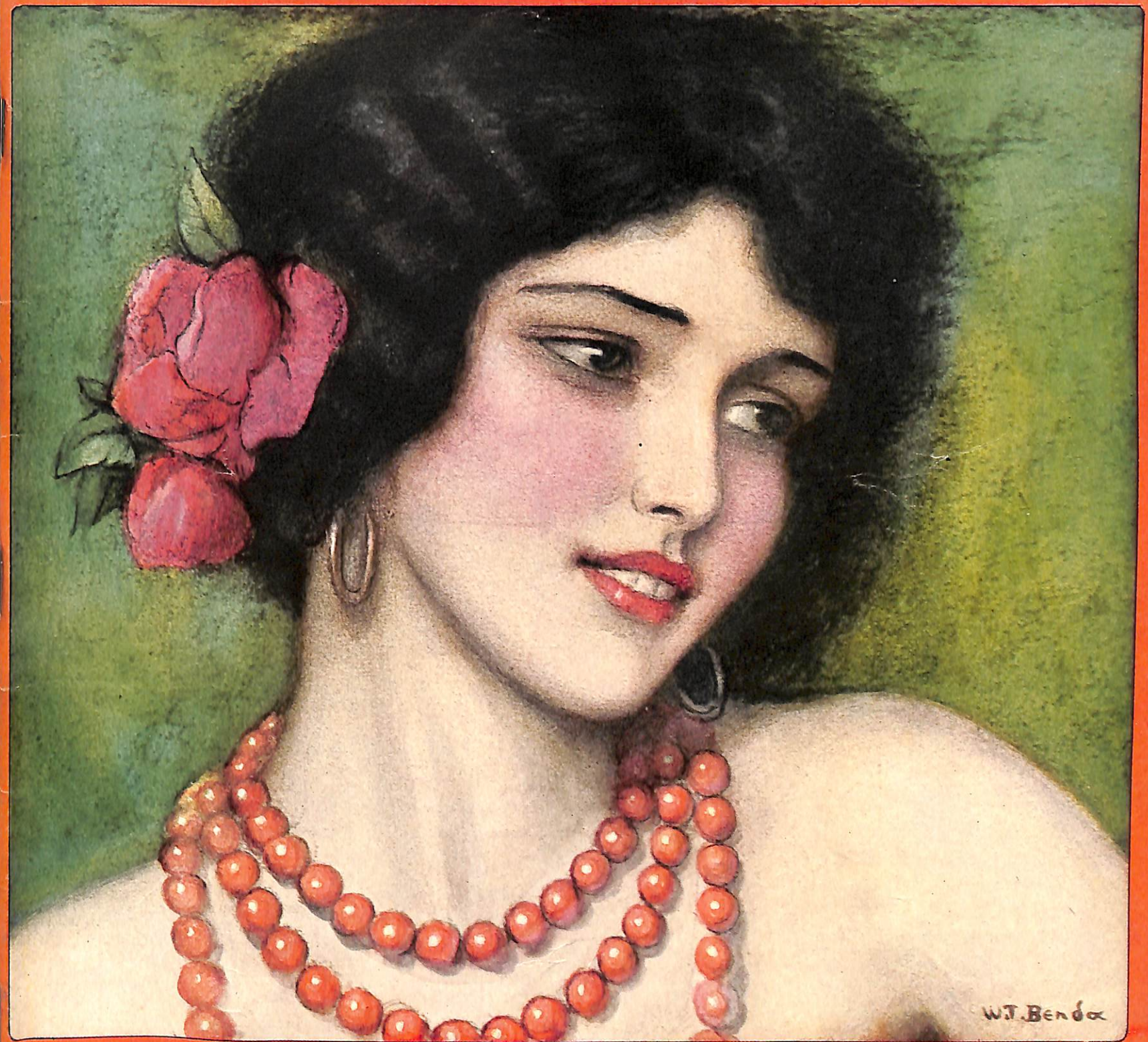


JULY
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

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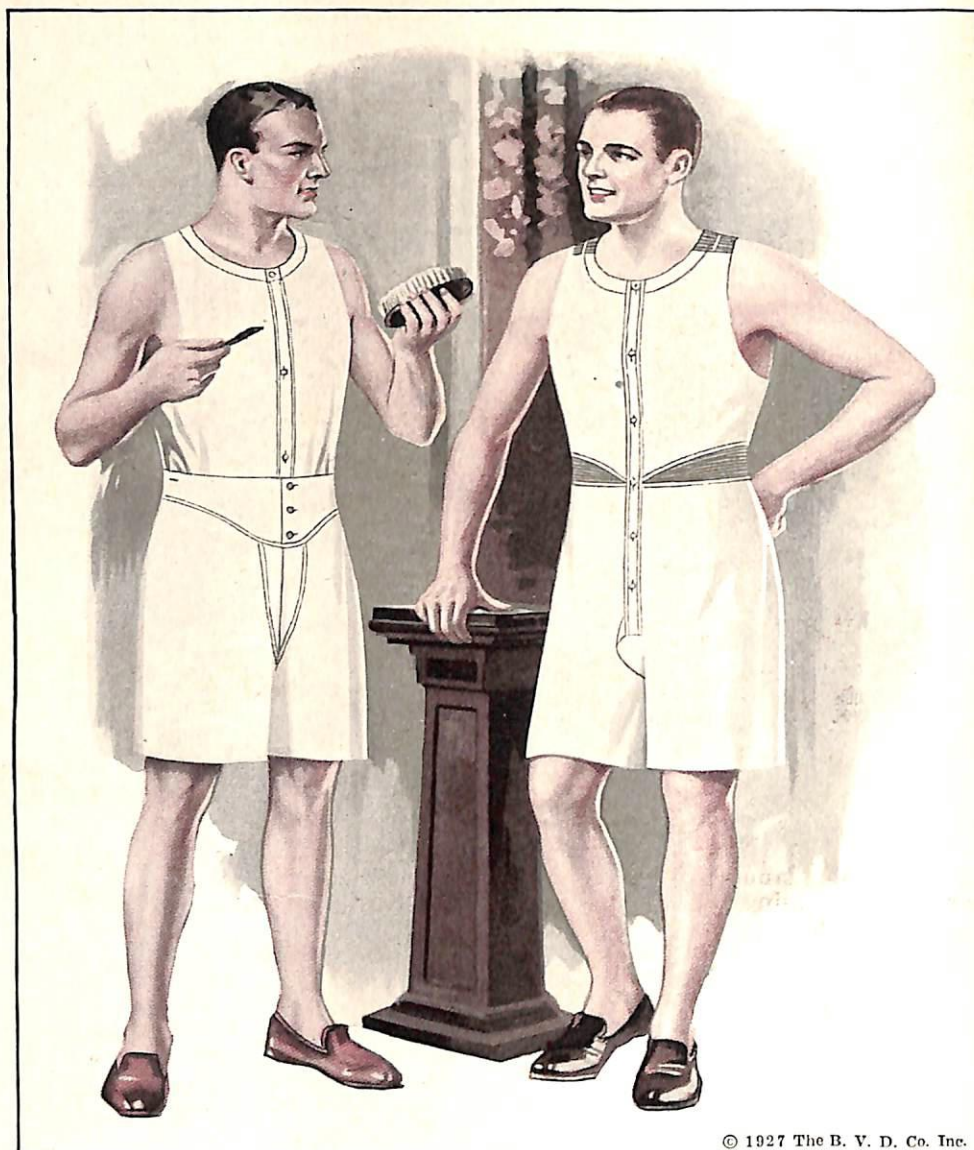


HOW DO THEY DO IT?

by WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Leroy Scott .. Phyllis Duganne .. William Almon
Wolff .. Burton Kline .. Earl Chapin May &c.

"Next to Myself
I Like
'B.V.D.' Best"



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Good Fit and Good Feeling!

"B.V.D." feels so good because it fits so well.

And the good feeling that millions hold *toward* "B.V.D."—the good feeling behind years of world-leading popularity—shows how men value better fit, cooler comfort and longer wear.

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Men's \$1.50
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable
at an additional charge

JULY, 1927

1



"Here Comes Harris —He'll Know!"

HE CAME sauntering across the club-room, smiling, poised. It was easy to see that he was popular. Every few steps he stopped to shake someone's hand, to exchange greetings.

As he approached the little group near the lounge, the men turned to him eagerly.

"Here, Harris! Settle this question for us, will you?"

Laughing, Harris joined the group. "Well, what great problem are you solving now?"

"We want to know who said, 'Henceforth I seek not good fortune.'"

"I say it was one of the old philosophers, Seneca or Diogenes," one of the men declared.

"And I think it was Benjamin Franklin," ventured another.

Harris hesitated a moment, then began. "'Henceforth I seek not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,'" he quoted. "'Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.' That is from 'The Song of the Open Road' by our rugged old friend, Walt Whitman."

"That's it!" cried the man who had first called to Harris. "Didn't I tell you he'd know!"

As Harris went over to join another group Davis remarked, "Amazingly well-informed chap, Harris. It's really a treat to talk with him. He must do a tremendous amount of reading, and yet I don't know how he finds time for it, because I happen to know he's a very busy man."

How Harris Did It

Bill Harris was a busy man—also a very successful man, and like so many other successful business men, he never had had much opportunity to read. The little knowledge remembered from schooldays

stood him in poor stead when he found himself in the company of cultivated and well-read people.

So much of the conversation was clear over his head. He heard names . . . Dante, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Huxley, William Morris. Names vaguely familiar. Who were they? What had they done? What had they said? Why were they famous?

He couldn't spare the time to read about them. He couldn't spare the time to study literature, history, philosophy—all the fascinating things well-read people talk about. If there were only some one volume that would give him the "high lights"—the information he ought to know without words, words, words!

Someone told him about the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book. Told him that it was a whole library condensed into one volume. More in curiosity than anything else, he sent for a copy—and that unique volume alone quickly made him a well-informed man—able to talk intelligently on almost any subject!

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

Elbert Hubbard was probably the most versatile genius that America has ever produced. Writer, orator, craftsman, business man—he astounded the world by his many-sided activities and his extraordinary success.

Hubbard set about deliberately to make himself a master in many fields. When still quite young, he began to keep a scrap book. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find ideas for his scrap book. He added only what he thought inspiring and great.

As the scrap book grew, it became Hubbard's greatest source of ideas. He turned to it constantly—it helped him win fame as a writer and orator. At the time of his death on the sinking of the Lusitania, it had become a priceless collection of great thoughts—the fruit

of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading. Now the remarkable Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book has been published—and you, too, can possess this collection of the best thoughts and ideas of the last 4,000 years—you, too, can become well-informed without wading through a lot of uninteresting reading!

Examine It FREE

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. Set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape. The best of a lifetime of discriminating reading, choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90, plus a few cents postage in full payment.

We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 437, Roycroft Distributors, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors,
Dept. 437, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-bound butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this deluxe binding, with the same return privilege.

SPEAKING OF WOMEN

EAST is East and West is West, but Achmed Abdullah says the Twain does meet—Woman is the same riddle to the Harem Lord as she is to the Occidental. Inez Haynes Irwin in her delightful way undertakes to re-

move this veil of mystery and give the men a glimpse of woman as she really is the world over. In the August issue "Speaking of Women" by Achmed Abdullah and Inez Haynes Irwin's response "Speaking of Men."

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(Cover design by W. T. Benda)

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JULY, 1927

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?
Are you stuck in the rut of hard work and poor pay?
Are you dissatisfied with your job, your income or your prospects?
Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?
Are you putting up with the crumbs of life while others are getting all the cake?

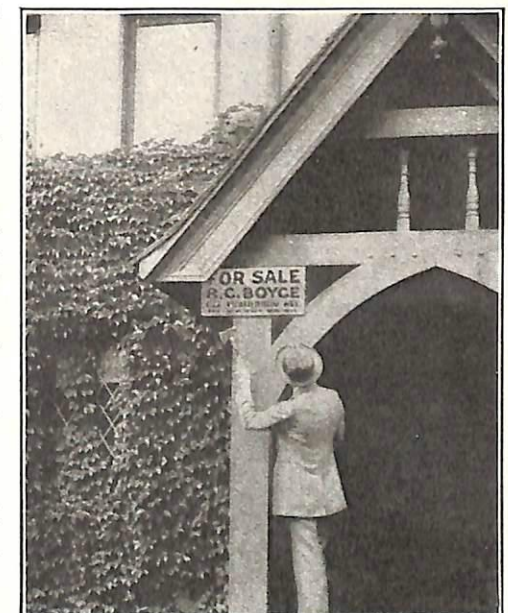
Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!
When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.
I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly one thousand dollars a month. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains my history and your opportunity.

me hear from you at once. I will send you—without cost or obligation—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the



"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.
"Without your Real Estate System I would still be making \$35 a week instead of around \$200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon now—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52GG, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name
Address
City State

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And now is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let

Put Your Name Before the World

average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"I have been helped a great deal by your system. I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenographer and a dandy office, and money in the bank, all through my own efforts and without any capital to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.



THOMAS FOGARTY

Take-It-Back Day

An odd old man came in hurriedly and handed me a borrowed book. Asked to stay for a while he said he could not. It was his "Take-it-Back Day." He was returning borrowed umbrellas, books and the like.

All of us have a lot of favors done us, a lot of books loaned us, a lot of nice things said to us and about us. Why not set aside a Pay-it-Back Day when we return all borrowed property and repay all kind words and acts?

Practical or not, there is food for thought in the idea. Most of us can think of someone to whom we are under obligations. We may not be able to pay it back in kind, but we can at least pen a note of appreciation.



See How Easy it is to Quickly Become a Powerful Speaker

Powerful Speech has shown thousands an amazingly easy way to win advancement in salary and position, a remarkably quick way to gain popularity, standing and success. You, too, can quickly conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity and bashfulness, and become a powerful and convincing speaker who can bend others to your will and dominate one man or an audience of thousands.

THERE is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing public speaker. Those who believe that the ability to speak forcefully belongs only to a few lecturers are making a serious mistake. I will prove that you, too, can quickly become a powerful speaker and can use that gift to win promotion, salary increases, popularity, power. By an amazing five minute test I will show how to discover whether you are one of the 7 men out of every 9 who have this "hidden knack" and do not know it. Men in almost every profession and line of business have made this test and then taken their first step toward success in a large way.

will show you the secret that causes one man to rise from an obscure position to the head of a great corporation; another from the rank and file of political workers to national prominence; an ordinary trades-union member to the national leadership of great labor unions; a timid and retiring man to change suddenly into a popular and much applauded after-dinner and banquet speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things due to this simple, easy, yet effective training.

to *Work Wonders With Words*. This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven

Now Sent FREE

**You Become a Good Speaker—
Or I Don't Want a Penny**

**Why Powerful
Speakers Are
Always Leaders**

It is the man who can put his ideas into convincing speech—the man who can sway others at his will and dominate one man or a thousand—who is sought out and asked to fill big, important, high-salaried positions. He is a leader; he stands head and shoulders above the mass. I am going to prove that you can be such a man by simply bringing out your "hidden personality" which is fighting for recognition but which you keep hemmed in by self-consciousness, lack of confidence in yourself, timidity and bashfulness.

**It Is Amazingly Easy to Quickly
Become a Powerful Speaker**

You do not need a college education nor any previous voice training to become a powerful speaker. I

**What 15 Minutes a Day
Will Show You**

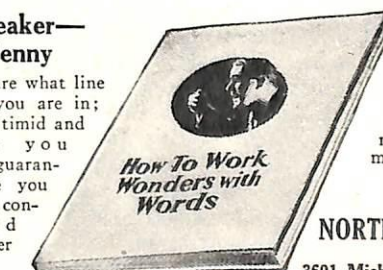
How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

I do not care what line of business you are in; how bashful, timid and self-conscious you are; I will guarantee to make you a powerful, convincing and easy speaker within a few weeks.

if you will give me 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. I know what I have done for thousands of others and what remarkable results have been secured often in a month's time. Therefore, if I cannot make you a powerful speaker I guarantee to return every penny you have paid me and you owe nothing.

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

A GREETING FROM THE NEW IMPERIAL POTENTATE

To the Entire Nobility of North America:



Y THE vote of the Imperial Council at Atlantic City you bestowed upon me one of the highest honors that can be given to any man in any Fraternal Order. You made me your Imperial Potentate and placed me at the head of this great Shrine of North America. That I appreciate this honor may only be shown in the service that I render to you, and the results accomplished during my term of office. I do at this time, however, thank you with a heart full to overflowing for the honor you have given my Temple, my State, my City, my family and myself.

Only a few in this great jurisdiction of ours may receive this high Office, and only those few members who attended the Imperial Council meeting can realize how happy you made me, how proud I will be in serving you, and so through this Magazine I am privileged to thank you all and in my humble way express to you some message which will, I hope, bring us closer together.

I feel sure that I will have your hearty support for without that it would be impossible for me to go on with our great work. I need your whole-souled cooperation, your assistance and your help. In return I promise you a year of faithful service in-so-far as it is possible for me to give it to you. To err is human and mistakes may be made, and if so please extend to me one of the first lessons that is taught us in Masonry—Charity. We are today a great Order numbering close to six hundred thousand members with its many changes and complications, notably our Hospitals and our Magazine. We have grown from an Order of small beginning to be a great big business organization and Fraternal Order with the most wonderful conception of life, what we may do with it and how we shall live. Shall we just go along looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping our paths straight ahead for only ourselves, or shall we live the life that was given to us in that we should extend Charity to all, to love our family and our neighbor, to make friends and retain them, to be a useful citizen, to spread sunshine with kind words, deeds and smiles? This to me is the true conception of the Shrine, and may we all do what we can to make us worthy of the Order of which we are members.

Our hospitals under their able management are doing a work which calls for the admiration of everyone, and every member of the Shrine should be proud that we have taken up this work and are able to maintain it so well and efficiently. Surely the Master's words are indelibly written in every Shriner's heart, and the Nobility is very proud of the privilege to carry on this great work. We are now reaping the benefit in seeing young men and women all over our jurisdiction made straight and upright with an equal chance in the world with others who are more fortunate. The task has been great and will become more and more so as we extend, but with firm hearts we welcome the multiplying duties and with renewed faith look forward to the ever increasing task. This work is Service, and Service is one of the greatest and grandest attributes a Shriner may have in his heart.

This Magazine speaks for itself. A clean-cut paper full of good reading which every Noble should be proud to take into his home. To those who criticize our Order for having a Magazine please remember this, that the Shrine is too big an Order today to have any one man or group of men publishing a Magazine which would not be censored by the organization itself. Therefore, we must have a paper of our own and the results of the first year more than justify its existence, and the profits from year to year go to our hospitals to help the crippled children. So it answers a two-fold purpose.

The By-laws of the Imperial Council are published for the guidance of Potentates and Officers in the various duties of governing their Temples. Each Temple has its own By-laws and all Officers should become proficient to the extent of not having to write the Imperial Potentate to answer questions which may be found readily in the printed books of By-laws. Your Imperial Potentate will be ever ready to assist you in any way possible, but please do not make his office attend to needless letters. Time will be a very important factor with your present incumbent, so again kindly be charitable.

Let us look forward to the future undaunted. We have a record of which we should be very proud or our Order would not have grown as it has, as no Fraternal Order or any other organization that does not have something good in it will survive or exist for any length of time. We have lived and kept the faith. We are an Order that men need and want. They want the fun loving good fellowship which the Shrine only can give. We are all Masons, and we will ever walk and act as such, and as members of this Order we will remain true to all the great principles and with it always keep in mind that our Blue Lodge is the Mother of us all and that we must be true to our Mother Lodge. I like to picture the Blue Lodge as a Mother with all her symbolic traditions and to whom we all pay allegiance. On the right arm of this dear old Mother we find the Chapter and the Council which have both so beautifully exemplified a countenance of symbolic Masonry, then the Commandery with its wonderful lessons and true Christian examples. On the left arm we find the Lodge of Perfection, the Rose Croix, the Prince of Jerusalem and the Sublime 32d degree, and then this old Mother with both arms extended holds up so all may see the youngest child, one who perhaps strayed in its younger days, but now has come into its own, The A. A. O. N. M. S. There is the example of true Christian Charity, spreading the cement of brotherly love and kindness, teaching men to know that there is a Fatherhood of God and a Brotherhood of Men. Nobles, let us live up to the great opportunity we have before us. Let us as members of this great fraternity strive to make it greater and better. With your help and cooperation you will assist me in an immeasurable way to do what I may as the head of this Order which we love so well.

In closing let me say to you all
"Es Selamu Aleikum,"
"Aleikum Es Selam."

Yours in the faith,

Clarence M. Dunbar



CLARENCE MARTIN DUNBAR

Clarence Martin Dunbar was born October 29, 1871, at Wakefield, Mass., his parents being Bradford G. Dunbar and Sarah M. (Shepardson) Dunbar. He was educated in the Public Schools at Melrose, Malden and Wrentham, Mass., and was married February 6, 1895, to Martha Ann Tills. There are two children, Arthur Bradford and Margaret Tills Dunbar. Mrs. Dunbar died March, 1925.

Mr. Dunbar learned the jewelry business as an apprentice and started the firm of Dunbar, Leach, Garner Company, manufacturing platers, in 1899, at Attleboro, Mass. He resigned from that firm in 1906 and established the Corporation of Cook, Dunbar, Smith Company, manufacturing platers, at Providence, R. I. He is at present Director and Treasurer of that Company.

He was a member of Providence City Council, 1914-1916, and served nine years as Fire Commissioner. He is a member of the following organizations: Rhode Island Yacht Club (Commodore 1909-1910). Pomham Club (President 1923-1924). Wannamoisett Country Club. Anawan Club. Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company. Charter Member of Attleboro Lodge of Elks No. 1014. He is a member of the Episcopal Church.

The new Imperial Potentate became a member of Bristol Lodge A. F. & A. M., North Attleboro, Mass., November 17, 1896; served as Junior Deacon in 1916-1917, and Senior Deacon in 1918-1919.

King Hiram Royal Arch Chapter, Attleboro, Mass., October 13, 1898, and served as High Priest in 1906-1907. He was District Deputy Grand High Priest of the Third Capital District 1911-1914.

Attleboro Council Royal and Select Masters, Attleboro, Mass., March 20, 1905, and served as Thrice Illustrious Master, 1908-1909.

Knighted in Bristol Commandery No. 29, Attleboro, Mass., February 1, 1902, and was Commander in 1908-1909. In 1914 he was appointed Grand Lecturer of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and served as Grand Commander in 1925-1926. He is a member of the Past Commanders' Association of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and was its President in 1925-1927.

Hope Chapter Order of Eastern Star, Attleboro, Mass., in 1902, and was Worthy Patron in 1906-1907.

He received the Scottish Rite degrees in Rhode Island Lodge of Perfection, Providence, R. I., February 26, 1908; Rhode Island Council Princes of Jerusalem, March 25, 1908; Rhode Island Chapter of Rose Croix, April 22, 1908; Rhode Island Consistory 32°, June 23, 1908.

He became a member of Palestine Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at Providence, R. I., March 3, 1903; served as Illustrious Potentate in 1911-1912, and has been a Representative to the Imperial Council since 1911. He was elected Imperial Marshal, at Indianapolis in 1919, advanced steadily through the Imperial line and elected Imperial Potentate at Atlantic City on June 15, 1927.

The PRISONER

MY FIRST evening stroll in Deep Haven took me to the end of a street called Wooded Lane. There the sight of a magnificent old estate long held me captive. Some great artist should have painted that place. At first I took it to be a park, perhaps closed at that hour. It held out a thousand welcomes—but also a subtle warning. Its cool shade invited to rest, yet about the property ran a spiked and seemingly endless fence, heavily festooned with vines. Behind this barrier towered a wilderness of oaks, elms, and lindens, equally forbidding.

It took the fancy, that place. It asked questions, propounded riddles. It should have been the scene of a brilliant life. It set the stage for romance, and drama was hinted instead. For apart from the hundreds of birds that frisked and chattered in its foliage, as if they alone had owned it forever, the place was as still as death. The chains across the gateway, one noted, had the rust of years. Always, it was clear, some owner had been at pains to be surrounded with an impenetrable privacy, and now mystery was added, in these signs of an owl's vacancy.

Dusk came on, so long I stared into the lovely jungle for tokens of occupancy. Not a vestige was visible, except that at last I made out, deep in the miniature forest, the outlines of a house, of generous dimensions, but so shadowy as hardly to be real—until a thing happened to stamp it as fact.

Flickering through the lacework of branches and leaves, like a frightened eye from behind a veil, a lone, dim light appeared. It startled, annoyed me, that evidence of an ownership other than mine. At the same time I happened to be taken with the familiar feeling of being observed by someone near, and turning, I saw, in the shadows across the street, the figure of a man, fixedly staring.

"The jealous owner even maintains a watchman," I thought. And as the watchman was uncomfortably efficient, I moved away. But so did he. On his side of the street he kept a pace even with mine. Not until we reached the open end of the street and the beginnings of town did he go his way. Deep Haven had its oddities, I saw already, and watchman that fellow was, I was destined to learn, with a singular reason for his vigil.

My gossip boarding house would surely have information about that property, and I inquired, immediately on return. Very curiously, nobody answered my questions. Nobody appeared to hear them. I thought my fellow boarders rude. But their reticence, I began to see, was deliberate. I was being edged away from the topic. Evidently the very subject of that estate was as difficult of approach as the grounds themselves. Before learning what I finally did, I had to break through endless resistance of the sort, and what I did learn came in the strangest, round-about way.

For example, one night I dreamed of my great estate, and dreamed disaster to it. Because I couldn't possess it myself, I suppose, I burned it down. In the morning I learned a better reason for the distressful vision. While I slept, Deep Haven had staged a noisy and spectacular fire. Miss Smink and some of her boarders had but just returned from the welcome excitement, and I heard all about it at breakfast.

"What burned?" I asked.

"Only one of Clara Downing's old shacks," Miss Smink replied.

So it wasn't my proud estate. I voiced relief at the trifling loss. "But who is Clara Downing?" I asked.

And because Miss Smink neglected to answer, I thought I had an immediate connection with the great estate. In fact, her account of the fire supplied me other clues. Especially when Miss Smink let me know which house had burned. It was that Colonial masterpiece in the principal residence street which had taken my eye from the first. Salem would proudly have given room to that house. That was the "shack" that was

gone. But in the eyes of Miss Smink a dozen such houses would have been a small price to pay, for the fire, if you please, had given one of my fellow boarders a chance to play the hero.

"Isn't it just too wonderful?" Miss Smink for the tenth time called me to witness. "Oh, I knew all along Jimmie Duane had it in him. You know, I've had him for a guest for three years. And the girl he saved was Natalie Laurens. Visitor here. Niece and heiress of a prominent family. So sweet and dear. Going to be so rich, with it all. Every one loves her. And to think that Jimmie Duane—It's unbelievable, that's all."

Not at all bad, really, Miss Smink's eye-witness account of Jimmie's appearance on the portico roof of the blazing house, with Natalie safe in his arms. He must have merited the cheer of the crowd and the rush to help him. "And of course you can see," said Miss Smink, "what it does for Jimmie Duane."

I thought it entirely possible. "Yes, but you don't know all. What a fight Jimmie's had in this town. The shadow over his name, and all. His father—" Miss Smink glanced nervously about, before touching another evidently delicate topic. "Jimmie's father is a trifle odd. So no one's taken Jimmie up. He simply forced his way at the bank. By sheer ability. They had to have him. Made him assistant cashier. Think of it! He's barely twenty! And the First National, too! Of course every one respected Jimmie. But left him alone. You know how it is. But now he'll be famous. All over the country. They'll have to take him up, society will. As for Natalie—it's like a book, so full of romance. For now it's a foregone conclusion about Natalie and Jimmie. What other fellow in the world could mean a thing to Natalie! Her Uncle is frantic to thank him."

It did seem wonderful, and yet, with Jimmie preserved to humanity and secure in his riches, the wonderful old house which had paid for it all, came back, as things will, to a lawyer's mind. "Who owned that place, did you say?" I asked Miss Smink.

She instantly snapped, "I said it was only one of Clara Downing's."

"You mean," I laughed, "this Clara Downing has so many such trifles, the loss of one here and there doesn't matter?"

And again, before she could catch herself, Miss Smink had been trapped into answer. "Nobody cares what Clara Downing loses! Especially to Jimmie Duane!"

So, to this Clara Downing, young Duane was linked in something—revolving about that great estate. I was sure.

A few days later Duane was brought to the boarding house, and I had a chance to look him over. The bank made him a handsome present. Natalie's relatives were understood to have

A hated and shunned creature in her own town for twenty years!—What wrong could this beautiful woman have committed to warrant such punishment?

By BURTON KLINE
Illustrations by Donald Teague



Not at all bad, really, Miss Smink's eye-witness account of Jimmie's appearance on the portico roof of the blazing house with the lovely young heiress safe in his arms.

something sensational in store for him, and as Miss Smink had foretold, the town, if not the nation, was at his feet. Of course, as he had the right to be, he was pleased with his success, yet he carried it well. Not a bad figure, Jimmie, with his dark, shy eyes and his modest air, but hardly the sort to adorn a mystery. I will say, too, that life in a boarding house in the company of a local hero can be rather trying.

Still, Deep Haven soon took me to itself, with consolations. After all I was there, not primarily, to delve into local secrets. My errand was to search old records in the ancient County Court House for data in a case over a will.

On my way to work I had every day to cross the Common, where a certain statue early captured attention—because of the name it bore. As if the name alone were enough, it carried no other inscription. Like my great estate, this aroused conjecture, especially as the name was "Wallace T. Downing." And for still other reasons the name was oddly familiar.

Even more than the name, the bronze figure of this Downing made me curious. It was altogether too godlike. Either a stupid sculptor had earned his pay by flattery, or a smart one had amused himself with the vanity of his subject. He'd given this Downing superb proportions and an almost lyrical wave to

his hair, to his pointed beard and flaring mustache. But above all else the face wore a puzzling smile—a smile either of infinite benignity or of infinite guile.

This Downing had been Deep Haven's presiding genius, its J. P. Morgan. The clubs, the First Presbyterian Church, the First Na-

tional Bank, the Y. M. C. A., the Fair Grounds, all had sprung into being at his touch. So had the new Town Hall, the Hospital, the Library, the wharves, and a number of industries. But I learned even more about Wallace T. Downing from what Miss Smink and her boarders neglected to put into words. At every mention of his name, I noticed, the ladies all sighed and exchanged the most soulful glances, where the men all scowled.

That Sunday afternoon I strolled again to the great estate in Wooded Lane. For no one, of course, but Wallace T. Downing could have owned such a place. But now, by daylight, its splendor was marred by signs of decay. The hedges cried for the shears, the trees for the pruning-hook. Dilapidation had set in over it all.

Once more I waited for the lone light in its depths, and, when it came, moved away. So again did that man in the

shadows across the street. Again he kept an even pace till we reached the active part of town. He was neatly dressed. He was gravely handsome. I meant to know also about him.

That evening at supper I determined to cross-examine. "The wonderful old place at the end of Wooded Lane, I take it, belonged to Wallace T. Downing. But why should a property like that be allowed to run down?" I put to Miss Smink. "Does no one live there—in all that paradise?"

"Servants," Miss Smink said stiffly, "live there, I believe." "Only servants, in all that loveliness? When the town might use it—?"

"The town would take it in a second if it could! And some day it will!" Miss Smink snapped out in spite of herself. Evidently, in my quest for drama, I was getting "warm."

"What hinders the town?" I drove at her.

"Oh," Miss Smink let slip, with a blush, "Clara Downing lives there."

"Widow of Wallace T. Downing?"

Miss Smink turned sharply. "Clara is Wallace T. Downing's daughter. Only survivor." As she let this out, Miss Smink glanced hastily at young Duane, who also sat at the table.

"But who," I nevertheless went on, "is the oddity who stands across the street and scowls one down?"

Jimmie himself supplied the answer to that. He did so by bolting his dessert and darting from the table. When he had gone Miss Smink turned to me. "I should have told you, perhaps. In Deep Haven, my friend, no one so much as mentions Clara Downing. Least of all in the presence of that young man."

With that, Miss Smink hurried off into other topics, but not before linking that watchman, too, to the great estate, along with Jimmie, the financier, and his daughter. But of all these persons to the drama, this Clara Downing, undoubtedly, was the leading lady, and I resolved to center on her.

One day in the street a curbstoep loafer excitedly seized my arm and pointed. "By-y cricky! Ef Clara Downing hain't smoked herse'f out again! Ben t' the Post Office, mos' likely. 'S ef she ever got any mail!"

From the far side of Market Square an old barouche came lumbering toward us, drawn by an elderly nag with an elderly driver on the box. After days of being refused the first hint even as to Clara Downing's physical appearance, I was at last to see the lady. And all I saw was a parasol, raised not against the sun but ever used in defense against the passerby.

Still, a few days on, I saw much more of Miss Downing, when two other notables paraded the streets. For the first time since the fire, Natalie Laurens was permitted to take the air. Quite naturally she did so in the company of Jimmie Duane. The town demanded as much. It had given Jimmie a motorcar, and the young man owed it to show them off, the car and the girl. Triumphant procession it was. Every one stopped to wave to the blushing pair, and with excellent reason.

Natalie still was pale, but lovely to the point of the impossible. I'd say, too, the loveliest thing about her was her shyness in taking the greetings. A breeze played with her coal-black hair, and excitement played with her eyes.

But so was Miss Downing having a look at the happy lovers. Parked at the corner of a side street was the old barouche and the parasol. I watched for what Miss Downing would do when Jimmie passed with his prize.

The parasol was lifted for a long look. And for just as long I had my look at Clara Downing. She startled me with her unexpected youthfulness and beauty. But I chiefly remembered her eyes. Never in my life have I seen a gaze that seemed to come from such an incredible distance. With that far-away study she followed Jimmie for as long as he was visible. Then the parasol was lowered. A listless order was given. The old barouche moved off.

But I had seen Clara Downing. And she fitted that great estate. She was as lovely, as moody, as remote.

Not a long time afterward Miss Downing called, in person, at the Post Office while I was there. "H'm!" sniffed someone near me. "Comin' herself, now! She's lost her last hired girl agin!"

In a spirit of mischief I planted myself where Miss Downing in turning from the window, would have to jostle me. Her

reaction was not a start but a recoil. As if she expected a blow. Yet my hasty apology drew a forgiving glance. Then she hurried away.

That was the beginning. Several times Miss Downing came to the Post Office. I timed my visits to hers. Once she dropped a book. Was it wholly by accident? She seemed so eager to thank me for it. This fetched a knowing wink from those who saw it.



After that Miss Downing nodded to me from her carriage. At last, when I stood on a corner, scanning a paper, she ordered her driver to water the horse at an old remaining trough by the curb. And she spoke to me.

"Isn't it a magical day!" No more.

But the almost imploring note in her voice! Miss Downing was uttering any commonplace that would draw the sound of a voice in reply.

We improved on this. To cut matters short, I became acquainted with Miss Downing. At length she asked me to tea of a Sunday afternoon—at the Downing estate!

"Of course you're not going," Miss Smink not so much asked as pronounced.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

"They'll cut you dead. Everywhere in town."

I said I was going.

Seeing me thus suicidally bent, Miss Smink laughed oddly. "H'm! It's as well you're going out there in the daytime!"

"Look behind you now and then," a boarder put in. "It's happened before out there."

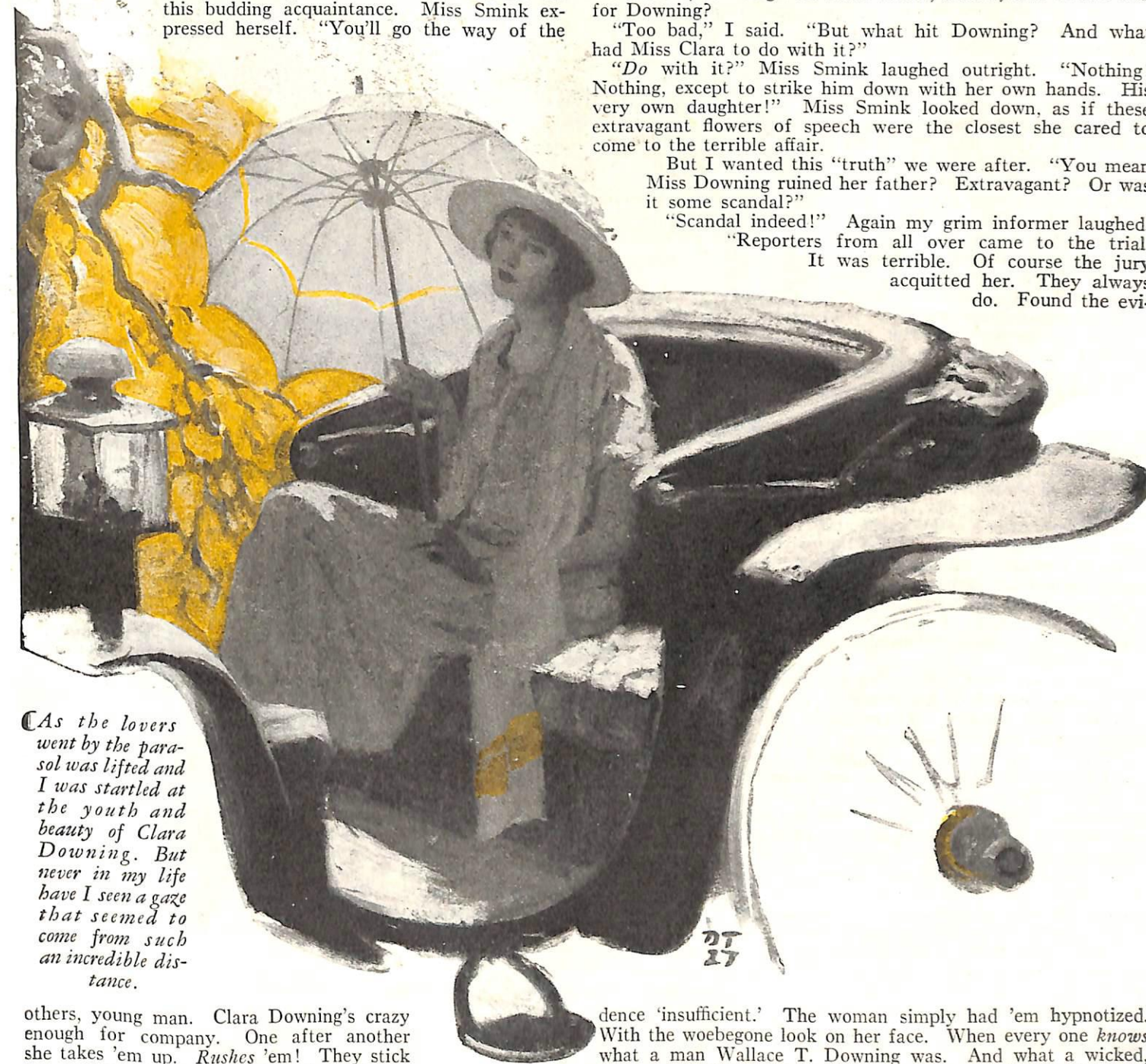
I quitted the boarding house in disgust; I quitted the Downing estate more puzzled than ever. That Sunday I passed two hours in company with the most delightful woman I knew. To say Miss Downing was charming would be to insult her, the phrase is so pitifully poor. Her portrait calls for a literary art that I do not possess. But she took me about those gorgeous grounds. With a master's touch she played to me. How she could talk! Grace, dignity, distinction ruled her every motion and word. By all odds Miss Downing was superior to any woman I'd met in Deep Haven.

And by not so much as a syllable did she refer to the town. Nothing about her told me anything, unless it was her voice. It was the softest, the gentlest, the most musical, the most hauntingly expressive voice I had ever heard. Whatever the simple things she said, there were times when the sound of her voice told me all. So moving were its accidental depths of

hunger—so much more moving were her efforts to mask that hunger. What, I wondered, throughout my call, could have caused the silly yet savage difference between that town and such a woman!

I now called often on Miss Downing. After a fashion we became friends. I say after a fashion because a delicate reticence, an icy distance, always surrounded her. Time and again it was on the tip of my tongue to blurt, "This place is teeming with decent people. Why their brutality to you?" But the possible hurt to such a woman was not to be thought of.

My boarding house cronies rallied me on this budding acquaintance. Miss Smink expressed herself. "You'll go the way of the



As the lovers went by the parasol was lifted and I was startled at the youth and beauty of Clara Downing. But never in my life have I seen a gaze that seemed to come from such an incredible distance.

others, young man. Clara Downing's crazy enough for company. One after another she takes 'em up. Rushes 'em! They stick for a while. Then run. So will you."

My comment, I fear, was tart.

"You'll notice," Miss Smink came back, "every one she takes up's a stranger. It's the only kind she can get. They soon find out. Then it's over."

"What do they find?" I said. "By George, I'll ask her myself!"

At that my landlady lost all patience and took me aside to her sitting-room. All the boarders thought it was time. "You might as well know the truth," Miss Smink began, and then fetched out, in a lowered voice, "That woman has a human life on her soul. Somebody died at her hands."

I laughed. Whereupon Miss Smink told it all.

"You think you know all about Wallace T. Downing. You don't know the half. Wallace Downing was the noblest man

that ever drew breath. Nobody knows all the good he did for this town. No man ever begrudged Wallace Downing his money! The town adored him. As well it might! And then—when there was no telling what more he'd do for us all—when his plans were just opening out"—Miss Smink's voice sank lower still—"came the end. Just twenty-one years ago."

She hardly could go on. "Yes?" I encouraged. "It was awful. Awful. The way he was stricken down. Heart-breaking, that's what it was. It horrified every one." Miss Smink's eyes filled. Could the poor, weakened creature, I wondered, be living over some secret, beaten, love of her own for Downing?

"Too bad," I said. "But what hit Downing? And what had Miss Clara to do with it?"

"Do with it?" Miss Smink laughed outright. "Nothing! Nothing, except to strike him down with her own hands. His very own daughter!" Miss Smink looked down, as if these extravagant flowers of speech were the closest she cared to come to the terrible affair.

But I wanted this "truth" we were after. "You mean Miss Downing ruined her father? Extravagant? Or was it some scandal?"

"Scandal indeed!" Again my grim informer laughed.

"Reporters from all over came to the trial. It was terrible. Of course the jury acquitted her. They always do. Found the evi-

dence 'insufficient.' The woman simply had 'em hypnotized. With the woebegone look on her face. When every one knows what a man Wallace T. Downing was. And what a wicked, wayward, wilful, spitefire thing that Clara was! Well!" Miss Smink laughed. "She's tame enough now! We've seen to that!"

The case of Miss Downing had gathered interest. Yet the Miss Downing I knew, to invite a public censure as savage as this, must have outrageously contravened some law or convention. I must have looked the doubts I tried to voice.

"No, we were not mistaken, young man," Miss Smink took me up. "Clara Downing might fool the jury, but not the town. She got away with her head on her shoulders, and with all her mother's money. She did it all the same. The whole town knows it, and has never forgiven. It couldn't drive her from town, but it could and it did put her from mind. And it keeps her there. Especially since Jimmie has cleared the family name. I may as well tell you his father was Clara's fiancé."

She saw to his ruin, too. So now, young man"—Miss Smink shook my arm—"now that you've got the whole of it, you see where curiosity was going to lead you. The woman you admire so much was the death of her father. The ruin of her lover. She darkened life for us all. *That's* why the least said in this town about Clara Downing the better."

Miss Smink turned to go. But to a lawyer and a friend of Miss Downing, this wasn't the "whole of it." "But *how* all this ruin?" I said. "What did Miss Downing do?"

Miss Smink turned on me. "If you *will* have the hideous word, she *killed* her father. Shot him."

I sat down and laughed.

"The facts were the facts!" Miss Smink let me have it. "You must remember at least *hearing* of the Downing Case. It was famous."

So this was the Downing Case. It was why the name of Wallace T. Downing had been oddly familiar. I did remember the question hotly debated when I was a boy—"Had, or hadn't, the daughter done it?" Long ago Miss Smink and Deep Haven had settled the problem. I wasn't so certain. "But Miss Downing's a wonderful woman!" I said. "A personage! I *know* her!"

"You didn't know her then."

"But twenty-one years ago she couldn't have been more than a chit of a girl!"

Bit by bit Miss Smink brought it back. The thing had happened in the very Downing house. Gardeners at work in the grounds had heard the shot. Brilliant Wallace Downing, financial genius, gift to humanity, pitched to the foot of the stairs, with the fatal little hole in his breast. At the top of the stairs the weapon, where that creature his daughter had dropped it, and run.

"An accident!" I argued.

"With his dying words," Miss Smink said gravely, "Wallace Downing declared it no accident."

That was a facer, but still I protested.

"The man was out of his senses!"

"So it was testified," Miss Smink said drily. "And the jury believed it!"

"But the motive? In a daughter!"

"That's where James Duane comes in," Miss Smink said wearily. "The daughter of Wallace T. Downing was the catch of the State. With her mother's money and her father's fame she ought to have married position and wealth. How it would have strengthened her father in his plans! But would she? She would have James Duane. Simply infatuated. Wild about his looks. Of course he was nice. A worthy sort. But hardly the sort of son-in-law for Wallace T. Downing. And Clara nagged till her father put James in the bank, in a place of trust. And it happened. Clara set out to be the 'making' of James Duane. She 'made' him! It wasn't *his* fault if his head was turned. And so it was discovered. Shortage at the bank. Clara was wild to have it glossed over. And because her father wasn't that kind and wouldn't—Motive enough, you see."

I saw. "And Duane married some other?"

"At once. As he should. A girl who'd wanted him all along."

I thought, "The faithful suitor!"

"The other girl died when her Jimmie was born. Because of the birth, some said. I say it was James Duane's disgrace. It was the hand of Clara Downing. They never pushed the charges against him, and Clara made up the loss. What less could she do! But you see why James Duane is broken and bitter. And you also see"—Miss Smink now patted my arm—"why we shun that dreadful woman. Her curse is on us everywhere. Ask any number of people here, my friend, why it is they're virtual paupers. I wasn't always a boarding house keeper myself!"

I had it! I shot to my feet. Those last few words were

a lightning revelation. The only "motive" Miss Smink had supplied was the one Deep Haven had for its hate. Whether Miss Downing had, or hadn't, a jury had never been sure, but the town had never a doubt of her hitting it in the pocket. And so, at the moment when Clara Downing left the court room "free," opinion had jailed her again. No sooner had the jury acquitted than opinion condemned her afresh, without appeal, and with "facts that were facts." And what if these "facts" were not as



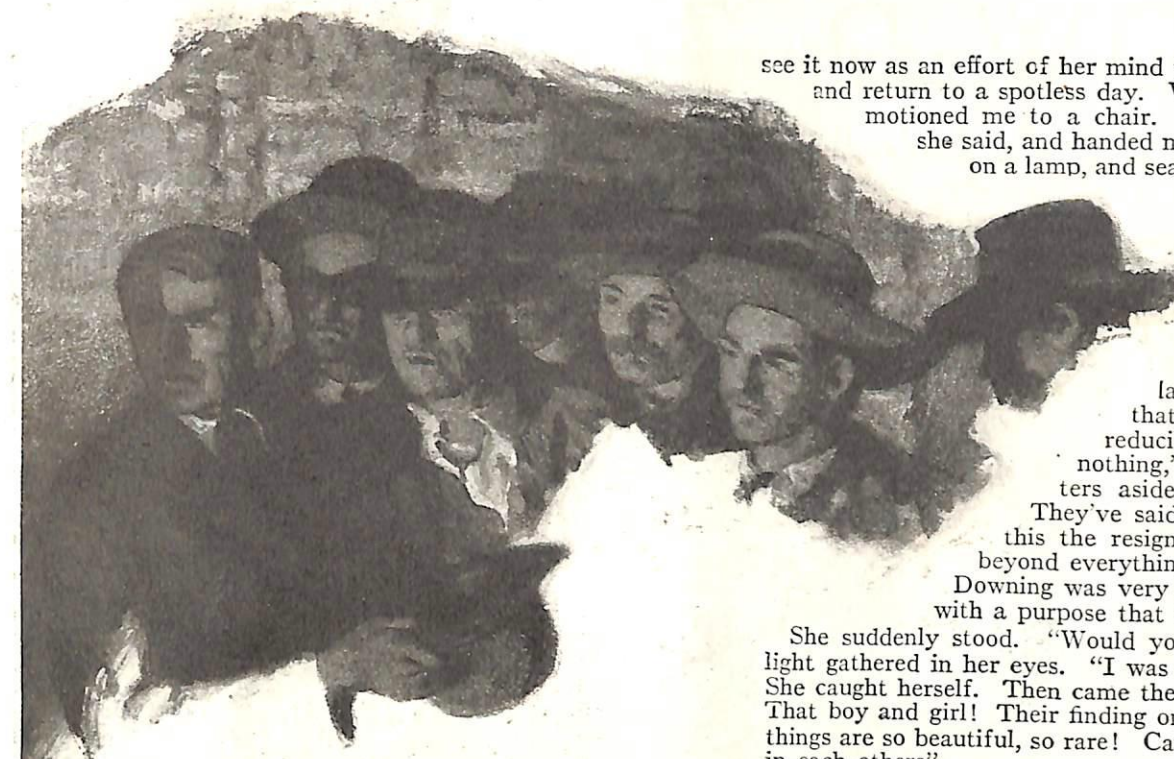
"Crucified!" shouted the towering Duane to the snarling mob, as he stood beside the limp white form. "The whitest soul that God ever made!"

opinion would have them! Miss Smink must have read my thoughts.

I left her boarding house and took up other lodgings. It wouldn't do to embarrass Jimmie Duane, but neither would it do to quit Miss Downing. I called more often at the Downing estate. I used to sit and look into the still young eyes of that still young woman. Little wonder, now, that the gaze of them came from such an incredible distance.

Often I caught Miss Downing furtively peering at me, to see, I suppose, if I too had "heard." Little silences would come between us. She knew that I knew. She must have wondered how much I believed. Nothing was said, but the very effort to rule the dread topic from mind only rooted it there. Perhaps that is why, each time I called, Miss Downing greeted me with that eager catch of her breath. Each former visit of mine she had probably taken as the last.

The guests of Miss Smink, when they met me on the street, this while, would playfully feel of my back, to see if it still were whole. They regaled me with news of Jimmie Duane.



see it now as an effort of her mind to skip a dread recollection and return to a spotless day. With a lift of her hand she motioned me to a chair. "Thank you for coming," she said, and handed me a sheaf of letters, turned on a lamp, and seated herself while I read the filthy things.

Those with signatures were only the more outspokenly venomous, and on handing them back, I heard for the first time Miss Downing's patient laughter. It shook me, so laden it was with everything that she must have found irreducible to words. "They're nothing," she said, and laid the letters aside. "Nothing new, that is. They've said it all before." I thought this the resignation of one who has got beyond everything—in spirit, at least. Miss Downing was very much there in the present, with a purpose that took my breath.

She suddenly stood. "Would you—?" she began, a bright light gathered in her eyes. "I was able to bear it all until—" She caught herself. Then came the burst. "It was so pretty! That boy and girl! Their finding one another that way! Such things are so beautiful, so rare! Can't they *see* what they have in each others?"

I tried to murmur that all would come right.

"Not here, not in this town! You know what they've told that girl. And I can't, I can't spoil that! They mustn't hold me responsible for that! I ought to go to that boy and girl! But no—" That laughter again. "They'd only shut the door in my face. But here in this house I could tell them!" In rising excitement Miss Downing came towards me. "Here they'd *have* to listen! Would they be afraid, d'you think, if you came along? Could you persuade them?" Her hands came out in appeal. "You *must* persuade them! They shan't refuse me! They must know the truth, if it kills me! The whole town must! Bring it, bring it to me!"

When Miss Downing had calmed herself, I left on her errand. On part of her errand—to bring the lovers. I had to help that woman ease her soul. But I knew what those roughs were ready to do. And if news spread of Miss Downing's summons to that boy and girl—!

NATALIE I found rebellious. Her relatives, too, thought poorly of my protection. I had to make it a solemn command. Young Duane fumed and cursed, till he learned of Natalie's consent. Then he was a lion in her defense. In place of the town, it occurred to me to substitute Miss Emeline Smink. I knew of no one who more fully embraced Deep Haven's every view of Clara Downing, none who'd more promptly and widely dispense whatever Miss Downing had to reveal. In the crisis Miss Smink was the most reluctant of all, but I would listen to no refusal.

We found Miss Downing as I had left her. The same stillness was over the house. The same clocks ticked. They sounded—the thought would come, and amused me—like the cocking of triggers. Night had come. The room was all the darker for the single lamp behind Miss Downing's chair. It let down a cone of light bottomed in a great circular glow on the floor. She rose as we entered, and pillared herself against this light. I saw the rigidity of her figure. She was not so much greeting us as meeting the moment of her life. And yet, now we were at last to get to the heart of the celebrated Downing Case, I little cared what the truth of it was. Whatever the truth, Miss Downing had paid. The thing of almost unbearable interest was what, for twenty-one years, had gone on in that human brain.

Here in this house, where the thing had happened, she'd taken her stand and faced the accusing fingers. Even dared them now. What on earth had upheld her—especially if she really had been at fault! None of us could speak—except for what Natalie said with her eyes. The young thing stared in fascination, aware of looking on at one who has "killed." Only Miss Downing was self-possessed. I dreaded to hear her speak.

Suddenly she turned and startled us with the fact of another's presence. "James?" she [Continued on page 71]

HOW Do They Do It?

If you have courage and energy—and one other little thing—you are slated for success



By William Slavens McNutt

I have spent my life as a bum, an actor and a writer. It may be argued that the above is a redundancy inasmuch as the first noun is a synonym for the latter two. Perhaps!

I was a fair bum and a ham actor. I have put in the last sixteen years learning to write. I still am. Learning.

I have done everything with a typewriter except make it roll over and write poetry. My reportorial assignments from newspapers and magazines range from the police run in Seattle to the World War in France. I have done sports and politics for magazines and news services; covered national conventions and lived through the reporting of five world series baseball sessions. I was between the lines at Stenay on the Meuse River when the war ended, saw Man O' War run



his last race in Windsor, Ontario, watched Walter Johnson beat the Giants in the twelfth inning of the seventh and deciding game of the world series in Washington, D. C., after having been twice defeated. The end of the war was the supreme thrill. It's hard to rank the others.

I have written about three hundred short stories and several book length serials and novelettes. I know that some of the stuff was pretty good. I also know that some of it was pretty bad. I know too that I'm still learning the business.

I think it's the best business in the world. I wouldn't swap it for any other. Not so long as I can keep on learning. When I no longer can, nor want to, then I'll welcome a spot where the roots of the daisies point toward me.

(Decorations by Harry Cimino)

WHEN I was five years old I learned that I would never grow up to be a big, strong man unless I ate all my oatmeal every morning. When I was seven I discovered that boys who failed to wash behind their ears could not hope to amount to a tinker's toupee. I was eight or nine when childish curiosity, a package of Sweet Caporals and an eagle-eyed, gossipy neighbor com-

bined to inspire my parents to warn me that the cigarette smokers of this world either died young in fearful spasms of agony, or lived to slave in prison or gibber in insane asylums.

Then there was the matter of drink. And gambling. When I was a youngster my father was a minister in a small mid-western town. My first strong yen for a game of chance was playing marbles for keeps. That was out. It was, I learned,

JULY, 1927

the first step toward ruination at Monte Carlo. And then late hours. Ooh!

By the time I was eighteen I knew all the things that made for success and all the things that made success impossible.

Unfortunately I believed implicitly all that I thought I knew.

The belief did me no good. I smoked cigarettes. I drank on occasion. I stayed up late. I'm built that way.

The belief did me some harm. I don't know how much. Certainly a good deal because it fostered fear. I'm alive today to broadcast to the wide, green, smiling world that the fear thus fostered never acted as a preventive of any of the practices that gave rise to it and did more to make fact of fiction than all the acts it failed to stop. That's that for what it's worth. It's not an argument. Simply a statement of personal experience.

I staggered into my early twenties paralyzingly burdened with the conviction that the things I had done and the things I had left undone inevitably insured my being a flop at whatever I undertook.

Then I blundered into newspaper work and for the first time in my life began to rattle around on the inside of Life's machine in intimate contact with the human cog-wheels and mainsprings and other gadgets that made the funny old thing go.

The things I learned then led me to suspect that there were other bowls of applesauce in the world beside the Santa Claus Delight and the George Washington Cherry Tree Sundae.

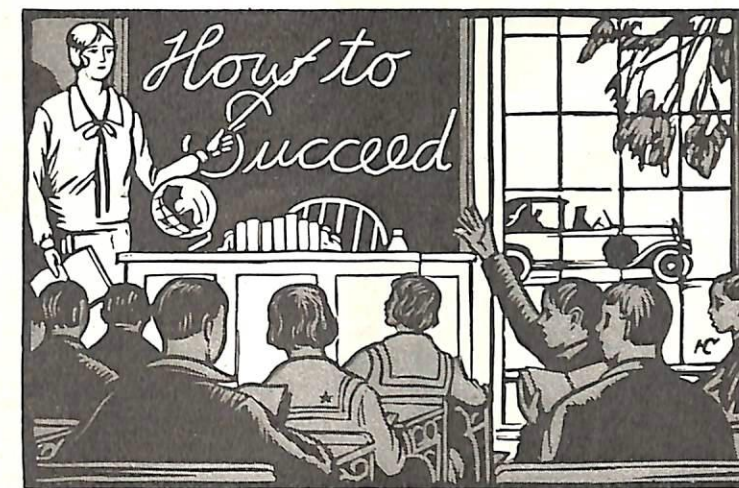
I was amazed by the truths I discovered about the big men of the considerable city in which I was working as a reporter—city officials, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, etc. None of them would fit into the mould which the conventional success legend had given me to understand was the only one from which men of means and worth could come.

The big men of that community had faults. Some of them drank too much. Others were cigarette fiends. Collectively they expressed the entire range of human weaknesses. Also, I may add, they likewise expressed the entire range of human virtues. Not one of the lot, however, was startlingly free of fault nor sufficiently complete in human virtue to make a rigidly honest biography a front page piece in St. Peter's Heavenly Gates Daily.

They were just folks. That's all. Folks who had made the grade to be sure, but just folks with all the variety of faults and virtues that "just folks" have the world over in hovel or mansion, at desk or anvil.

Was I made a cynic by this discovery? Not a bit of it! I was simply wild with delight to learn that folks who succeeded were folks like myself. Folks with faults and virtues. Frail human beings who got by in spite of the fact that they were not paragons. For the first time in years I began to entertain seriously the hope of amounting to something. The fear of failure that was in me faded somewhat. Confidence grew. I was happier than I had ever been. I did better work than I had ever done.

Later my experience with successful men of the world broadened from the field of a secondary American city to in-



The Editor asks me what I know about success.

I know a lot. With that knowledge the degree of my personal achievement in life has nothing to do.

My business in life has been to sit in the press box and watch the players perform. I have seen the stars come and go and I knew why they came before they knew they had arrived and why they were gone before they realized that they were no longer present. The game of life moves too fast for any human being to shine as a star performer and qualify as an analyst of his own play. All advice is bad but the worst counsel comes from the most successful men. The poorhouses are populous with paupers who know more about the mechanics of success—if any—than most millionaires. The city rooms of newspapers house many underpaid reporters and city editors who know more about the success of many a wealthy man than the man himself.

I am no longer connected with a daily newspaper and I am not yet a resident of a poorhouse. However, I have been a reporter and I may yet be a pauper.

Whatever I have been, am, or may become, I know a lot about success. I know that nobody knows anything much about it. That's a lot!

—McNUTT



of habit advised that don't mean anything and never did.

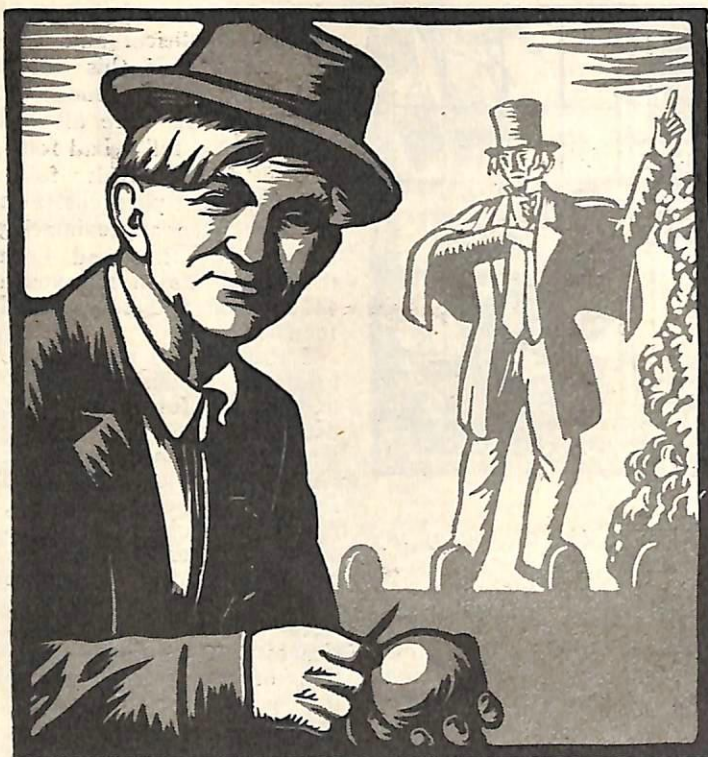
Example: Sir Henry Irving. One of the worst great actors who ever lived. He had unfortunate mannerisms and a genius great enough to shine through them. He was imitated. His imitators copied every expression and gesture that was bad. Those expressions and gestures were the obvious Irving. The actual Irving of course could not be imitated. It is impossible to reduce the soul of any success to movement, habits and expressions; impossible for any human being to say to himself: "I will do as this man did and be as this man is."

Likewise no man can say to himself with truth: "Because I have not done as Tom Smith has done I can never be the success that Tom Smith has become."

Play that on your piano!

No man with the breath of life in his body is indubitably a failure no matter what his condition is or what acts of his have contributed to that condition.

Frank Bacon, the beloved Bill Jones of the great hit, "Lightning," was a worn-out, consistently unsuccessful old actor at the age of fifty-six. Early in his forties he got an idea for a play. He wrote it the best he could and peddled it without encouragement for years. One day he told the idea to Winchell Smith. Smith promised that maybe some day he would take a peek at it and, perhaps—very perhaps—work on it. Bacon plagued Smith about this for months. Smith put him off. Finally Bacon dropped out of sight. Smith was in Hollywood some time later and met Frank on the street. Simply to be polite he asked him what he had done with the idea for a play. Bacon said: "I was hard up and I sold it as a movie day before yesterday for eight hundred dollars."



Frank Bacon, beloved star and playwright of "Lightning," the play that ran for three years on Broadway, was a wornout "ham" actor.

Smith—(Just to be saying something nice) "Too bad. There was the making of a good play in that hunch."

The next day Bacon came to Smith with a manuscript. "Here it is," he said. "I returned the eight hundred and got it back."

Smith was dismayed. He did not really believe in the idea as a play but felt honor bound to try at last to do something with it inasmuch as Bacon had sacrificed the movie sale just on his word.

Result: "Lightning." Three years on Broadway. Fame and fortune for Frank Bacon, the gray-haired knockabout actor who was far too old and worn—according to formula—to hope for anything but small bits in plays or pictures and a precarious living to the end of his days.

Tell me, if you will, that Frank Bacon had something that several hundred other fading old actors of now, playing around in stock or pacing Broadway for a character bit, most of them with an idea for a play, haven't got. Maybe. Maybe not. It's easier to analyze than to prophesy.

This is true: No man need think himself a failure because of the particular method or time of any other man's success. Some hit young. Some lie fallow till middle age or later. Some start from early youth with a definite purpose. Others drift until late in life and then swing into a main current and go a-whirling.

There is no formula for success in any line but there are various techniques which may be classed in three general groups. In the business world the outstanding masters of those three differing techniques are John D. Rockefeller, Charles M. Schwab and Henry Ford.

Rockefeller, the apostle of mathematics. Cold, cautious, relentless. Figuring saved pennies and accrued interest therefrom in his early youth. Saving a nickel here, a dime there. Living short of his means no matter how small the means were. Driving petty bargains ere he was able to drive big ones. Working four months as a bookkeeper for fifty dollars and saving something from it. Determined to succeed. Well into business in his early twenties. Marked with success from his childhood?

Rot! The world is full of determined tightwads who start out making use of the Rockefeller method and end up in their old age in full possession of a peanut stand on a side street with a mortgage attached to it.

Rockefeller had something. What? I don't know. Rockefeller doesn't know. No one does. We can know and analyze his technique. It was the technique of numbers. Two and

In my early twenties I discovered that the big men of the community were just folks. That's all. Folks who had made the grade to be sure, but with all the variety of faults and virtues that "just folks" have the world over.



two make four. Get the two and hang on to it. Pretty soon there'll be four. Save the four long enough and there'll be eight. Take the eight out and overmaster a lesser number. Save, bargain, pare, accumulate, and when the sum is great enough fashion it into a bludgeon and swing.

John D. Rockefeller today is a nice old gentleman playing golf—at this writing—at Ormond Beach, and genially distributing souvenir dimes to those with whom he comes in contact. Dig back through the files to the current story of his business activities and you get the impression of a small snowball moving slowly at the top of a terrific slope, gathering speed and momentum and size as it descends, attracting the alarmed attention of those in its path, thundering terror; growing into an avalanche; wreaking destruction grinding into its movement all that it touched and ultimately coming to rest in the valley, an enormous conglomerate mass of value from which emerges a thin, benevolent old man, who dusts himself off and ambles away to play golf, interested as always in the business of saving, saving strokes now between tee and green in the twilight of his life as he saved pennies between week and week in its dawn.

Can you, whoever you are, do what Rockefeller did by doing as he did? Probably not. But get this: The fact that you haven't the nature or ability to do as Rockefeller did is no man's argument that you are not going to be a whale of a success some time by some other method.

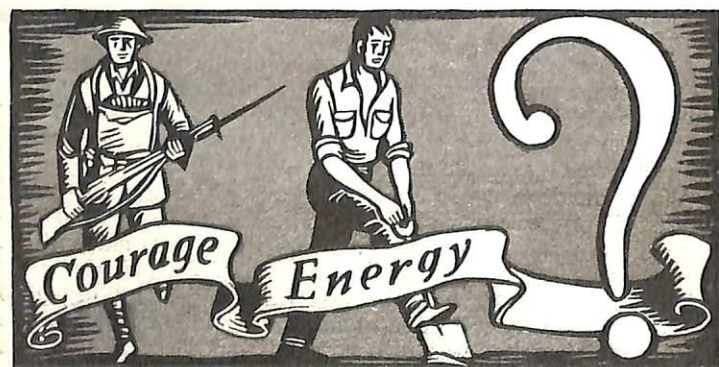
Charles M. Schwab. One of the spectacular successes of his generation. As much like Rockefeller as Coolidge is like Jack Dempsey. Just about.

The son of a livery stable keeper in a small Pennsylvania mountain town. Driving a mail and passenger stage in his early youth. A stocky, smiling cornfed kid with a ready tongue for a joke. Likeable. Just a fellow driving a stage. That was all.

He went from that job to clerking in a grocery store in Braddock. Still just a chunky likeable kid. He was eighteen then and wore no sign announcing that he was going to explode and rain down in a golden shower.

Captain Bill Jones, a rough old steel pioneer of the Edgar Thompson works dropped into the store often to buy coffee and cabbages and chewing tobacco and such like. In common with the other customers he wisecracked with the smiling young clerk. One day Schwab asked him for a job in the steel works. Just an idea he had. Perhaps he was tired peddling produce and wanted a change.

The captain gave him a job driving stakes and dragging chains. The clang and rush and size of steel-making touched off a spark somewhere in the boy's tinder and he suddenly began to flame. In six months he was assistant engineer of the plant. In three years a head of the engineering corps at a salary of \$250 per month. Seven years after he began as an untrained boy he became manager of the Homestead Steel plant. Then president of the Carnegie works. A little later



No successful man ever made the grade without the qualities of courage and energy—plus one other little unknown quality.

There is no success formula. There simply "ain't no such animal." Few of the successful people I have known even approximated the pattern that had been drawn for me in my youth as the one and only model for success.



J. P. Morgan made him president of the United States Steel Corporation.

He was thirty-five then. Two years later he resigned. There are many stories of the reason why. Schwab loved all the good things of life. He was fond of gambling. The papers made much of his spectacular play at Monte Carlo. The story persists that Morgan objected to this and that Schwab resigned as a result.

He was then many times a millionaire. As a New York plaything he had built a seven million dollar mansion on Riverside Drive. There on week-ends he entertained a motley crew. Actors, millionaires, musicians, chemists, professors, preachers. He was, among other things, a bridge fiend and the play at his place was high. Any man who could play real bang-up bridge was welcome and if so-be his circumstances forbade him risking a possible big loss at the high stakes he was welcome anyhow. Schwab was glad to underwrite.

He lived high and spent free and got pinched in the market. His fortune came tumbling around his ears. Schwab laughed at the ticker telling of his ruin.

"They can take my money away from me," he said. "But they can't take away what I know about steel."

He went back to steel making in the Bethlehem works, then a fearful mess of bad machinery and creaky credit. The rest is history. The biggest man in his game. That's all.

All the way through a likeable, high-living, jovial, hard-working chunk of a boy, loving the good things that life offered and partaking of them without stint. None of the Rockefeller about him. A gambler always. An exultant eager gambler. He gambled with money and he gambled with men.

A wealthy friend fired an employee. Schwab asked why. "He made a mistake that cost me two hundred thousand dollars," said the friend.

"Why fire him now?" Schwab asked. "He's made his mistake. I cost Carnegie three million dollars the first year I was in charge and if he had fired me for doing it he'd simply have been out that much. He kept on with me and I made him many times that amount later."

Once, in the steel works, Schwab caught sight of a man wheeling a barrow up an incline. Something in the set of the head, the swing of the shoulders, the stride, appealed to him. He asked his name, called him off the job, gave him a spot in the organization and saw him become one of the biggest steel executives of his time. A gambler. Playing big on judgment or hunch or both.

Another time he came briefly and casually in contact with a poor young lawyer. A big legal firm had been working for months on some job for the steel magnate. He wasn't satisfied with the progress they were making. The poor young lawyer showed something that started the hunch to working. Schwab called off the big legal firm, handed the case to the young man, and chuckled exultantly when his sight bet won. The youngster came through for him and was on top from then on.



Success may suddenly come to a man in any walk of life and at almost any age. There are no rules.



The world is full of determined tightwads who start out making use of the Rockefeller method and end up as peanut vendors.

Do you get the picture of him? His method was punch. It was the technique of the slugger. Take a punch to give one. Everything on a right to the jaw. Personality. That's the business equivalent of the punch in the prize ring, or the home run on the diamond. Schwab has always reminded me, in his methods, of Babe Ruth. A jovial, good living, likeable free swinger who loved the game he played and took his cut at the ball, willing to strike out or hit one over the fence, but impatient at the necessity of choking his bat and poking cautiously for a safe single.

Could you do as Schwab did and thereby necessarily get what he got? A silly question! Schwab has his technique but in back of the method is the something that is Schwab and that is something no man can copy or appropriate. On the other hand if you've got the thing in you that makes for success early or late, it is not necessary to follow Schwab's system to bring it out. Technique can be taught. So can elocution. But all the elocution teachers in the world cannot make a dodo deliver Lincoln's Gettysburg address nor could the fact that Lincoln was awkward, self-schooled and handicapped by a shrill raucous voice prevent the Gettysburg address from being a masterpiece of eloquence.

Then Ford. The richest man in the world today. The artist in business. Doing things for the sake of getting them done according to his own ideas. Nothing in common with either Rockefeller or Schwab. A man who hit after forty. A Michigan farm boy. Interested in mechanics. Fiddling away his time making a toy steam engine when he should have been cutting hay. Running away from school and a good heritage of farm land and equipment in his early teens to get a job as a mechanic in a Detroit machine shop. His father looked him up and tried his best to talk him into coming back to the farm. The father had all the logic on his side. But Ford was a stubborn wilful boy and would not listen.

Easy enough to say now that the instinct of genius prompted him, that he was a man of destiny who would not be turned aside.

Piffle! Machine shops are full of gray-haired mechanics who left farms to tinker with wheels and gadgets with just as much instinct and passion for the work as Ford had. He was just a fool farm boy with a love of machinery.

He worked along with monkey wrenches and screw drivers for several years without showing anything more than enough to keep his job.

Then one indicative scheme.

[Continued on page 69]

The BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

(Neal was running away from girls and Ann was tired of men, so they decided on—

By Phyllis Duganne

(Illustrations by Adolph Treidler)



OUTSIDE, the sun beat down upon Washington Square, wilting humanity and asphalt impartially. The trees and grass were a hot green, lethargic, lifeless in the still air, like a landscape painted by a dispirited artist. Within, the square living-room of Neal Collier's apartment should have looked cool, but didn't. Awnings barred the sun, yet the walls, papered in French gray, appeared soggy and sticky, as though they were coated with melted chewing gum. On a small table, two green candles had writhed like Laccoon's serpent and died in their frenzy; between them, in a silver frame, the photograph of a girl in white furs smiled idiotically. He had never, reflected Neal Collier, liked that girl, anyway!

Neal was sitting between a droning electric fan and the open window, eyes half closed; until, at last, he spoke, there was nothing about his attitude to indicate that he had heard a syllable of Larry Hunt's complaint.

"Interesting if true," he said, then, feebly. "But I have love affairs of my own to worry about."

"But I'm serious!" Larry protested, a bit querulously, mopping his wet, pink forehead with a soppy handkerchief. "I tell you this is the real thing, Neal. It's—it's serious!"

"Serious!" said Neal, disconsolately. "You're always serious—even in weather like this! Do you think it isn't serious that I've got to take that redheaded McDougal gal to dinner and the theater and some roof, tonight?" He closed his eyes and averted his lean young face unsympathetically.

The heat wave had caught New York City in its dizzy embrace that morning, and the city reeled beneath the impact. The day had dragged through its hours as though the thermometer had reduced time as well as men to a complete inertia. And now, when he had been hoping for an hour's relaxation before the inevitable evening, Larry Hunt had appeared. Was the mere accident of having attended the same university and belonged to the same fraternity sufficient to merit this, Neal asked himself? Ever since he had come to New York, a year past, and found him out, Larry had made Neal the recipient of all his woes. Woes? Girls! And what girls! And how!

"I want you to meet her," Larry persisted. "If only I didn't have to go to Detroit! I can't bear to think of Ann alone in this hot city. Honest, old man, you must—"

"Will she be cooler in my company?" Neal interrupted.

"I'd like to feel that someone was—well, keeping an eye on her. Of course she thinks now that she won't marry me, but she may change her mind. And you—fraternity brother and all—"

Neal looked pityingly at his friend.

Larry mopped. "I tell you, Neal, I never saw a girl like Ann. You'll like her! She—"

"It'll be the first of your girls I ever liked!" He sighed. "Aw, be yourself! Go take a shower or something."

Girls! Neal sighed again. Little girls! This redheaded one—Dorothy McDougal—was of the enthusiastic variety. If she said, tonight, that New York was, after all, the world's greatest summer resort, he'd show her. So help him! The telephone rang, and he reached for it laboriously.

"Hello? Oh, hello, Peggy dear!" The sweetness which crept into his voice was oddly at variance with his facial expression, which was not sweet. "No, I have an engagement—I'm so sorry. What? Sunday? I'd like to so much, Peggy dear, but I'm going out of town for the week-end. Yes—up to Marblehead with Larry Hunt. No, I can't, then. Of course I will! Just as soon as I get back! Yes, Peggy dear. So sweet of you to call me." He shook his head mournfully at Larry. "I wish some nice young fella would marry that little girl," he said. "Certainly would be a relief to me!"

Larry had risen—at last. "I've left Ann's address on your desk. If you'd just drop in—"

"Nothing stirring, Fat Boy. I got troubles of my own."

And hadn't he, just? After Larry departed, he sat, sluggishly, counting them up on his fingers. Peggy Tillinghast was the worst. She was beginning to cook little dinners at home for him, to show him the really serious, domestic side of her nature. Perhaps a gentleman does not admit such possibilities, but in the solitude of his own apartment, Neal Collier had to face the fact that Peggy was all for marrying him. Then there was the red-head. Dorothy had decided charm, a charm which had been not in the least unappreciated by several other young men. But now that his own fool persistence had shoved them to one side, he seemed to have her, as it were, on his hands.

Fay Franklin was safely in Maine for the summer, and Carol Blair was playing stock in Chicago. The only one of the bunch whom he really enjoyed—that olive-skinned young Norma Day—had pranced off to Provincetown less than a week after he met her. There was a girl a man didn't forget! If only she were in New York . . . the telephone, interrupting his reflections, made him remember Susanna Weston, with a guilty start. Oh, the life of a young man in New York who wanted only occasional companionship and the odd dance was a hazardous thing!

The evening was fully as bad as he had expected. Dinner was merely dinner—one has to eat and why do it alone?—but theater was suffocating. Dorothy's warm white hand slipped to her side, and there was nothing for a little gentleman to do but hold it. Not only did she not think it too hot to dance—"Dancing makes one forget the weather, don't you think?"—but she chose the most popular, and therefore the most crowded, night club in the city. It wasn't in a cellar, exactly, but decidedly it was not a roof. At three o'clock, when they climbed into a taxi, she discovered that she was, after all, very tired; her head dropped prettily to his shoulder, and there was no alternative but to make her more comfortable by placing an arm about her hot shoulders.

In his own apartment, he plugged both doorbell and telephone-bell, and lay himself down to—perhaps one could say to relax. Sultry . . . stuffy . . . stifling . . . smoldering . . . sweltering . . . he amused himself for a time thinking of words with which to describe the weather.



"You know, you don't have to talk to me!" she said. "Nothing anybody said could possibly interest, amuse or even annoy me on a day like this."

Why didn't he go down to Provincetown the next night? It was—or should be—cool there, and Norma Day would be crisp and fresh in a summer frock. Swimming—in his diluted condition, he couldn't quite conceive of anything so active as golf or tennis—swimming lazily on one's back, in a cool, blue bay.

But the heat of the morning defeated any ambition. Going somewhere, anywhere, meant buying tickets and putting things into a bag. He went to the office, of course, and returned home in a cab. When, at half-past seven, he discovered that he was hungry, he mistrusted his own stomach. How could anyone be hungry in such weather?

There was a tea-room a block northward, which advertised a garden. Neal Collier hated tea-rooms but it was near and it might be comparatively cool. He felt like tea-room food—chicken salad, iced tea, a sherbet, all the



silly things that silly women like to eat in such places. It was crowded, as he might have known it would be, but the waitress led him to a table beneath a dejected Paradise tree, and he sat down, folded up his legs, and regarded what presumably was the eighteenth carbon copy of the typewritten menu, drearily. Food! He looked hopelessly at the food before the young woman who sat facing him.

"The cold consomme's quite good," she said, unexpectedly. "Thanks." He glanced at her sympathetically. One could see that she had started out bravely enough. Without doubt the wilted white organdie collar and cuffs of her dress had been fresh, when she left her home. Three faded yellow roses drooped their heads together, on her breast; she had taken off her hat, and light brown hair clung to her forehead in wet wisps.

"You're Neal Collier, aren't you?" Her tired voice seemed to imply that she didn't particularly care. "I'm Ann Poole." Ann Poole? Somehow it was a cool name. He liked it, and he looked at her again before he remembered. Of course—the little girl over whom Larry Hunt had raved on . . . and on.

He gave his order and glanced again at the girl, in hot melancholy. Why had he come here? Now he'd have to make conversation, be the sprightly young man! The only remark he could think of concerned the weather, and that was just a bit too much!

"You live around here, don't you?" he asked her.

She was looking down at the table-cloth, her brown head drooping like the yellow heads of her roses, the fingers of her right hand curled about the frosty glass of iced tea.

"Yes," she said, listlessly.

He drank a swallow of consomme. "Do you eat here often?" Not that he cared; he was never coming here again in any case!

She looked at him with grave, gray eyes. "You know, you don't have to talk to me!" she said. "Nothing anybody said could possibly interest, amuse or even annoy me, today!"

He smiled. "Did you ever see such weather?" There, it was out, and he felt a degree cooler for having said it.

"Never!" responded Ann Poole, emphatically. "I've never been in the tropics, but if they can touch this—oh, dear!" She dabbed at her forehead with a wispy, ineffectual handkerchief, drew a fluffy powder puff from her bag and slapped at her flushed face viciously. A faint perfume emanated toward him.

"Wonder how long it'll keep up? If I could get up the energy, I'd go out of town for the week-end."

Her lashes drooped over her eyes. "I've been thinking of that, myself. But trains are so hot. And then you have to pack!"

He knew quite how she felt. "Ever been in Provincetown?" Now that she'd told him that he needn't talk, it wasn't so difficult. And he rather liked looking at her; the listlessness which showed itself in every line of her slim body was so obviously alien to her. He found himself wondering what she would be like in a temperature of, say, seventy degrees!

"Is it cool?"

He grinned. "It ought to be. I guess I will go up tonight, after all. There's a train." He hesitated. Larry had asked him to keep an eye on this little girl. Fraternity brother and all . . . She looked so pathetically hot! "Look here, why don't you come up, too? I could get your reservation when I get mine. Probably do you a world of good!"

Instantly, he could have kicked himself. Fool! What did he want a strange girl tagging along for? He was going up to see Norma Day! Wasn't his life complicated enough? Fool—fool!

She was considering his suggestion. "Lord knows I ought to go out of town—if only in the interests of truth," she admitted. "I've told three different men that I'm spending the week-end in Marblehead—wherever that is!"

He laughed in spite of his irritation. "Et tu, Brute!" he murmured. And as she looked blank, "I've been using the Marblehead gag, myself!"

Her smile came slowly. "Oh! But if only people wouldn't be so darned social in hot weather! I broke two engagements for tonight. It—can you imagine," she demanded, with genuine violence, "a man inhuman enough to try to hold a girl's hand, this weather?"

He snorted. So she blamed men for that—when prob-



"Ann!" Neal stared, unbelievably, his eyes clinging to her face. He hadn't remembered that she was so pretty! As though one could forget a thing like that in four days!

ably she stuck her hand out where a man couldn't possibly avoid it! Little girls . . . little girls!

"I'd like to go to Provincetown," she said, thoughtfully. "I don't know anyone there, and maybe I could rest." Her eyes met his. "Look here, Mr. Collier, if you'll just pretend that we haven't met at all, I'll be eternally grateful to you for bucking me up like this! I actually feel as though I could go somewhere, now. But I don't want to have to talk to anyone. If you'd get my reservation, then I could call for it at the station!"

An excellent idea, thought Neal; a girl after his own heart! "Righto!" he said, and would have let it go at that, had not that damnable gallantry, or whatever it was, interfered. "The train doesn't leave until midnight," he heard himself saying. "Would you like to go to a show, this evening?"

"A show!" She regarded him, stonily. "I'd like," she said, "to go back to my own apartment, where the telephone and doorbell are both plugged, and try to pretend I'm an Arctic explorer until train time!" She opened her bag, decisively. "How much will the tickets be?"

"Oh, you can pay me later!"

She shrugged. "Men—men!" she said. "But it's too hot

to argue, now. Good night, Mr. Collier."

Listlessly, she rose, nodded and departed, and Neal watched her go with a mixture of relief and irritation. What did she mean—men—men?

Little girls . . . little girls!

Monday afternoon's mail brought him a letter from her, with a check, a phrase of thanks for his trouble, and the polite wish that he drop in and see her, some time. It was a very polite wish, quite as though she didn't really give a hoot whether she ever saw him again or not.

The crest of the heat-wave, like the white crest of one of those liquid waves in which he had been swimming with Norma Day, off Cap Cod, had broken, through sheer inability to maintain such a level of torture, and the city was merely its torrid July self. Neal took a bath and sat, in his dressing-gown, wondering what he should do with the evening.

One had to do something! Peggy, Dorothy, Susanna . . . he'd told them each that he would call on his return.

He wondered whether Ann Poole's name was in the telephone book. It was. Ap-

parently she had unplugged her bell; after only one wrong number, he heard her voice.

"Miss Poole? This is Neal Collier. I wondered if you were doing anything this evening?"

She was, and he might have known that she would be. No girl would be so careless of the interest of as free and eligible a young man as himself, unless she was quite sure of the interest of others equally free and eligible.

"When will you dine with me? Wednesday? Any particular show you'd like to see?"

His better instincts conquered him, as too often, and he called Peggy Tillinghast, whose voice bubbled with pleasure across the two miles or so of telephone wires which separated them. She'd love to come!

On Wednesday afternoon, he despatched to Ann Poole the requisite flowers; one of those small and graceful bouquets of orchids designed to be worn on the shoulder of an evening frock.

She knew her stuff; her frock was of palest lavender chiffon, and her satin slippers repeated exactly the deeper tone of the flowers. Mentally, as he helped her arrange the heavy folds of a cream-colored Spanish shawl, Neal changed the choice of

the night club to which they would eventually wander. A gown such as that deserved the best!

"Larry'll be back in a day or two, won't he?" he asked her. He found himself just a touch curious in regard to her feelings for the Fat Boy.

"Oh, lord, I s'pose so!" She flushed slightly, at his grin. "Larry's an old dear," she said, staunchly.

"I know." He found himself thinking of Peggy Tillinghast. Now if only she and Larry could fall in love—

After the theater, when he directed the cab-driver to the night club, he saw that she was watching him.

"I can't stay out too late," she said. "You know, I'm one of those poor working girls!"

Working girl! She certainly didn't look it! Probably another of these fool modern women who use work as an excuse for living away from dull homes, and generous allowances from the family to purchase frocks such as the one she was wearing. Dorothy McDougal was like that.

"What do you do?" he inquired, indulgently.

"WORK in a bank."

"A bank?" She didn't look, somehow, like a stenographer. She nodded. "It's a funny job. I'm a sort of information bureau to our investors."

"I don't understand."

"It's rather a special job. You see, they call up and ask me how the snow-plough market is in Nicaragua, or where they can get the best price for their apples and what's the cheapest way to get 'em there. It's fun!"

Neal Collier stared at her. "But—how do you know?"

"Look it up, silly!"

The cab drew to the curb, and he helped her out thoughtfully. A funny sort of girl! But she danced—divinely was the word!—and he noticed with satisfaction that other young men bestowed envious glances upon him.

Going home, she settled back in the taxi with the usual little sigh. "I'm tired!" she said.

He grinned, and slid his arm tentatively toward her shoulders. But in the dimness of the cab's interior, she stared him down.

"What would happen to a young man if he didn't put his arm around a girl in a taxi?" she demanded. "Do they fine 'em?"

He was irritated. It was hot and muggy, and it wasn't as though he'd wanted to put his arm around her. "Girls expect it, don't they?" he asked, politely.

"Maybe they just get hardened to it! I'm so sick and tired of the same old stuff! Man meets a girl and gives her a rush. Flowers—candy. Dinner, the theater. Just one kiss. Gee!" She was leaning back, languid and scornful, in the hot evening air. "It isn't," she said, candidly, "that I don't sometimes like it. But you can get fed up with anything!"

"If you're half as fed up as I am—" he began, angrily. "Girls—girls!"

"Well, you can call it a truce with me," she told him. "Men! I'm so sick of 'em! But what can you do? You have to have someone to play with!"

"Good lord!" Neal leaned toward her almost reverently. "Do you honestly feel like that?"

"Don't I just?"

"Gee!" He grinned. "If you knew how sick I was—but as you say, you have to associate with someone." He stared at her. She was pretty; undoubtedly she was popular. And yet—"Say, I think we ought to be friends!" he said. "I like you."

"I like you!" At her door, she held out a strong young hand. "Good night, Mr. Collier. I've had a nice time."

This girl, he reflected, as he dismissed the cab and walked home through the warm evening air, was a peach! She was different from other girls, somehow.

He would never have believed it possible, yet here it was happening. Neal Collier was having a friendship—a beautiful, pure and unadulterated friendship—with a girl! They dined together; occasionally, even, they lunched; they went to the theater and they danced—and never did the remotest suspicion of sentiment creep into their relationship. Ruthlessly, they discussed their mutual failings.

"Well, how are all the Little Girls?" Ann would ask him, when they met after several days' separation. "Has Peggy made an honest man of you, yet?"

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

"How are all the Little Boys?" he would retort. "Hasn't your kind heart got the better of you? What! No engagement ring?"

He told her about Peggy—and Dorothy—and Susanna. And in return she told him about Larry, and the mad Irishman, Joe Kelly, who somehow, in spite of herself, thrilled her—and Sanford Harrison, who was so absurdly polite and formal and rather dear—and Dickie Webster, who was the best dancer that she knew.

He didn't think of Ann as—well, as belonging to the generic class of Little Girls. She was his friend, his very best friend. She was—oh, Ann was great!

And it was that feeling which made the scene with Larry Hunt all the more appalling.

Larry was Ann's Peggy . . . just as the Irishman was her Dorothy. He was dear and sweet and gentle and very much in love with her, and in the honesty of their mutual confessions, Ann was forced to admit that undoubtedly she had encouraged him. He was so—well, so earnest—that somehow she'd never had the heart to tell him definitely no.

Oh, yes, Neal understood that well! He had never asked Peggy Tillinghast to be his wife. But he remembered, guiltily, that in tender moments of the previous spring, he had admitted a deep-rooted longing for a real home—the old rubber-plant stuff!

And now Larry was getting a bit out of hand.

"I do so hate to hurt him!" Ann said, her brow puckered like a child's; her oval face solemn. "I guess—I guess I'd just better tell him that we'd better not see each other any more!"

Neal felt sorry for Larry. To have Ann shut forever from one's life!

He dined alone on the night of the parting. Poor old Larry! Back in his own apartment, Neal tried to read, but the room was stifling and his thoughts shot out in all directions. He decided to take a walk, and somehow, without conscious thought, his return led him past Ann's house. He glanced at his watch—ten o'clock—and up at her windows, which were lighted. He'd run up just for a minute.

Her door opened a crack, and her face, flushed from crying, peered out at him.

"Oh, Neal—honest I'm awfully glad to see you! I've had such a time! And I feel like such a pig!"

"It isn't your fault," he soothed her.

"But it is! He—he cried, Neal!"

Neal turned away to hide an involuntary smile at the picture of poor pink old Larry in tears.

Then he looked at Ann. "You look cute tonight," he said.

HER brown hair was pushed away from her forehead and stood about her head in a disorder that was charming.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Want some nice cold ginger ale?"

There was a puzzled expression on Neal Collier's face, as he watched her open a small cupboard and take down two glasses from a gleaming row; he followed her into a tiny kitchenette.

"Here, let me do that!"

He cracked the ice and dropped it into the glasses; beside him, Ann had hung up the icepick; now, with swift, competent strokes, she was wiping away the fragments of ice from the clean white board beside the enameled sink. She hung up the dish-towel on a small wooden rack.

"Bottle opener's over there."

It was, in a neat row with can-openers, cooking spoons, and little sieves.

"This is a cute kitchenette." His eyes were still taking it in; the starched curtains of checked gingham at the open window, and the gingham ruffle that fell, like a petticoat, about the sink.

"Haven't you ever seen it before?"

Her voice drifted carelessly back from the other room, and he stood a moment longer, discovering, in what he saw, an unsuspected Ann. How clean the stew-pans were, hanging from copper hooks on the wall; the blue and white linoleum which covered the floor was spotless—and three red geraniums in earthen pots bloomed on the window sill.

"I didn't know you were so domestic," he said, as he joined her.

She made a face at him. "Rubber plant!" she retorted.

He laughed with her, but there [Continued on page 65]

(The romantic
Nathaniel
Winkle.

(Mr. Perker, a
shining light
of the law.

(Tony Wel-
ler the stage-
coach driver.

(The famous
Mr. Pickwick
himself.
(Center.)

(The immortal
Sam Weller.

(Arabella Allen,
Isabella Wardle
and Joe, the Fat
Boy.

Happy
Sam Weller,
the elegant
Snodgrass, and
buxom Widow Bardell
—all come to life

PICKWICK

(Just one hundred years after
the famous Pickwick Club set
out on its adventures, along
comes this rollicking and spacious
comedy based on Dickens' great book

By Cosmo Hamilton
and
Frank C. Reilly

IT IS May in London, 1827.

It is May in the busy courtyard of the old White Hart Inn—a sweet, late afternoon in May.

Sammy Weller, who takes care of the boots of the guests, is singing at his work. There is to be a ball that night. Trade at the hostelry is brisk. The coach gets in. Life abounds.

And now—who is this that arrives under the arch in an ancient cabriolet drawn by an ancient horse? Who but our beloved friend, Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, heart and head of the famous Pickwick Club of London!

Samuel Pickwick—eternal portrait of benevolent philosopher and unspoiled gentleman. There he is—a "slight tendency to stoutness," his bright round spectacles, his famous gaiters and all.

Waiting for him are a little group of his colleagues: Tracy Tupman (veritable lady's man), Augustus Snodgrass (slim and sighing poet), Nathaniel Winkle (a touch more sporting than the others). They are about to start upon their journeys or "perambulations" in pursuit of knowledge concerning characters, manners, scenes, perils and transactions of divers kinds.

Each has a little notebook in which to inscribe his observations—notebooks that have cheered a weary world.

And now a fight. Mr. Pickwick's coachman is looking for trouble.

Mr. P. hasn't come over with enough fare. Fists fly. The gentle Pickwickians are in for it. Enter Alfred Jingle, tattered and impecunious, who becomes their champion. (A long time ago, Sir Henry Irving plucked the character of Jingle out of Dickens' great book and put him upon the stage—an odd and pathetic vagabond, a genius in a way, flaming along the very ragged edge of want.) Jingle puts the battling coachman to flight.

Pickwick (John Cumberland)—Sir, we shall always remember this gallant and impetuous rescue.

Jingle makes light of it. A mere nothing he says. He talks. The world, in other days, had been his to play with.

Tupman (Harry Plimmer)—You have lived in Spain, sir? Many conquests, sir?

Jingle (Hugh Miller)—Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolero Fitzgig—grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—jealous father—lovely to distraction—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolero in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands in floods of tears—romantic story—very.

Tupman—Is the lady in England, sir?

Jingle—Dead, sir—dead—never recovered from the stomach pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim.

Snodgrass (MacKenzie Ward)—And her father?



☞ The vagabond Jingle

Jingle—Remorse and misery. Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapse—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe—with a full confession in his right boot—took him out—and the fountain played away again as well as ever.

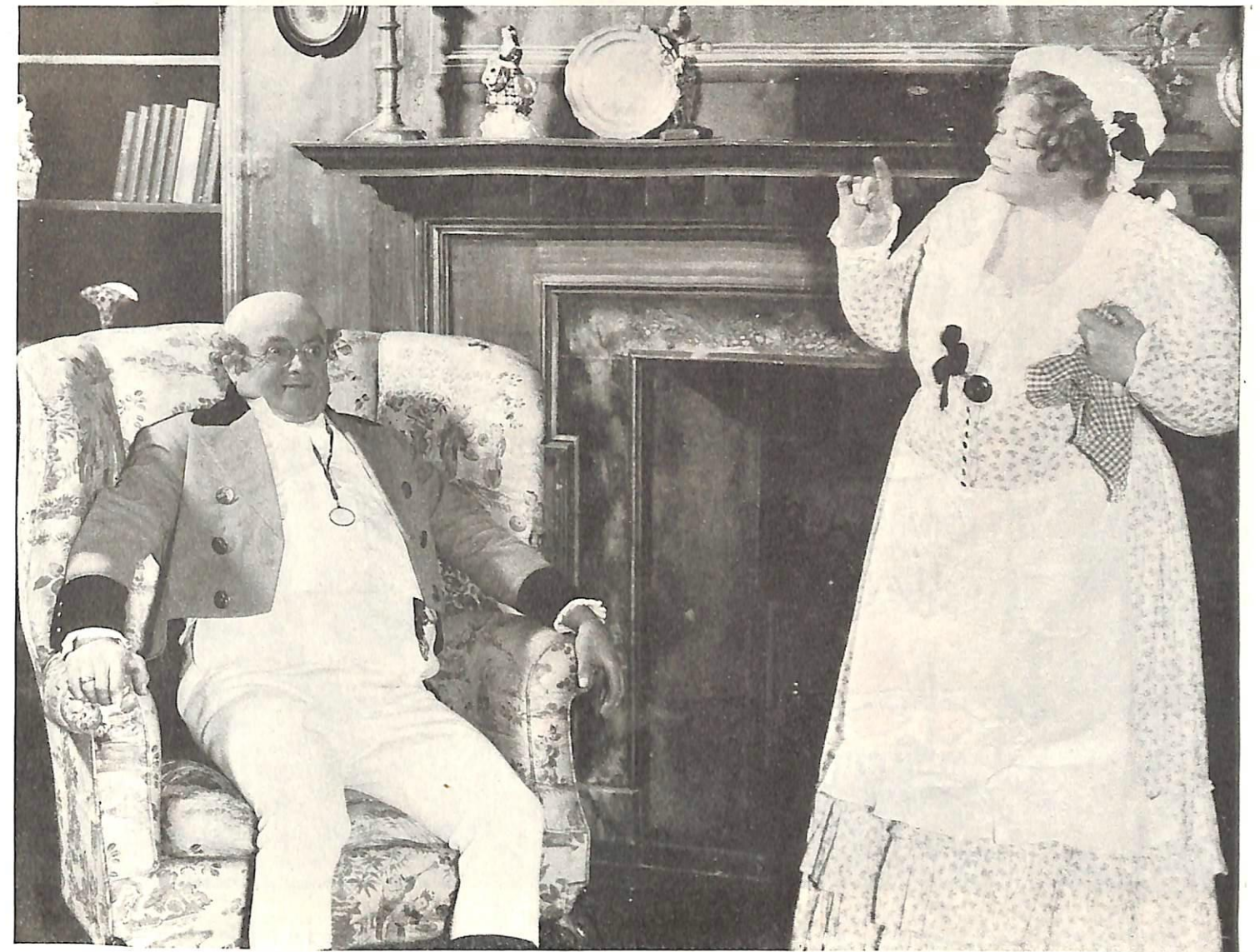
The Pickwickians note the staccato story in their little books, and the famished Jingle is invited to join them at dinner. Meanwhile lovely ladies are arriving for the ball. Tupman's susceptible heart gets into immediate action, Winkle meets his fate and Snodgrass finds inspiration for a sonnet. As the night progresses, Mr. Pickwick becomes what Sammy Weller calls "a little porty." Sam likes Mr. Pickwick very much. "I've often noticed you," he says. "How kind you are." And Pickwick comes back with "And how useful and smart you are . . . You're a very amusing lad."

Indeed, so much does he appreciate Sam Weller, son of the old stage driver, Tony Weller, that he desires to have him for his own servant. The good, cheerful lad will take splendid care of him. Back in his own comfortable lodgings the next day, Pickwick makes up his mind to hire Sam, and sounds Mrs. Martha Bardell, his excellent housekeeper, on the project.

Pickwick—Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?

Mrs. Bardell (Katherine Stewart)—La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question. That depends on a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr.

☞ The innocent Pickwick is found guilty of breach of promise to Mrs. Bardell.



Pickwick, and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir. Pickwick—That's very true, but the person I have in my eye I think possesses these qualities . . . You'll think it very strange now that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it.

Mrs. Bardell—Oh, Mr. Pickwick . . .

Pickwick— . . . When I am in town you will always have somebody to sit with you . . .

Mrs. Bardell—I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman.

Good heavens! Poor, innocent Pickwick, trying to pave the way for Sam. And, behold what he's

☞ Mr. Pickwick has, without intention, led his housekeeper, Mrs. Bardell (KATHERINE STEWART), into the belief that he has proposed. The lady has pounced upon the idea.

let himself in for! Mrs. Bardell has flung herself into his arms, drenched in grateful tears.

Pickwick—Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—

Mrs. Bardell—Oh, let them come; I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul.

And people do come. Tupman, Winkle, Snodgrass. They find the lady fainting from her feelings upon the dismayed bosom of Samuel Pickwick, Esquire. Make a note of this, dear reader, for soon they will be called before the court of justice as witnesses when the outraged Mrs. Bardell brings suit for breach of promise.

The brutal hand of the law falls upon the blue cloth shoulder of Pickwick in the midst of the Christmas festivities at Dingy Dell Manor, where the Pickwickians have gone to spend the holidays with one Mr. Wardle, whose sister Rachael has caused Mr. Tupman many pangs, and whose daughter Emily is making Mr. Snodgrass more lyrical than ever, and whose young friend Arabella Allen inspires Winkle to fabulous tales of dangers faced and conquered.

The old Manor rings with Christmas merriment. Sam is there, knee-deep in adoration of his master Pickwick, Sam, who with all the other servants, joins his betters in the Sir Roger De Coverly. Why must this glad scene suddenly change, suddenly be fraught with horror for the kindly President of the Pickwick Club? Why? Ah, the dastardly hand of Mr. Pickwick's housekeeper is in this!

A man enters with a paper.

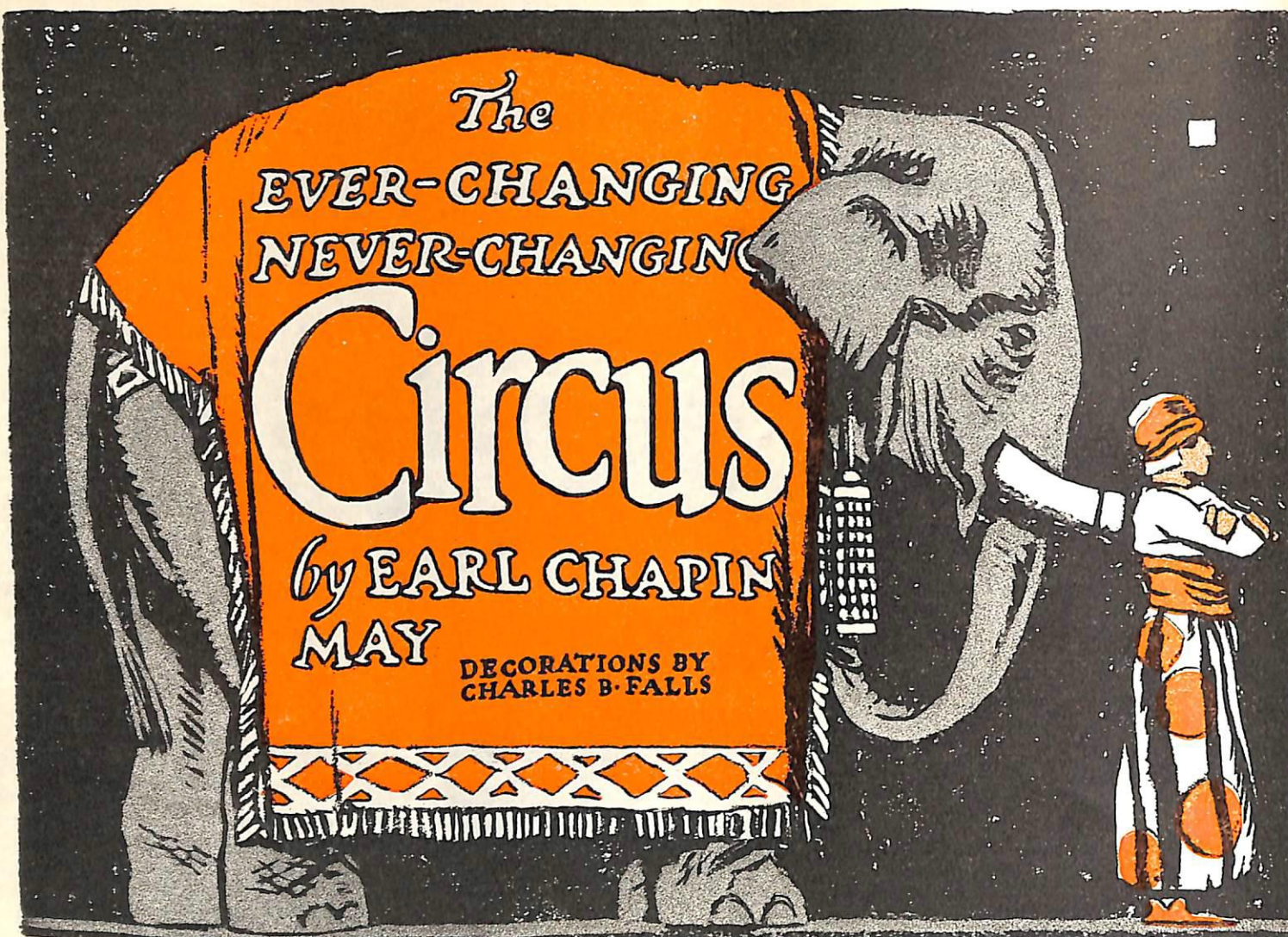
Pickwick— . . . Where are my spectacles? Here, Tupman, read this, will you?

Tupman (reading)—"Having [Continued on page 57]



☞ Members of the Pickwick Club at the White Hart Inn. Tracy Tupman, Nathaniel Winkle, Augustus Snodgrass and their illustrious leader Mr. Pickwick.





IF YOUR heart is as young as it should be you still thrill at the sight of gaudy circus bills, you still leap lightly out of bed at the unmistakable rumble of red wagons along your city streets; you are still enthralled by the gleam of spangles, the blare of bands and the flapping of great white tents on your local circus grounds. I believe your heart is still as young as that for more than twelve million Americans paid to see our circuses in 1926 and this was a new record, in circusdom.

These pulsating peripatetic tented shows retain their popularity because a new crop of kids is raised each year; kids love circuses as they love their mother's milk, and, while they soon outgrow their need for nature's nourishment they do not lose their zest for the clown, the elephant and the tanbark ring. Our hunger for this form of entertainment is just as lusty as when the Caesars fed their subjects on bread and circuses. Hence beautiful ladies in tights and tarleton skirts will pirouette on fat rosinbacks, fearless aerialists will fly from lofty perch to high trapeze and limber acrobats will bend and spring and somersault until humanity no longer populates this globe. This is the origin and destiny of circuses because the human race and circuses are ever changing but never change.

To the modern laity a circus is a vast, colorful enterprise which rolls on a long and garish special train into town, pitches its magic city of sidewalls and "tops", gives the town a holiday then folds its tents and rolls off again to pitch again a hundred miles away. The typical modern tented show does travel during the warmer months on a special and very heavy train that sometimes covers twelve thousand miles during its season on the road. But both equipment and accomplishment are merely in keeping with the times. It was not always thus as I well know.

In the attic of my old home in Illinois repose a pair of pink and spangled knickerbockers and high chamois boots.

Does the Circus still Thrill you? Then your heart is as young as it should be

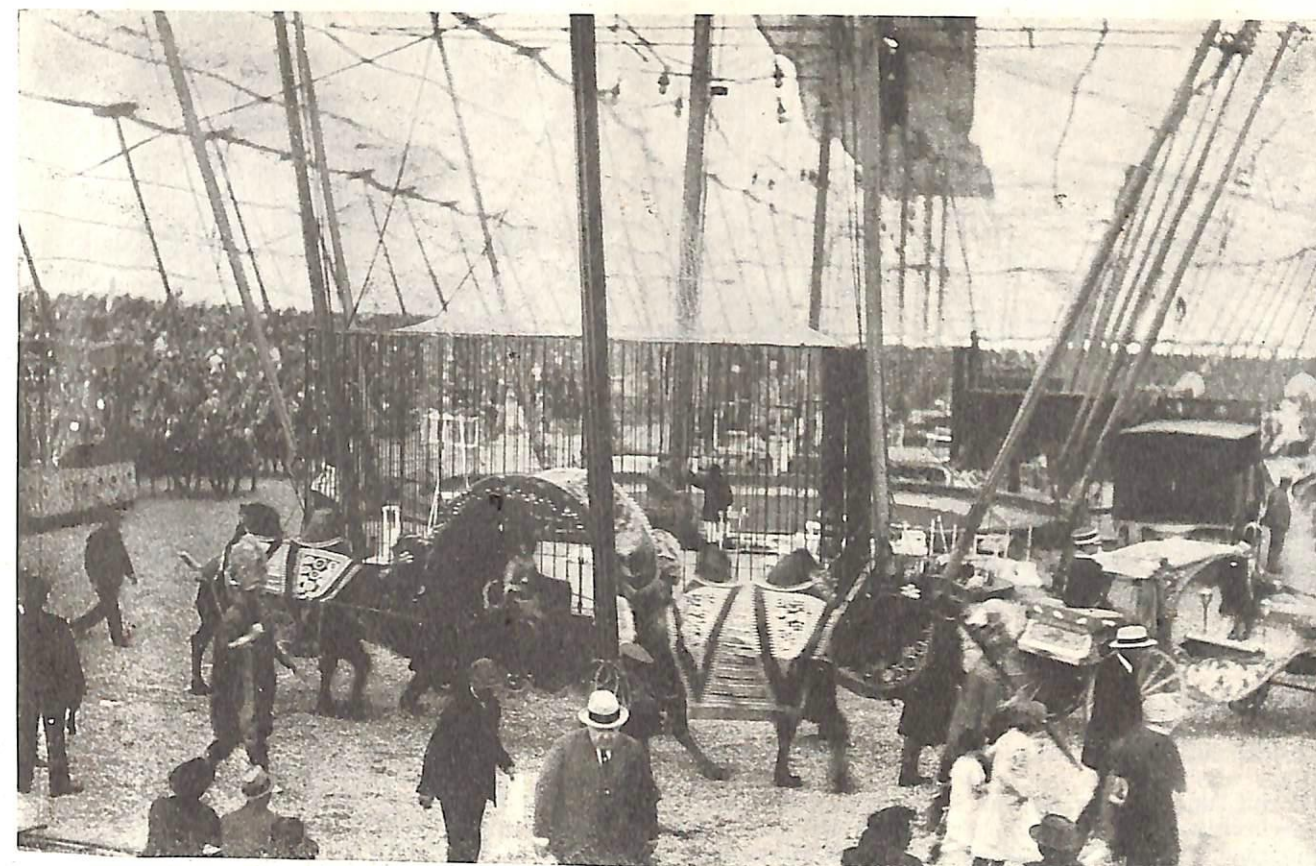
Above the bag in which these are concealed hangs a brightly ferruled whip whose long lash ends in a silken cracker thinned by antebellum use. My father owned these priceless accoutrements of circusdom when, as ringmaster of the Older & Orton Circus—vanished these many years from the trouper world—he toured by wagon from Minnesota to Texas and Florida and return, over roads we would deem impassable today. His route books, yellowed with age but preserved in my home town bank, record a thousand deeds of heroism such as, "Traveled from Salem to Montgomery, forty miles."

That was some day's journey when horsepower drew the old "mud shows" from town to town, from "stand" to "stand." Father gloried in his job as ringmaster for 'twas he who with grandiloquent words and wave of hand announced the entrance of the bareback queen.

But when my father thanked the towners for their kind attention and announced with dignity that the performance in the single ring was all out and over he prepared for his most important daily job by sleeping four hours in a dubious cross-roads hostelry. At the end of this repose he gulped a breakfast as day dawned and, in his buggy, piloted the weary caravan along rural lanes and through the wilderness to where other towners waited for the coming of the show. The master of arenic ceremonies was likewise the master of transportation for the Older & Orton show.

In this latter guise he found fords across swollen streams and when he reached a place where two trails forked he laid a fence rail across the trail which should be avoided by his followers. When the sleepy, travel-stained cavalcade caught up with him outside the "stand" he saw that faded plumes bedecked each horse's head and that red coats and nickled helmets adorned each driver's and musician's head before the grand free street parade set all the villagers agape.

Although occasionally delayed by fires, floods and riots my



father kept that Older & Orton circus on the road five long years until the Civil War caused him to quit the business and settle down, and, much later, bring me into the world, blessed with his love for circuses. I mention his great tramping deeds because they were typical of our circus pioneers. I doubt if there were more than forty souls or sixty horses with Older & Orton in their palmiest days, but now—

During the tenting season of 1926 the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's Combined Shows traveled on one hundred cars each sixty feet or more in length. With this mammoth, modern aggregation of all the wonders in the world were more than fifteen hundred people, six hundred horses and forty elephants! The Ringlings' spread of canvas required twelve acres of pitching space. Fifteen thousand towners could and did crowd into its big-top to applaud three hundred artists performing in three rings, on three stages, along a quarter mile of hippodrome track and in the air above it all.

Three million dollars worth of circus property was transported nearly fifteen thousand miles in thirty weeks. A dozen other railroad shows of lesser magnitude kept clear of "the Big One" or "the Big Bertha" as they call the Ringling show and toured from Halifax to San Diego and from Seattle to Tampa between March and December first.

These efficient, prosperous institutions of the present day are essentially like that my father piloted before the Civil War. They are much larger than the

Circuses do not change much except in size.



(Below) The tiger cage offers its thrill to every generation.

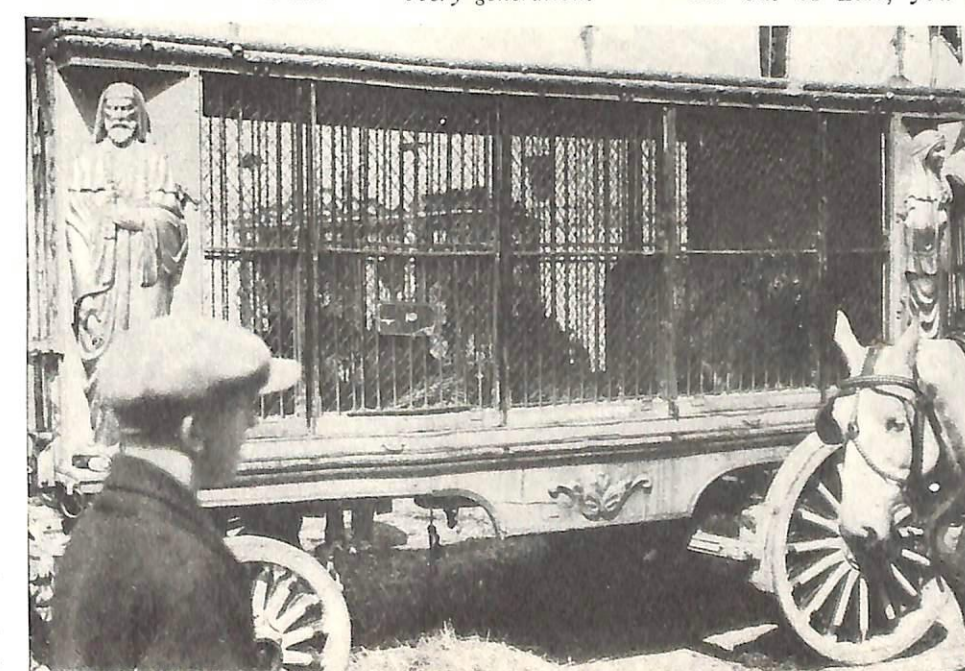
tiny "mud shows" but they have not changed materially in character. But while the circus never changes fundamentally it changes annually in certain particulars. Take, for example, the circus attitude toward towners kids.

Although he still discourses upon the subject eloquently it was thirty years ago that Cousin Bill, now a mighty merchandiser but then a vernal barefooted boy, made a verbal contract with a circus canvasman. According to this contract Bill was to see the show if he hustled seats and stakes and toted water for the elephant. But after Bill had hustled sweatily and toted water from a neighbor's well until his arms were of the length and suppleness of garden hose the elephant's thirst was still unquenched and Bill had missed two nice home meals. Still he was all pep and eagerness when he asked the canvasman for admission to the show.

The canvasman's reply was laconically to the point. Bill recalls it vividly. The words were "Get out of here, you punk." And Bill got,

thus avoiding contact with the rough-neck's boot. Towners kids then had no rights the circus people were bound to respect. They're ace high with the circus people now.

John Francis O'Connell, better known as "Cow," used to keep his rough-necks on the job when he was in charge of canvas on the Sells Floto show by holding weekly "schools" for his help outdoors or on the blue-seats in the big-top between the performances. "Cow" was also skilled in jollying his men and made it





©The town boys' friend, Singleton of Sparks Show.

©Bertie Hodgini, son of the famous circus riders.

©Tom Lynch, boss hostler, Ringling, Barnum & Bailey.

©Madge Fuller, the well-known circus performer, ready for parade.

his boast that none of them "blew" him during wet weather. But even he lost a lot of help when the show reached southern territory in the fall when cotton pickers' wages were unusually high.

For this and sundry other reasons circus "Governors" have learned to cherish towners kids. While visiting Sparks Circus on Staten Island last spring I thought of Cousin Bill's sad fate as I saw George Singleton, Sparks' boss canvasman, distribute special helper's tickets to a long line of small boys who had labored to get the Sparks tents up.

But while the eager small boy gains in prestige around the big-top and its accessories he loses or is seemingly about to lose the priceless boon of seeing the street parade go by, for the latest slogan in circusdom is "No more parades." The millions of motor cars, which have enlarged the drawing radius of the traveling shows until business is bigger than they have previously known, have threatened to stop the street parades.

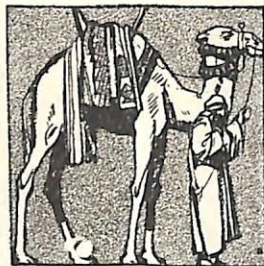
The mighty Ringlings abandoned theirs in 1918 because traffic conditions in the larger cities delayed it and the afternoon performances.

Motor trucks are working another change in circusdom. The horse will always be as inseparable from our great tented shows as clowns, peanuts and elephants. But only the smallest of the railroad shows attempt to move their heaviest wagons along our streets or across the circus lots without using motor

trucks as auxiliaries. Rarely, indeed, do you see a "pushing" elephant on the job. One truck can haul a dozen wagons formerly hauled by fifty or sixty Percherons, and a motor truck can be used as either motive power or brake.

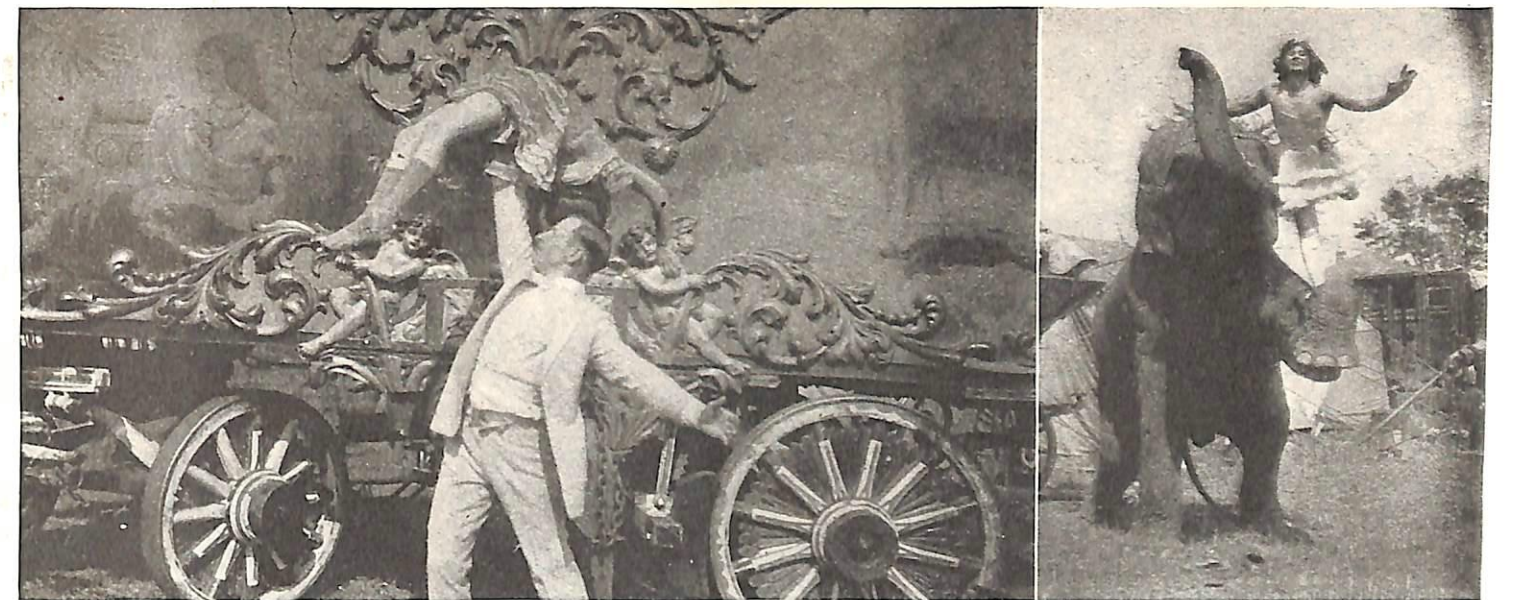
Even the sweating sledge gangs, which with rhythmic "tap, tap, tap" drive the tent stakes, are being supplanted on most shows by a pile-driver, gas-motored device which sends the oak and hickory into the hardest ground so fast that not even a late arrival in a town prevents the show from opening its front doors on time. Charley Andress who invented that device, now farms his thousand acres of rich land near Great Bend, Kan., and ruminates upon the years he trouped with the big ones in Europe and America. And I don't hold the mechanical stake-driver against that prosperous veteran. It has saved many an aching back. But it doesn't seem like a circus without sledges.

There is another improvement at which I'm peeved. When I trouped with Reynolds and Gentry and the Ringlings in their early days all showmen depended on gasoline to light their lots and tops at night, with coal oil torches for the loading runs. Now vastly more efficient electric light plants turn night into day when the sun goes down, hence crowded big top and menagerie are more like vast theaters than a pair of circus tents. I suppose the towners as well as the modern trouper really like these new fangled illuminating systems. But the fierce light they throw upon the blue-seats and reserves are hard on the



©No circus parade was ever complete without its lovely Cinderella in her coach.

©O'Connell, as boss canvasman of Sells Floto show.



©In the circus back yard—Homer Hobson, Jr., the circus rider, supporting his brother in feminine garb.

©Madge Fuller with one of her trained elephants.

short changers among the candy butchers—or would be if the candy butchers had not generally reformed.

Standards have surely changed in circusdom, although not all of them are what are known as "Sunday school shows." If you watch the gentleman who sells fancy whistles you may note that when the night performance has reached its final stage and the towners are pouring off the seats toward the exit the whistle man switches the price sign on his hat from ten to fifteen cents. A bit of thrifty circusdom is that.

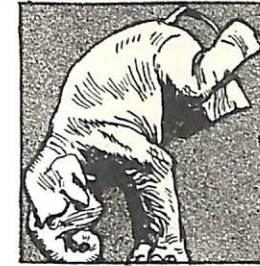
Class distinctions are passing on the circus lots. Riders are still the peers of all performers in the ring. Aerialists rank next to them in the social circles of the dressing-room. Acrobats are on the next rung of the ladder, as they have always been. And clowns dress in Clown Alley, as has been their wont since circuses began. The different groups each dine at different tables in the cook-house and each group goes its way most of the time. But within the year I've seen a rider dancing with a canvasman, and recently a bandmaster married an acrobat. There is nothing necessarily regrettable in this breaking down of old social lines. A circus company is, after all, one great big family. So why should its different branches not mingle and intermarry happily?

The one great change upon which troupers comment mournfully is the increasing scarcity of principal riders. Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hobson and their two sons we still have with

us. Homer, Sr., has been riding for nearly fifty years. Homer, Jr., and the younger, Herbert, are first class riders. But they don't seem to be as keen about it as their parents are. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hodgini, scions of two circus families which have been famous for generations in nearly every country on the globe are raising their little daughter Harriet and son Bertie to be riders. The Australian Wirths and English Hannafords brilliantly preserve the traditions of their clan.

There are five or six more good "riding acts" whose members do jump-ups, somersaults and pirouettes in the classic style. But with one exception there isn't a single riding barn where youngsters may be trained for the greatest of featured circus acts. And within ten or fifteen years first class circus riders will be missing unless we import them from the other side.

In the field of circus management showmen continue worthy of their steel. Although their overhead is growing steadily they fight the good fight with the elements and each other as they did when Barnum was in his prime. Before the great world war the railroads would move a train of ten circus cars fifty miles for \$150. That rate is more than doubled now. I've known big shows to spend \$2,000 just to jump from a Monday to a Tuesday "stand." Routing a show into the money is the biggest task a circusman has to face. As Charley Sparks says, "Any boob can run a circus, the trick is to know where to put it." So circuses moving on the [Continued on page 76]



©May Wirth, world-famed bareback rider, and her mother.

©The temperament of the circus family is a happy one. They "clown" back stage just as they do up front.

A Story of
LOVE
and
CRIME

By
LEROY
SCOTT

Illustrated by
C. D. Williams

Peter Buchanan as the
handsome Stranger is
Lured into a trap by
his Enemies

MYSTERY HOUSE

(What Has Gone Before—

THERE was great bitterness in the voice and face of young Larry Kane as he rushed into the office of the veteran prosecutor Jackson, who, for the last three years had been carrying on a futile investigation into one of the most sensational murder mysteries Long Island had known for a generation.

"Your dirty suspicions have been pointed at me long enough," shouted the enraged Larry. "I demand that you arrest me and put me on trial, Jackson. Send me to Sing Sing or clear my name!"

Mrs. Dodge, the beautiful and youthful wife of the rich and handsome Arnoldo Dodge, and Murray Randolph, noted more for his gallantries than for his practice of law, were found shot to death in Randolph's cottage. All evidence proclaimed it a "love crime." The bulk of suspicion pointed at Larry Kane and Peter Buchanan. As Larry had discovered the murder it was believed that in jealous rage he had mistaken the mother, Mrs. Dodge, for her daughter, Maida, with whom he was in love. The resemblance between the two was striking.

But Peter Buchanan was by far the most interesting figure in the case. A clever lawyer he had just been convicted of blackmailing and been sentenced to five years in jail. It was

while he was free on bail that the murder was committed. Ugly to the point of repulsion and handicapped by an inferiority complex, he had loved the murdered woman in his youth, only to see her won by his more favored step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge, who had always hated and outwitted Peter. It was this known love for Mrs. Dodge that brought Peter under suspicion—even though he had married the coldly beautiful Beatrice Leyton, who had divorced him as he lay in a prison hospital helpless from the mysterious "accident" which immediately followed the murder. A year later Beatrice married the "bereaved" Arnoldo Dodge.

While Larry Kane was "exploding" in the District Attorney's office he received a message from Maida Dodge that Peter Buchanan had been brought to live in Locust Lodge, renamed Mystery House, the scene of the murder. His physician explained that living in the environment of the old crime might help Peter to recover from paralysis.

Larry was certain that Peter was either guilty or could tell something about the murder, but his hopes were blasted when he, accompanied by Maida, Arnoldo and his wife Beatrice, went to visit Peter and found him unable to speak or move. As they were leaving, Arnoldo stayed behind to taunt Peter with his helplessness and his ugliness, but as the door closed on



Arnoldo, Peter jumped from bed crying exultantly to himself: "I have already begun to beat you, Arnoldo!"

Dr. Grayson and Peter had been working for months on plans and schemes to solve the murder mystery. Peter, certain of his brother's guilt (with the possibility of Beatrice as accomplice) planned his own death to take place later and, disguised as Peter's friend, Henry Delacroix, from South America, he prepared for the ordeal of facing the two who knew him most intimately—his former wife, Beatrice, and his step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge.

Dr. Grayson's skill had worked such wonders in Peter that he was completely rejuvenated, made over into another person, whom no one could possibly recognize.

"I'll put myself across as Delacroix," he cried. "And when I clear up this mystery and so clear my name, I'll make Maida Dodge love me, as I love her!"

Seven weeks later Peter Buchanan, now become Henry Delacroix, and Dr. Grayson were invited to call on Beatrice and Arnoldo Dodge. Maida and Larry Kane were present. Peter's disguise was perfect and Beatrice set out to charm the handsome stranger, while Arnoldo brusquely told him he hoped it wasn't true that Delacroix intended to begin a new investigation of the old murder mystery with a view to clearing

"I was showing Mr. Delacroix our view, Arnoldo," Beatrice tried to be casual. Arnoldo, with the watch dog Tony behind him ready to spring, glared balefully with something more than violent hatred in his glance.

Peter's name. Delacroix was evasive. Maida got a word alone with him and begged him to continue the investigations which would clear her mother's name. Delacroix escorted Beatrice to a dance—the same night Delacroix and Grayson planned the "murder" of Peter Buchanan who was supposed to be lying helpless in Mystery House. So with every one from the dance looking on the house was burned down. Delacroix made a scene over the loss of his friend Peter whose supposed remains were found in the ruins. Delacroix as part of the plan publicly accused Arnoldo of the death of Peter (Arnoldo's step-brother). This badly shook Arnoldo's enviable reputation.

Beatrice, clever and shrewd, told Delacroix she knew he was in love with Maida and that she approved of him as a son-in-law. She also told him that through Peter Buchanan's will his fortune was left to her, simply because as a paralytic he could not change the will. She offered Delacroix the money to help solve the mystery of Peter's murder. Peter (as

Delacroix) pretended to agree to all this knowing well that she had no such intentions. As he left the Dodge grounds he saw Arnoldo returning, so he swiftly made his way to the little study opening off the library. Peter had keys to the house, his boyhood home. In a few minutes the voices of Beatrice and Arnoldo came to him in most illuminating conversation.

THERE was a moment of silence in the library following the icy-voiced, contemptuous taunts Beatrice had discharged stingingly into the face of her husband. Peter, leaning breathless against the door of the little study, ears straining to pick up every revealing and betraying whisper of the guilty pair, could almost see Arnoldo glowering at Beatrice's splendid figure of insulting superiority.

While he tensely waited for their next words it flashed tinglingly upon Peter that he had an acutely personal interest in the scene beyond the door over and above any possible unlocking of the old mystery. As a discarded, humiliated and replaced husband, he had, during his dreary prison-hospital days and during the long hard days of preparation that had followed, asked himself over and over with bitter rankling wonderment just how his beautiful former wife and his handsome brother were getting on together in their new marriage. That question he was now about to have answered by the direct testimony of an intimate family scene.

After a long silence Arnoldo's voice again came to Peter through the study door, husky with its choked-down fury, doggedly repeating its former question.

"What was the idea of your asking that Delacroix to call on you this afternoon?—right on top of his accusing me before all that crowd this morning of my brother's murder?"

"You poor fool!" her superior, taunting voice repeated—that voice which was making Peter think of Lady Macbeth whipping up the purpose of a too squeamish spouse. "Angry at me—and jealous, too—because I asked your enemy here! If you were not a poor, plain fool, you'd instantly see for yourself the answer to your question!"

"From the very start I've seen this Mr. Henry Delacroix as a very dangerous figure to us. That's why I was so friendly to him on the day he first

called on us. Hasn't it ever occurred to you, Arnoldo Dodge, that the best strategy, when you have a dangerous enemy, is to try to establish friendly relations with that enemy—with the hope of blinding and misleading him, of getting on the inside of his plans, the better to foil him and protect yourself?"

Peter drew a sharp breath at her drawling, caustic question, which carried more force than the most positive declaration. So—while with her a few minutes before, he had read Beatrice entirely aright!

"Go on," Arnoldo ordered. "That may sound a plausible reason to me for your asking Delacroix to call, but you also had to have a reason that would sound plausible to him. What reason did you give Delacroix for your strange action?"

"I told Mr. Delacroix that I did not believe you guilty of the murder as he had charged. That since Peter Buchanan had been my husband, I wished to join hands with Mr. Delacroix in running down the murderer; particularly since, as is commonly reported, I am the sole beneficiary under Peter Buchanan's will. I said that, since I knew Peter would have cut me out of his will had he been physically able to do so, I did not wish to touch Peter's money, and that I wished to turn the whole of Peter's fortune over to Mr. Delacroix to be used by him in avenging Peter's death."

"But, Beatrice—you were not in earnest about giving up Peter's fortune?" he cried.

"Do you think I also am a fool?" Her slow voice was even more cuttingly contemptuous than before. "I need Peter's money, if I can get it, and so do you. I couldn't give it to Mr. Delacroix even if I wanted to; it will be a long time before the courts will let me touch it. So what I said to Mr.

Delacroix was merely a splendid but empty gesture—yet a gesture that is going to help take me into Mr. Delacroix's confidence, cause many meetings between us, cause him to tell me everything."

"God, Beatrice—you certainly are clever and nifty!" Arnoldo exclaimed.

"As I told you, I've got to have brains and nerve for the two of us. And right there is why I don't believe you guilty of murdering Peter Buchanan—although, of course, I know everything else Mr. Delacroix accused you of this morning is the truth, either in deed or in your intention. But of course I did not give Mr. Delacroix my real reasons for believing in your innocence."

"I don't understand, Beatrice."

"My reasons for believing you innocent? Then I'll elucidate, Arnoldo dear. First, last night's plan for getting rid of Peter Buchanan was a clever plan—therefore you could not have conceived it. Second, it required nerve for its execution—so you could not have carried it out. Man, you are incontrovertibly innocent!"

She softly laughed at him with her supercilious taunting superiority—a laugh that stung like poisoned darts. He swore furiously at her.

"As for you, Beatrice," he choked out—"you're a damned she-devil!"

"One of us has got to be a devil, and a mighty hard-headed and clear-headed devil, to pull us through the situation we're involved in with that Mr. Delacroix," was her retort.

"You mean last night? You've already said you know I'm innocent then."

"I mean a great deal more than last night, Arnoldo," she said, her voice suddenly weighted with grim significance. "When you stood watching Mystery House burn, your murdered brother inside, did it not make you think of the old mystery of that house—the murder of Laura Dodge and Murray Randolph?"

"What if it did?"

"Just this: that Mr. Delacroix now has a two-fold motive



(The minute Peter closed the door behind him Beatrice flew to his desk and began her search.

driving him onward. Don't let yourself forget that on the afternoon he first called here Mr. Delacroix announced his intention of trying to solve the old mystery and thereby clearing the name of his friend, Peter Buchanan. Aren't you afraid on that point, Arnoldo?"

There was a moment of silence. At his listening post against the study door Peter waited for the next words in taut, swelling suspense that wildly anticipated triumph. The tragic burning of Mystery House and his accusation of Arnoldo, exactly as he had foreseen and intended, were inevitably turning the private talk of this pair to the old mystery and their secret guilt—and at last he was about to learn something of the inner truth of that closely guarded secret!

Then Arnoldo's voice came to him, guarded, gruffly innocent: "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do, Arnoldo! About that old mystery—and about being afraid of what Mr. Delacroix may find out about it."

"I'm not talking about that—and I'm not afraid."

"The greater fool you! As for me, I'm mightily afraid of what Mr. Delacroix may find out—mightily afraid!"

Again there was silence. Peter wished that he could see their faces; undoubtedly their faces were saying much to each other. Then came the hiss of the siphon; Arnoldo was reinforcing himself with another drink. From his husky voice Peter knew Arnoldo had already been drinking much that day. Undoubtedly to quiet nerves badly shattered by that morning's scene before the smoking ruins of Mystery House.

"I'm not talking about that," Arnoldo repeated doggedly. "And I'm not afraid of what Delacroix will find out—for if he finds out too much, he'll suddenly not find out any more."

There was an ominous meaning in his words that sent a fresh shiver through the listening Peter.

"You're thinking of yet another tragedy, Arnoldo?" Beatrice demanded.

"I'm not saying."

"That's what you're thinking of. Don't be a greater fool than you are. You can't get away with it. Delacroix blocked

you this morning. After what he said to that crowd about the danger he was in from you, if anything ever happens to him, no matter where and how, you'll be declared the guilty man."

"When I strike there," sounded Arnoldo's grim voice, "I strike only as the last measure—I strike only once—and I strike only in a way such as will make certain that I will be the last person suspected of the blow."

"That sounds quite Machiavellian, Arnoldo; I remember now how poor Peter used to say that you belonged back in mediæval Italy and should have been a prince of the house of Borgia. But I'm none too certain of your cleverness, dear Arnoldo, and since I'm certain to be involved in the consequences if your attempt miscarries, I must ask that you do not strike without telling me of your plan, and without my telling you that the plan is a good one, and that it will be safe to strike."

"How do I know that you'll want to strike?"

"I've answered that question by what I've already done to block Mr. Delacroix, to eliminate him as a danger."

"You're asking to be a party to what I may do?"

"Precisely. I want to be present when you do it, and have a hand in the doing, as a guarantee that it will be done safely and be done right. And as a guarantee that you will not flinch at the last moment."

Peter imagined a hard, compelling ruthlessness now flaming from her eyes, in addition to the cold dominating ruthlessness of her voice, for Arnoldo breathed in a tone almost of shrinking awe:

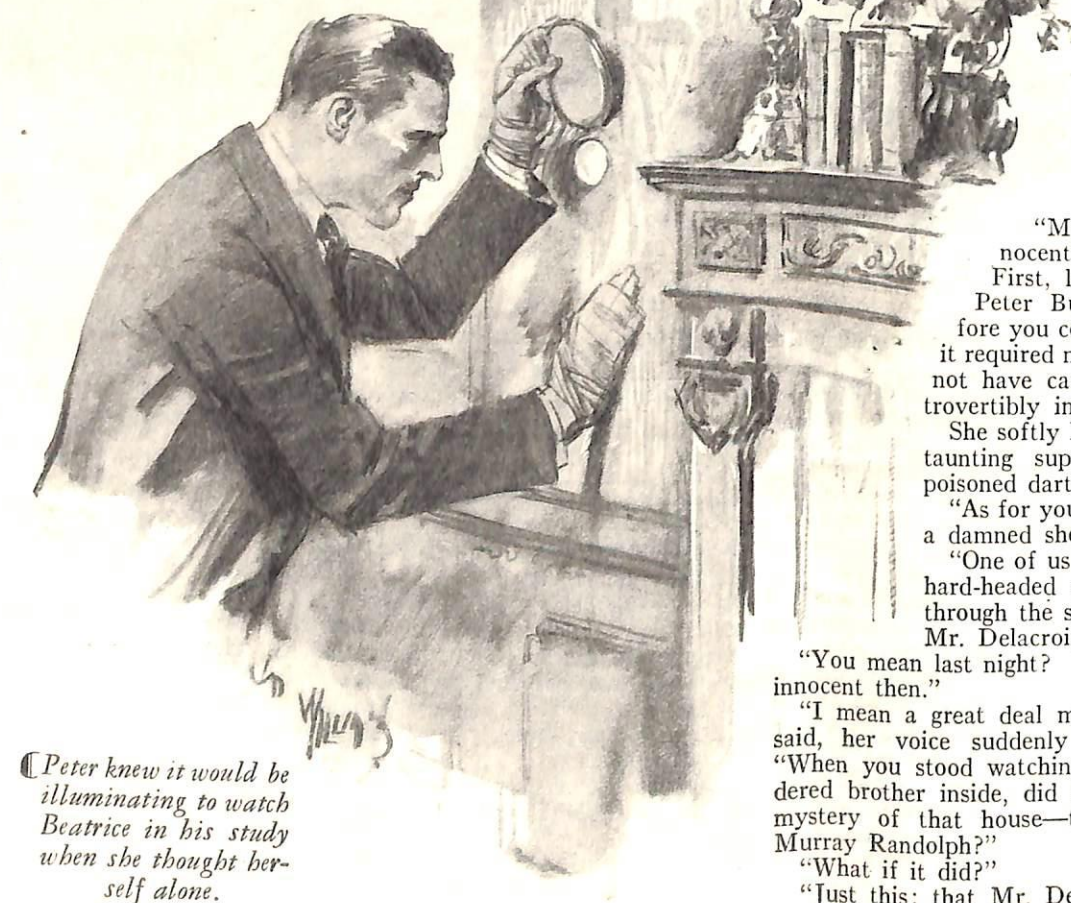
"I say, Beatrice—you certainly are the very devil!"

"Am I in on your plan against Mr. Delacroix?" she insisted. "I should say you are!"

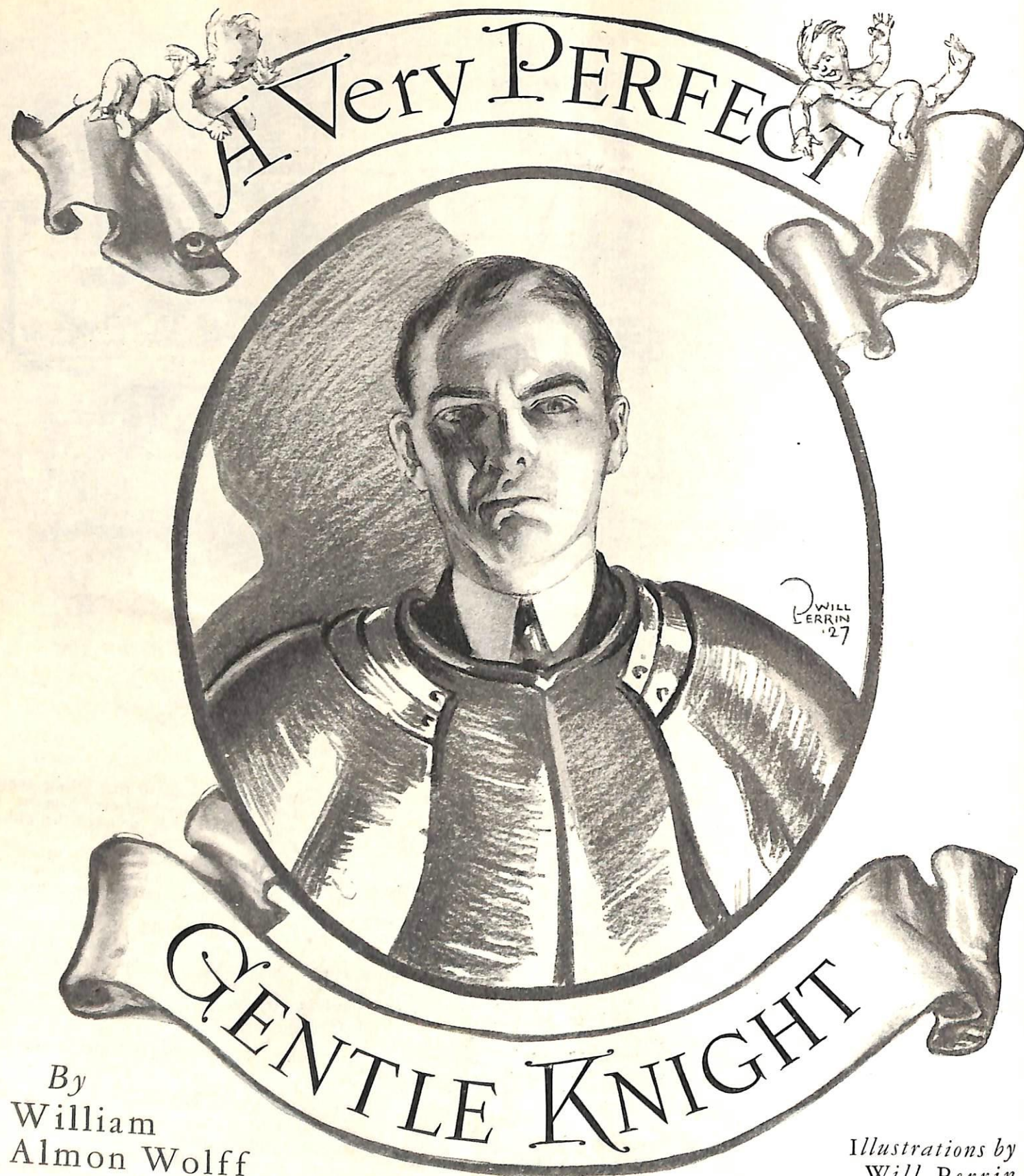
"Then you understand you are to do nothing without my approval and my presence?"

"I understand—I agree. God, Beatrice, what a cold proposition you are! See here—I've had enough of this sort of talk; I want some fresh air after it."

Again Peter heard the siphon hiss, [Continued on page 59]



(Peter knew it would be illuminating to watch Beatrice in his study when she thought herself alone.



By
William
Almon Wolff

Illustrations by
Will Perrin

MR. WILLIAM EVAN BLOUNT was going to a dance. Not for any particular reason, nor with any particular lady. He was just going to the dance at the club because it was Saturday night, and they always did have a dance at the club on Saturday, and he had nothing else to do. That was Bill for you, all over. He had a simple mind; there was nothing subtle about him. He took life pretty much as it came, not bothering to analyze it much. So he got into evening clothes before dinner, and into his roadster afterward, and started for the club.

Now, it wasn't necessary for him to drive through Raymond avenue on the way to the Club, but he did. It was a rite for him to go that way. He did it on the way to the station in the

morning, too, unless he'd overslept, and had to choose between passing the shrine of Bernice Tennant's house and missing the 8:14, in which case he caught the 8:14. This Saturday night, of course, he had plenty of time, and as he came near the old, white house, set back among the shade trees, he slowed down. He saw a white figure on the porch, and slowed down still more. No car stood at the curb. He hesitated; stopped; got out of his car and walked up the flagged path to the porch.

"Hello, Bernice!" he said. "All alone?"
"Not quite, Evan," she said. Other people called him Bill, but she preferred Evan. "I have my thoughts for company."
"Oh!" he said. "Oh, sure! Yes. I get you. Always have those, don't we? Where's old Phil?"

High Brows and Gallantry or Short Bobs and love—WHICH?

"I expect Philip later," she said. She had risen to greet him, and the light from inside the house fell full upon her. She was a tall girl, and very lovely in her way, which was, though, a little behind the times. She was very tall; wisely, she would have none of the short skirts of the moment. A loose, white gown robed her; her pale hair, so pale that it was more like silver than even the whitest gold, lay smooth upon her head, save where a long braid was wound around. Bernice had never cut her hair.

"Thought he'd be staggering around, on a Saturday night and all," said Bill. "Coming to the dance?"
"I think not," she said, with a little gesture of distaste. "I find crowds very trying."

"There's a lot in that, all right," said Bill. "Well—I saw you as I was driving by, and I thought I'd just stop a minute and say hello."

He sat down, and stayed there, looking at her. He looked at her very much as some dogs look at their masters.

"Dear Evan!" she said. "One can always count on you, cannot one?"

"I'll say you can!" said Bill, impulsively, and then blushed, even in the darkness, and stammered a little as he tried to find a better way of stating his eternal devotion. His tongue was always betraying him when he was with Bernice. "I mean—I mean to say—oh, well, you know what I mean, Bernice!"

"I do!" she said, and her voice had become low and thrilling, now. "But—Evan, you make me feel very guilty sometimes. Guilty and selfish. Ought I to let you devote yourself to me when—when there is no hope? When you know I can never make any return to you for all you give me!"

"That's a lot of applesauce!" he said. "I mean—oh, gosh—I mean, that's all right, Bernice. You've always been on the level with me, haven't you? I mean—I know darned well you'd never fall for me. I guess you wouldn't have, even if Phil hadn't come along. And—I don't know—I get an awful kick out of feeling the way I do about you. I'd rather—I don't know—I guess I'd rather have it the way it is than have someone else—you know what I mean—"

"Dear Evan!" she said. "If you really mean that—oh, I think it is beautiful. No girl deserves such a love as yours Evan, but it makes me very glad and proud to have it. Do you know how I think of you, Evan? I was reading something the other day, and I came across a line which made me think of you. It was in Chaucer. 'He was a verray parfit gentil knight.' That is what you are, Evan!"

He squirmed a little as he listened to her.

"I—oh, shucks, Bernice—you don't want to talk like that!" he said.
"I—uh—I guess I'd better be getting along, now. So long, Bernice."

He sidled toward the steps as he spoke. But Bernice got up and came toward him, and held out her hand, and he drew a long breath, and took it, and kissed it, with determination. He rather wished she'd forget this hand kissing stuff. He had started it himself, to be sure; he had got the idea at the movies. But it was an idea that had, if you asked him, outlived its usefulness.

"Good night, Evan!" she said, in her low, soft voice. Bill would have assailed you had you suggested that it was with something like relief that he got into his car and resumed his way to the club. Hadn't he just spent an unhoped for ten minutes with the object of his undying but hopeless adoration? Hadn't she said things obviously intended to be complimentary about him? Hadn't he kissed her hand? Still, he wasn't what you could have called elated.

The way he put it to himself, though, was that he was worried about Bernice. She was going to get an awful jolt one of these days, it seemed to him, unless she came down to earth a bit. Phil Barrow might be all she thought him; Bill had never heard a thing against him, and liked him very much, successful rival though he was. But he was, after all, a member of the male sex and the human race, and Bill, though no cynic, had his doubts about the ability of any man to live up, indefinitely, to Bernice's standards.

Bernice, who read Chaucer, rather fancied having her hand kissed.



Sally's dark tresses and her skirts tied with each other in shortness and she didn't think much about having her hand kissed.

She expected an awful lot, Bill felt, from the man to whom she had, as she herself would probably have put it, plighted her troth. He was glad when he reached the club, and heard the music.

He went upstairs and joined the stags in the big doorway. The influence of his call on Bernice was still upon him. He looked at the scene before him almost with her eyes. This was, he saw, like any other dance. He knew practically everyone there. None of these girls stirred him to anything

like emotion. They were pretty enough to watch. He admitted that, handsomely. They weren't Bernice, of course, any of them, but they had their points. He liked these short skirts they were wearing, and he was all for bobbed hair, too, in reason. He didn't know whether he wanted to dance or not. He might; again he might not.

He cut in, finally, when Alice Vane signaled to him, and rescued her from a corpulent stranger who had, she said, practically ruined not only her slippers but her insteps. But she left him very soon, with a view to having a few words with her husband, and he was at loose ends again. And then he saw Sally Graham.

Now, there are some things that simply have to be accepted as so. You can't explain them; you can't account for them. And the effect that seeing Sally Graham dancing with Jim Hazlitt had upon Bill is one of these things.

What he saw was a girl in a flame colored dress, small and beautifully made, with a small, alert head, and a face pretty but not, by anyone with any pretension to real knowledge, to be called beautiful! That was all. There were at least a dozen girls there better looking than she, as striking, as attractive in every way! That didn't matter. He described what happened to him when he saw her, some time later, as well as anyone could, probably. He said she knocked him for a loop right then and there. To try to go beyond this would be to seek to gild the lily.

He didn't know her, for a minute. He thought he was seeing her for the first time. But, as a matter of fact, he wasn't. The Grahams had been in town for a month, and he'd met her three or four times, and he would have known her at once had he met her in the street, in the day time, in the sports clothes she usually wore. This did happen to be the first time he'd seen her in the evening, with bare arms and shoulders, and the other accompaniments of a party. This is not set down, however, as an explanation of what happened; it is simply a statement of fact.

"There he is! Snake in the grass," said Barrow, pointing at Bill. "For two years he's been sh-shaping his dirty way to—undermine me!"

He stood perfectly still, staring at her as she danced along with Hazlitt. She looked his way, in time, and saw the way he was looking at her, and she nodded to him, rather mischievously. That was when he recognized her—just too late, though, to keep her from knowing perfectly well that he hadn't known at first who she was. He waited a moment longer, trying to get over his surprise; then he went after them, pushing through the crowd. His hand fell on Hazlitt's shoulder. "Mind if I cut in?" he said, and the huskiness of his voice amazed him as he heard it. Hazlitt growled, appropriately; Sally smiled, pleasantly, and non-committally, and they began to dance.

"How long," Bill said, after a minute, "has this been going on?"

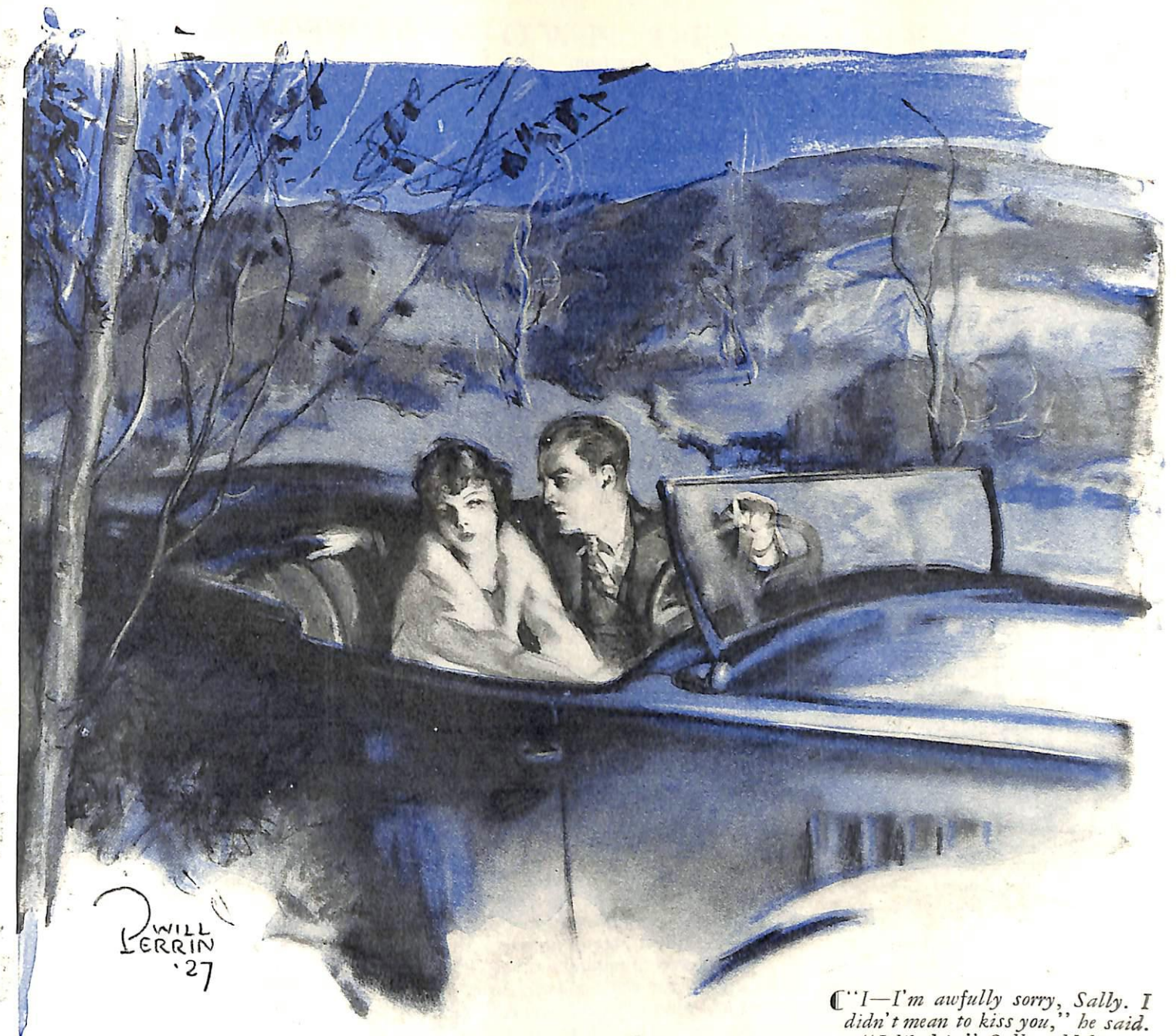
"What?" she asked.

"You!" he said.

"Oh!" she said. And she didn't laugh, which was just as well. "Oh, a long time!" she said. "Years and years."

That was all, for a while. Bill devoted himself to dancing. As a dancer he was distinctly erratic. When he was good he was very good indeed, but there were girls who said he was impossible. It depended altogether, really, on the girl. Sally, he realized at once, was marvelous. She fitted him exactly. When he danced with Bernice, for instance, he never quite got properly set; never quite made up his mind where to hold her. She was a little taller than he—Bernice, not Sally—and he had to reach for her, rather. And she liked, as did a good many girls, Bill found, to have something to say about a dance. Not that they ever said anything, but you grew conscious of a certain resistance they offered to some of your ideas.

Sally wasn't like that. She was just the right height, and she seemed to melt into him somehow, and just be carried along as a part of him. Bill didn't know any steps; he danced by ear, as it were, introducing



"I—I'm awfully sorry, Sally. I didn't mean to kiss you," he said. "I liked it," Sally told him.

off variations of his own as he went along. But they never bothered Sally; she seemed always to know what he was going to do next; seemed, indeed, always to have known it.

"Gosh!" he said, as the music stopped. "That was great!" He clapped violently, and then, when, largely owing to his efforts, there was an extra encore, someone cut in right away, and not only that, he took Sally out into the night with him, and was gone for half an hour with her, which made that space of time just an arid waste in Bill's life. But it taught him a lesson, for, when he got hold of her again he took no chances, but took her outside himself, and to his car, which, as he had come late, was parked by itself, far from the regular parking place.

"I didn't know you, at first," he said. "You certainly look different tonight!"

"I didn't think you were ever going to see me," she said, frankly. "I remembered you right away."

"Well, people look different in different clothes," he insisted. They sat a long time in his car, talking. He found out all about her, and how her people had happened to come to town. They made astonishing discoveries about tastes they had in common, and people they both knew, and places they'd both seen.

"Gosh," he said. "I don't know—but I don't feel as if I'd just met you, Sally." He laughed. "There you are! I couldn't call you Miss Graham!"

"Of course not!" she said. "And I'd never dream of calling you anything but Bill! I'd know your name was Bill even if nobody had told me. You couldn't be called anything else."

"I am, though, sometimes," he said. "My middle name's Evan and a—some people call me that."

"Evan?" she said, tentatively. Then she shook her head. "No," she said. "I don't like that. It's a nice name, but it's just a little bit affected. To say, I mean."

That had always been Bill's private opinion. But he didn't say so. And it was all right, anyway, for her to call him Bill. Evan was really Bernice's name for him, though it did happen to be his by baptism. Bernice would have invented a name for him before she would have called him Bill.

"Well, Bill's what pretty nearly everyone calls me," he said. "You know, it's funny, though—the way I feel as if I'd known you a long time."

"I feel like that about you, too," she said. "But you didn't know I was on the earth when I first met you."

He laughed uncomfortably. And then, the first thing he knew, he was telling her about Bernice and his hopeless love for her, which was the most jealously guarded secret of his life. She didn't take it very well, though.

"I think it's silly," she said. "I'd never waste any time thinking about any man who didn't care for me. And I don't like girls who keep men dangling around when they don't care for them."

"It's not like that at all!" he said, indignantly. "You don't know Bernice or you wouldn't talk that way. Why, just tonight she said—"

He stopped short, and got red, though she couldn't see that, of course. He remembered Bernice's quotation from Chaucer. Sally sniffed.

"I know!" she said. "You don't have to tell me. I know

how she talked. But you wait till you try to get away from her and see what happens!"

They went in, soon after that. It wasn't exactly a quarrel, but relations were a little strained. They got back to the dance floor while a waltz was going on, though, and they danced it, of course, and Bill's resentment vanished to the liting measures. He wanted to dance all the rest of the dances with her. And that was the beginning.

A good beginning it was, too, and swiftly followed up. He dropped around to see her after dinner the next evening, and they got to talking about shows, so the night after that they drove into town and went to the theater, and then on somewhere to dance. And that was the way it continued to go. You may think what you please of Bill's intelligence; the fact remains that he literally didn't have any idea that he was falling in love with Sally.

Sally was more fun to go around with, and dance with, and play with, than anyone he'd ever known. She was different.

He was so far from knowing he was in love with Sally that he was a good deal upset the first time he kissed her. They'd been for a drive, on a hot night, and they stopped to look at a view.

"I—Sally—I'm awfully sorry!" he said. "I didn't mean to do that—"

"I did," said Sally, cheerfully. "I liked it."

"Yes—but—I mean—" He felt there was more to be said, but he didn't know what it was.

"It's all right, Bill," she said. "It wasn't your fault. It was mine, if you really want to know."

"No, it wasn't," he said. "He was making discoveries. 'I—I've been wanting to kiss you for a week, Sally! I've been wondering what it would be like.'"

She hadn't been very far from him, and now she came closer still.

"Well, you know, now, don't you?" she said, and looked up at him.

"No, I don't!" he said. "I've forgotten!"

And he kissed her again. But, while that was all very well, and it would have been, and was, as absurd to pretend he didn't like kissing Sally as it was to take it seriously, when she so obviously didn't, his conscience bothered him a lot that night, after he'd taken her home. He couldn't quite make out what was happening to him. He hadn't felt this way about any other girl since he had first fallen in love with Bernice.

So he kept on taking Sally out in his car, and dancing with her, and seeing the new shows as they opened. He stopped in, once in a while, and spent five or ten minutes with Bernice.

And then, one evening, one of the evenings when he didn't have an actual engagement to do some definite thing with Sally, Bernice telephoned to him just as he was finishing dinner.

"Evan!" she said, in her lowest voice, "Can you come to me? I need you!"

"Sure!" he said. "You bet. Soon as I finish up the apple pie. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"I will tell you when I see you," she said. "Come as soon as you can, Evan."

He debated about telephoning to Sally to say he'd be late. She'd be expecting him of course, because, by now, he went around every evening unless one of them had something else to do, which didn't often happen. In the end he didn't; he didn't

think he would be very long at Bernice's, so he started out. Bernice was waiting for him on the porch.

"Dear Evan!" she said, as she gave him her hand to kiss. "How's everything, Bernice?" he said, cheerfully. "Old Phil all right?"

A shudder ran through her. She looked at him. When she spoke her voice was hoarse with passion.

"Evan—if you love me," she said, "never utter Philip's name to me again!"

"Hello—I mean—what—what goes on?" said Bill. "For the love of Mike—you don't mean you and Phil have gone to the mat?"

"For me," said Bernice, "he has ceased to exist. It is as if he had never been."

"Yes—I know—but—I mean—what's the idea, Bernice?" She closed her eyes. For a minute she was still.

"My love, my trust, my faith, have been betrayed—dragged in the dust. Evan, if you still love me, if, in spite of the way I

have treated you, you still want me to be your wife, I am yours."

"I—uh—gosh—oh gosh, Bernice—" stammered Bill.

"Dear—dearest Evan!" she said. Tears were in her eyes.

"You break my heart, Evan." She stood up. She held out her hand to him. "Don't think I do not understand. Your confusion makes me see all the more clearly how blind I have been! Evan!"

As she still held out her hand he took a blind step toward her, and bent, mechanically, to kiss it. But she smiled.

"Ah, no!" she said. "Not now! Not my hand only, now, Evan!"

She drew him toward her. Her arms went about him. She kissed him. He sat down. Emotion, as must, to Bernice, have seemed natural enough, overcame him.

"I see my duty clearly now, at last," she said. "To join my lot with yours—to play my part in raising you to the place you should hold! To cultivate the sterling worth of your character—to root out the weeds—to bring the flower of your spirit to the perfection of its blooming!"

"Uh—er—yes," said Bill. "I—I get you, Bernice. But—I mean—you see—"

"You must be very patient with me, Evan," she said. "For a long time, perhaps, another image will hold its unwelcome place in my heart. Strong though one may be resolved to be, we are all weak. But I shall be worthy of you and your long love—now to be rewarded! Do you remember what I called you once, Evan? I shall be worthy of my verry parfit gentil knight!"

He sprang up, abruptly.

"That—that's great, Bernice," he said. His voice as he went

"Now—got to be going now—got

on was somewhat choked. "things to do—"

"I understand," she said, and smiled. "You want to be alone. Good night, Evan. Tomorrow—"

"Yes—sure—tomorrow," he said. "Good night, Bernice. Good night."

And he plunged down the steps, and out to his car. It was as well that the traffic, at that hour, was light; it was a zigzag course that Bill's roadster followed between Bernice's house and Sally's.

Sally, too, was waiting for him on her porch—a side porch, at that house.

[Continued on page 74]

Let Shrine Service Help You

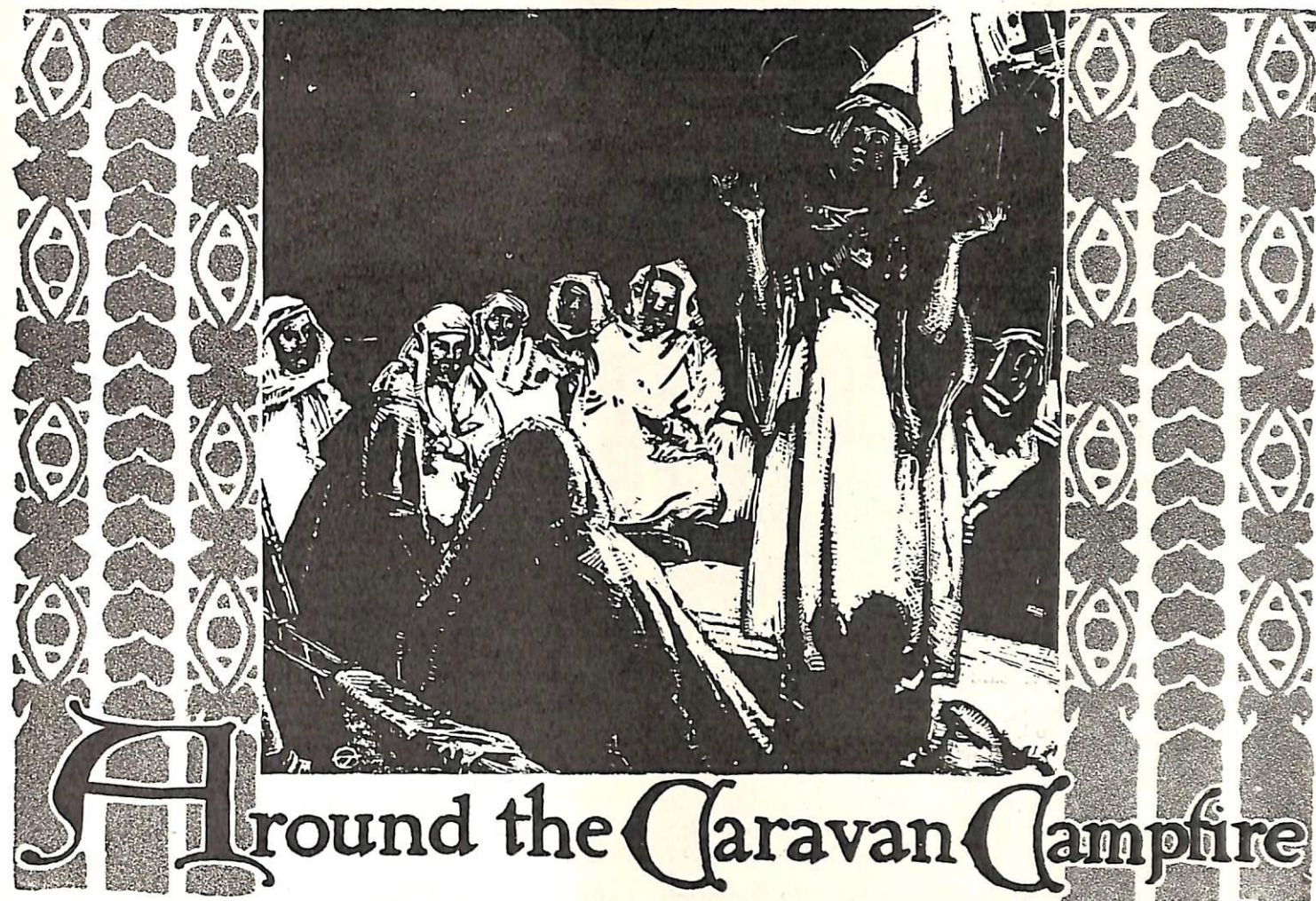
- In Your Household Problems
- In Your Travels
- In Your Investments
- In Your Shopping

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in any household problem that may arise. Write her enclosing stamped and addressed envelope, % Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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Hundreds have already written and received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

I WAS AT a Ceremonial of my Temple recently and as I had some of the work to do I was present early. As I waited for the meeting to open I sat and watched with much amusement the Nobility as it came to make its salutation to the Potentate. No two of them did it in just the same way and many of them seemed to have the idea they were just about to start a long swim, with a breast stroke.

This brought into my brain a thought of the many, many signs and salutations we men are supposed to know after having gone up through the various bodies of Masonry and how few of us know them all. My mind switched back to the first sign I ever learned.

I thought of a small schoolhouse with an open window and a big fruit tree of some kind just outside the window. I recalled the soporific influence of the myriads of buzzing bees in it. I remembered a drowsy afternoon with a cowbell tinkling in the distance and how time seemed to stop to doze.

Then suddenly from a redheaded boy in the back of the room came The Sign! I caught it and woke to instant joy and action. I passed it on to another boy and in ten minutes it had flashed from one side of the room to another till every boy there was quiveringly wide awake in anticipation of the joys soon to come.

As I sat there in the Shrine meeting last night, I wondered how many of the Nobility would recognize The Sign if I stood on the platform and made it. The right hand held aloft, two fingers are erect in the form of a "V" with the other fingers closed. Do you know it, Noble? Do boys still use it? It meant that as soon as school closed there would be things doing at the old swimming hole.

Do you recall the joy of the old swimming hole? There was an etiquette about it all. There were rewards for the first one in and penalties for the last one out. Many times

I have seen ten or fifteen yelling boys running for the reward shedding the few habiliments of civilization they wore. Trousers, a cotton shirt and a pair of galluses are easily got out of. I pulled impatiently at the stiff collar of my dress shirt as I recalled it.

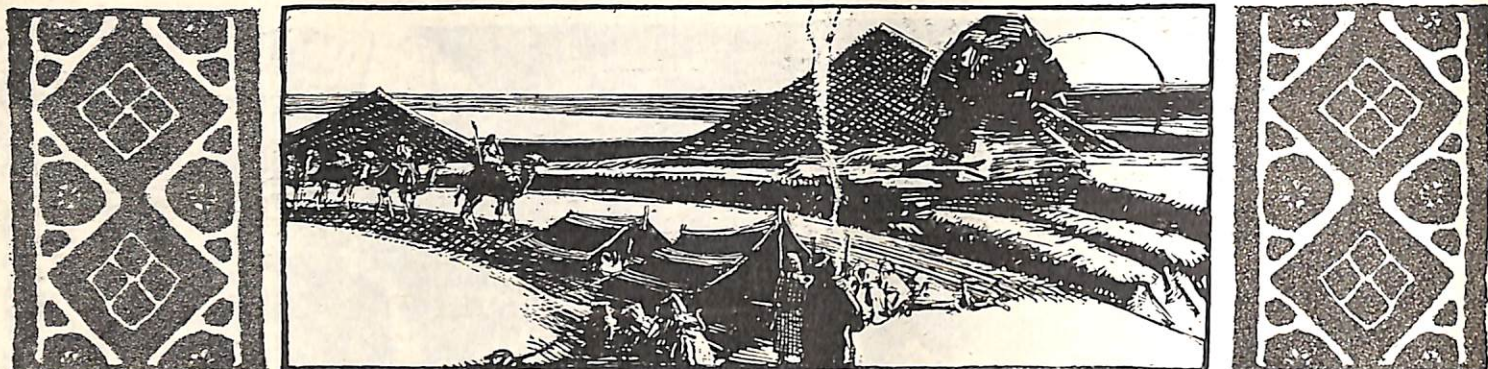
My goodness, how tight a couple of boys could tie a knot in a cotton shirt when one of them pulled at one end and a second one at the other! How that knot would swell and tighten still more when a little water was poured on it! How quickly we learned the boys who would snivel and cry and the ones who would laugh or fight during such tests as these.

I have an idea that The Sign is very, very old. I think likely that Caesar may have held high this sign when he wanted to take a group of his boy friends for a plunge in the Tiber. I think that likely Horace may have known its joys before he and his pals splashed in the Digentia. But whether it is as old as time or as young as the boys with whom I went to school, I know The Sign was a symbol of joy just ahead.

I believe too this sign, this "V" of boyhood, carried with it and in its subsequent ritual, lessons that have lasted many a boy through life. He was taught the lessons of independence, democracy, and justice. He was taught better and in a more lasting way because he was taught while he romped and played with his fellows.

The pugnacious boy learned from the black eyes he accumulated at the old swimming hole that might does not make right. The timid boy was taught that if he did not assert himself he would get the worst of it. The big boy was taught to respect the rights of the little fellow.

Then too, I remember that we all learned to be kind to Crip Huland. Every boy has his nickname, of course, and we thoughtless little savages called the Huland boy "Crip" because of his twisted leg. Crip was protected by all of us because Crip could not swim, and we learned to watch out that this crippled boy did not get into [Continued on page 73]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

MORE CARE SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ELECTING MEN FOR THE LOWEST OFFICE IN LINE FOR POTENTATE

IF THE Temples of the Shrine are to gain anything by the experiences in the January election it will be by making deductions from this election, pickling them, and putting them in quart jars for next year.

In most Masonic bodies it is a time-honored custom to elect a man to the lowest office in the official line and promote him year by year until he reaches the top.

This system has its advantages. A man thus put in at the bottom gains experience year by year and should be better fitted for the top position than if elected from the floor.

Its weakness lies in the fact that because the lowest office is a low office, the membership is a bit careless of the man placed there.

In many Shrine Temples the system has been abandoned for this reason. The difficulty of the other system of electing Potentates "from the floor" is that it results in the election either of an extremely popular man or a man who looms large in the community. Neither of these two attributes guarantee a good Potentate. The characteristically good fellow is generally a better hand shaker than worker. The big man of the community generally has many interests which interfere with his Shrine activities.

The real question in electing a Potentate is not "Is he a good fellow" but "Will he be a good Potentate?" not "Is he a big man" but "Will he be a big Potentate?"

That Temple who elects its Oriental Guide with the thought that five years later he will come up for election as Potentate will seem to have a better chance than the Temple which makes a haphazard selection of a Potentate.

EVERY NOBLE DEFINITELY LOCATED SHOULD AFFILIATE WITH THE TEMPLE OF THAT CITY

WE ARE a roving people. Our ancestors landed on the rugged coast of the Atlantic. Generation after generation of younger sons moved westward till they reached the Pacific. We trekked north to the snow line near the Arctic, and south to Key West and the Rio Grande. For many generations we have moved into new territory where the whim dictated.

In those days the prairie schooner and the slow plodding ox team made travel slow. Today the railroads which criss-cross our country in a lattice work of steel enable us to travel more than we did in the old days, and the restlessness of our ancestors is still with us.

The mailing list of any Temple of the Mystic Shrine shows a large percentage of "out-of-town" Nobles; members who through inclination or the demands of business, have changed

their residence to other cities. In the cities where they now live they attend the meetings of the local Shrine. They are welcome, indeed, but they become a part of the overhead expense of the Temple they attend. It costs that Temple money to feed and entertain them.

No Noble wants to be unfair to the Order. Shrine dues are the same everywhere. There is no advantage in retaining membership in one Temple over another. It is the duty of every Noble definitely located to affiliate with the Shrine Temple of that city.

There is a sentimental feeling about the Mother Temple which cannot be carelessly set aside, but it should be outweighed by the fact that a Noble should pay dues to the Temple which supplies his upkeep. Every Shriner wants to hold up his end. This is one way of doing it.

Men acquire knowledge through long study or painful experience. Every woman knows everything without ever having had to learn anything.

LIFE IS STRENUOUS AT BEST. THE GOSPEL OF THE SHRINE IS TO LAUGH IT OFF

ANOTED German neurologist has investigated the characteristics which go with certain professions. He discovered that boxers and ring champions are emotional and sentimental; stenographers touchy and irritable; nurses, depressed and unable to concentrate; dentists, explosive by nature; artists and laborers; nervous when economic conditions and standards of living rise suddenly.

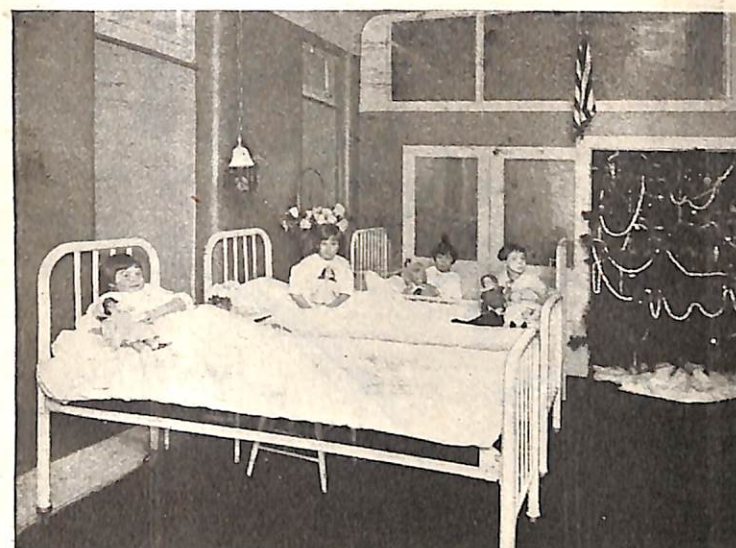
To these might be added that trap drummers in jazz bands are noisy, traffic cops are peevish to speeders, women are susceptible to flattery, radios are liable to static, and Shriners to rotundity and a keen sense of humor.

If there is really one outstanding characteristic of the genus Noble it is his sense of humor. If he did not already have a keen sense of his own unimportance, the lessons he learns while taking the Shrine degree would teach him. One lugubrious individual was asked if he had ever taken the Shrine degree and said in reply: "No, I didn't take it. They gave it to me!" showing that a sense of humor can be forced on a man.

There is monotony in the oft repeated routine of the day. There is a weary strain in the load we carry, but down in the heart of a Shriner there is joy in the job, joy in living, love of fellowmen that shines from his face like a beacon light on a desolate shore.

Nobles are never too busy to smile. They may hurry and work but they still get some fun out of the job. A frown has no more business on the face of a true Shriner than rouge or lip stick. If his vaccination with Shrine virus took, he will have a cheerful face which will be welcome in any society.

Life is strenuous enough at best, but there is no reason to make it more so. The gospel of the Shrine is to laugh it off which is much more polite and just as effective as profanity.



The girls' ward at Salt Lake Unit was a happy place after Santa Claus' visit.

THE LARGEST geographical area assigned to any one of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children is that served by the Salt Lake Unit at St. Mark's Hospital. El Kalah Temple of Salt Lake City is very proud of the fact their unit has restored to health and the opportunity for useful citizenship so many unfortunate little ones. That, of course, is the purpose, but all connected with the wonderful work have been not a little surprised and more than greatly pleased that the establishment of this unit of mercy has brought home to the Nobles themselves so much of the beauty and kindness and the merciful benefits of unselfish service.

Of course there is no Shriner or friend of the Shrine who is not happy for the sake of the children who have been benefited. But thus far in the short history of the unit its greatest benefit has been to the Shrine itself. It has given the Shrine new character, new standing before the community and in the hearts of the Nobles.

The Salt Lake Unit is a small one and a young one. It has only twenty beds in a wing of St. Mark's Hospital. Its total admissions had been just 211 up to December 1, 1926. On January 19, 1925, the Grand Lodge, then in session in Salt Lake, paid a visit to the hospital, where all had been made ready for the first patients who arrived three days later. The need of this humanitarian work, even in the sparsely settled mountains, became immediately and vividly apparent.

Doctor A. L. Huether and the devoted members of the Board of Governors ask only whether there is a chance to help the child. Dr. Huether will not say how many children he has cured. He wants to watch them for a period of years. And he does keep close track of every child after it leaves the hospital.

The purely physical care given the patients is but one way in which the Shrine is endeavoring to bring them to a better opportunity for usefulness and happiness. Children, even more than grown-ups, need recreation, entertainment, affairs to keep their minds active while their bodies heal.

And here is where the Nobles and their ladies have their opportunity to share in the service. A fine piano stands in one corner of the boys' room, where it is used frequently as members of the Shrine and their friends go in the evening to play and sing. A talking machine with lots of records is another asset. The last Scottish Rite class presented the children with a moving picture projector, and films are provided gratis.

Leon Sweet, a member of the Board of Governors, engaged

A Day at the SALT LAKE Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children

By William T. Iglehart

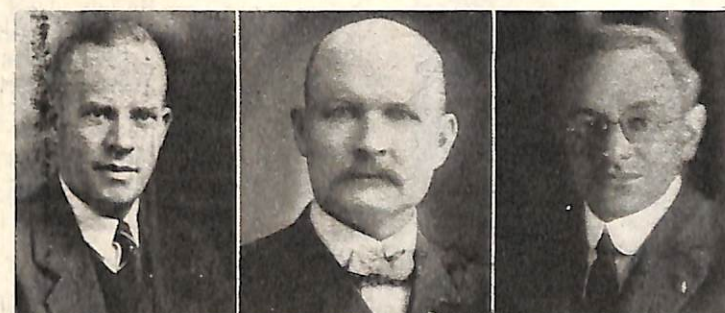
THE BOARD of GOVERNORS



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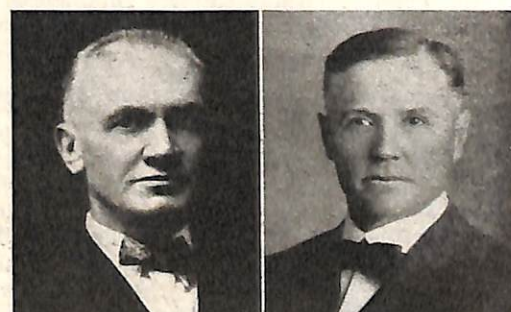
J. W. Ellingson Potentate, El Kalah

William J. Lynch

Leon Sweet



Christmas cheer and flying steeds help the boys forget their deformities.



J. E. Carver

J. W. Cherry

in candy manufacturing, supplies the unit with enough good, wholesome hard candy. Another Noble, T. J. Nilson, sends fruit almost daily from his establishment.

Through the courtesy of the Salt Lake City Board of Education, a teacher trained in the instruction of subnormal children comes each day to help train the minds of the shut-ins.

Even the little fellow whose whole body is almost completely encased takes part in all the fun, watching it through a movable mirror attached to the head of his bed.

Those who are able to move about in wheelchairs or with crutches are constantly visiting when the play time comes.

Through some error, when the wing was divided into wards for the boys and girls, the builder gave the boys a good bit more room. It was providentially thus, though the reasons Dr. Huether cannot explain, for the boys have far outnumbered the girls. The two wards are [Continued on page 62]



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE CHARLES KING
Tripoli Temple
Milwaukee, Wisc.



Few more picturesque figures survive in America than General Charles King, U. S. A. A veteran of the Civil War and of countless Indian campaigns—he served, once, under the lamented Custer. General King is almost a legendary figure, and is still hale and active at eighty-two. A generation ago his tales of army life were best sellers, and they will come back into their own when America becomes interested again in its past—for General King's stories, though fictional, are true pages of American history, and of a colorful and vital phase of that history too little known.

General King is a 33rd Degree Mason, and though his military duties have debarred him from holding office he has been always prominent in all the Masonic bodies to which he belongs. Retired from active service in 1892 he was back in service during the Spanish war and served during the insurrection in the Philippines. He is a member of Tripoli, Milwaukee.

NOBLE R. H. KAUFMAN
Al Amin Temple
Little Rock, Ark.



Noble R. H. Kaufman of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, Ark., is a modest man. When he was asked about his office holding in Masonry he finally, though reluctantly, produced a list, adding: "The Masonic bodies of Little Rock have been very kind to me." Here is the list:

Past Master, Western Star lodge, No. 2. Past High Priest, Union chapter, No. 2. Past thrice Illustrious Master, Occidental Council No. 1. Past Commander, Amin Temple. Representative to Imperial Council, 10 years. Impresario, Little Rock Court No. 12, Royal Order of Jesters, since its institution.

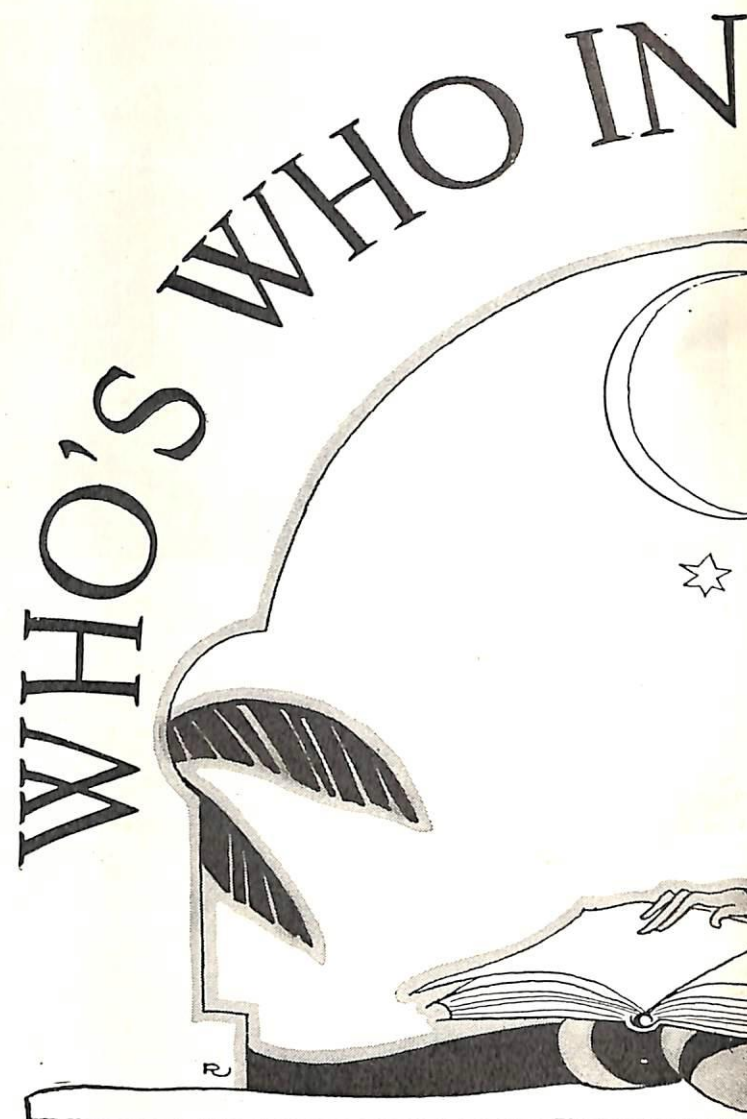
NOBLE THEO. ROOSEVELT
Kismet Temple
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Theodore Roosevelt, son of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, has other claims to fame than those that are inherent in his name. He served with far more than ordinary distinction in the World War. He wears the French Croix de Guerre with palm, the Distinguished Service Cross, and is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Theodore Roosevelt was commissioned a Major, O. R. C., almost upon the outbreak of war, and was assigned to active duty in June, 1917. He crossed the ocean with General Pershing, and saw service early and often. He received four citations for gallantry in action: was wounded in the knee during the Aisne-Marne offensive, and was badly gassed at Cantigny, the first important American engagement, where he refused, though suffering intensely and almost blind, to be evacuated. He took part, later, in the great Meuse-Argonne offensive, and in the culminating operation of the war, which had Sedan as its objective.

Colonel Roosevelt—he was promoted in France—earned the D. S. C. by an act of conspicuous valor. The official citation reads: "He exposed himself to intense machine gun, rifle and grenade fire when he went forward and assisted in rescuing a wounded member of a raiding party."



Colonel Roosevelt was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of New York and has served as assistant secretary of the navy. He is a member of Matcenock lodge, Oyster Bay, L. I., of the Scottish Rite bodies of Washington, and of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn.

NOBLE HARRY F. CAREY
Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.



Past Potentate Harry F. Carey, of Almas Temple, Washington, may have to be absent from his home temple a good deal henceforth. The Southern Pacific, with which he has been connected for thirty-four years, for eighteen of them as a general passenger agent, has lately sent him to Cincinnati, and the report is that he is so busy out there that he can't expect to get away much.

Still, for a man with a job like his, and no railway fares to worry about, that doesn't sound quite plausible.

Noble Carey, obviously, knows how to get along with people—his job gives ample proof of that. But he is more than a mixer and a good fellow; he has a constructive and far-seeing mind, both in business and in fraternal affairs. He was a pioneer in the movement to establish a national magazine for the Order, and it was on his recommendation as Potentate that Almas Temple went on record for the magazine and for an increase in dues.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE W. C. SPROUL
LuLu Temple
Philadelphia, Penna.



Noble William Cameron Sproul, of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, is a Quaker. But Quakers can and will fight, in their own way, and for their own ends, and Noble Sproul has proved it, many a time. No man who isn't a fighter ever gets to be governor of Pennsylvania, where political acumen seems to be in the air, and Noble Sproul's four year term, from 1919 to 1923, was inaugurated by a pleasant little plurality of 245,000. In 1920 he was one of the outstanding candidates for the Republican presidential nomination, and there was a time, just before the swing to Noble Warren G. Harding became pronounced, when Noble Sproul was very close to receiving support that might have changed the course of history.

Noble Sproul is a man of wide and varied interests. A brilliant student in college, his scholastic attainments are proved by his ownership of a Phi Beta Kappa key; the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon him by no less than nine colleges and universities means more, in his case, than it usually does, for, had he had the time to do so, he might have earned his doctorate.

Noble Sproul owns two thousand acres of orchards near Chester, near which old town, too, he lives, in historic Ladidea Manor. He is president of two Chester newspapers, and extensively interested in manufactures, transportation and banking. He is a 33rd degree Mason in the Scottish rite.

NOBLE DAVIS FREEMAN
Alee Temple
Savannah, Ga.



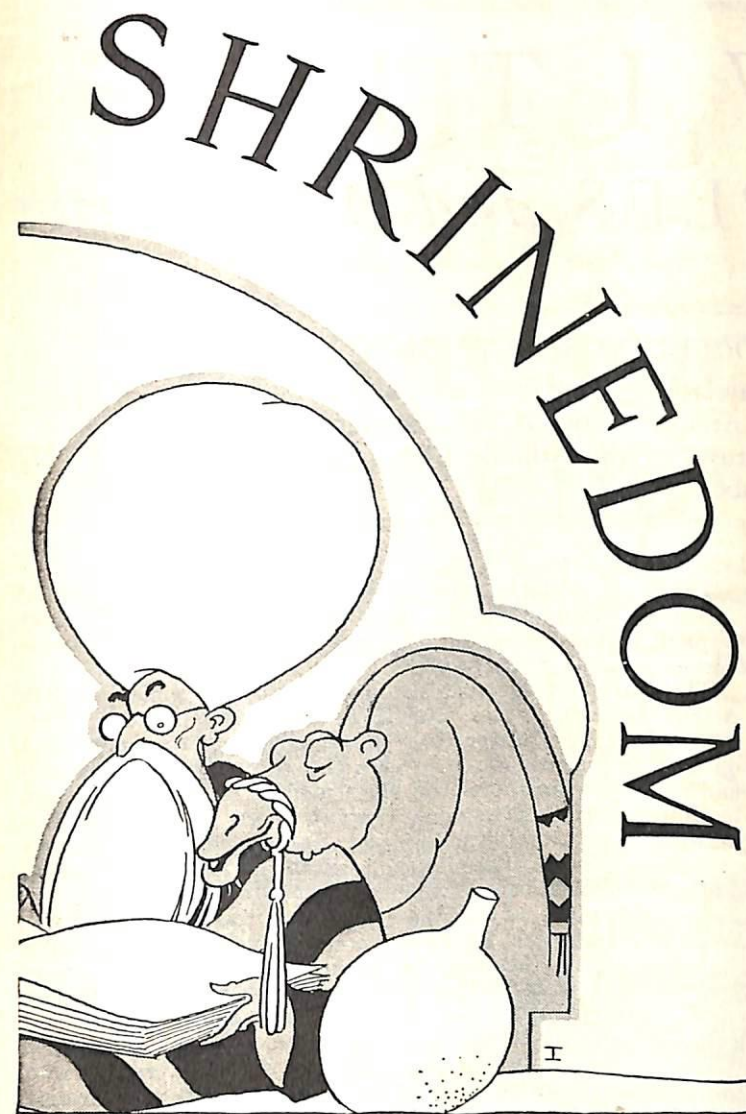
Judge Davis Freeman, of the City Court of Savannah, Ga., has held office for nineteen years, and for nearly as long has represented Alee Temple at the meetings of the Imperial Council. He is a Past Potentate of Alee, having held office for two years. He is prominent in Masonry. A Past Master of Landrum Lodge, No. 48, Savannah, he is also a member of Georgia Chapter, No. 3, Royal Arch, Past Commander, Palestine Commandery, No. 7.

NOBLE W. GOODYKOONTZ
Beni Kedem Temple
Charleston, W. Va.



Noble Wells Goodykoontz lives in Williamson, West Virginia, but is a member of Beni Kedem Temple of Charleston. He is a distinguished member of the West Virginia bar, having been a practicing lawyer most of his life, and has served his district in Congress. He is noted for his knowledge of parliamentary law, and gave ample proof that he deserves his fame when he was President of the State Senate of West Virginia. He is the only presiding officer of that body—which has a history of its own—from whose rulings no appeal was ever taken.

Noble Goodykoontz is a banker as well as a lawyer. He represented his state on the National Advisory Commission to the Sesqui-Centennial exposition in Philadelphia.



CAPT. ROBERT DOLLAR
Islam Temple
San Francisco, Calif.



You can't prove it, but everyone thinks it's so—that the hero of Peter B. Kyne's famous tales of Cappy Ricks was drawn from a living model, Captain Robert Dollar, whose ships—he owns today seventeen great liners—have carried his name around the world.

Noble Dollar, who is eighty-two years old, now, but whose eye is as undimmed as ever, is one of the most distinguished, as well as the most venerable, members of Islam Temple, San Francisco.

He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, and emigrated to Canada when he was fourteen. He worked in a stove mill first; he grew up to be a lumberjack, and he was a camp foreman at twenty-one. Soon he was in business for himself as a lumberman, but, almost as soon, he went broke, and was a foreman again—this time in Michigan. He wasn't discouraged; struck out for himself again, and, this time, made good. He left Michigan and went to California, operating in redwood.

There he bought his first ship—a two hundred-ton steam schooner called the "Newsboy." Swiftly he changed over from lumber to ships, and now the Dollar Line is world famous. Not that he is out of lumber, by any means. He is still one of the greatest lumber men in the world.

And, at eighty-two, Captain Robert Dollar still circles the world every year! A grand old man, if ever there was one!

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

IMPERIAL COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS IN AUGUST

The July issue went to press too early to carry the proceedings of the Imperial Council meetings at Atlantic City. A full account of the business sessions and other features of the Atlantic City gathering will appear in the August number.

NOBLE CROSLAND'S FAREWELL TOUR

It's a far cry from Albany, Ala., to Albany, N. Y., but that was the first jump in the Imperial Potentate's itinerary in April. The journey from the first Albany where the Grand Commandery of Alabama was in session was broken only once—at Cincinnati—where between trains Mr. Crosland was the guest at luncheon of Potentate Meeds, Past Imperial Potentate Melish and Past Potentate Keefer, Judge Hofman and Recorder Harte.

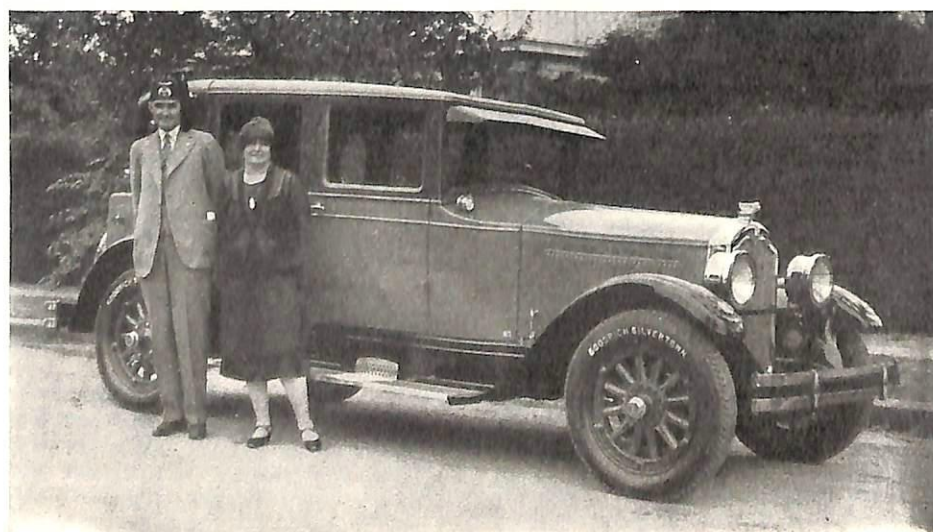
On arrival at Albany, N. Y., the guests were established at a hotel and the round of festivities began. The women were taken for a sight seeing tour around the city and at luncheon, Mayor Thatcher delivered an address of welcome. Noble Thatcher is Second Ceremonial Master and his father, aged 76 years, 52 of which he has been a Mason, was a Novice in the Jubilee class. The Ceremonial was held in the afternoon. In the evening there was an official reception, a vaudeville entertainment, and a dance.

Mt. Sinai, Montpelier, presented a basket of fifty American beauties to the Temple commemorative of its fiftieth anniversary. Mrs. Crosland was escorted to the stage through the lines of Patrol at attention and introduced, responding with a few words of acknowledgment. She was presented with some beautiful flowers. Imperial High Priest and Prophet Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Rochester, Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar and Imperial Potentate Crosland were received with full honors, the latter being the recipient of a handsome Oriental rug and an honorary membership in the Temple.

At Salaam, Newark, next in line of march, the festivities culminated in a Ceremonial that tested the capacity of the new Mosque to the utmost.

From Newark the party journeyed to Harrisburg, where a Ladies' Night had been declared by the officials of Zembo Temple, and a delightful evening resulted.

(Noble and Mrs. Crosland are very proud of their new car—the gift of Alcazar Temple, Montgomery, Ala.)



LuLu, Philadelphia, next gave the Imperial party a cordial reception. More than the usual number of Shrine notables were in attendance, and Potentate Wm. Highfield was at his best in presenting the Imperial Guest.

The party left Philadelphia, under escort of Chief Rabban Arthur H. Lee, Mecca, New York, and proceeded to that oasis. Potentate Sharpe took charge of the guests, conference on Temple matters was held with the Divan in the afternoon and a banquet was spread in the evening. This was attended by Imperial High Priest and Prophet Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Potentate Gillen, Rameses, Toronto, Potentate Brown of Salaam, Newark, Past Potentate Bradt of Kismet, Brooklyn, and quite a number of Past Potentates and members of the Divan of Salaam. Following the dinner, the Ceremonial was proceeded with, the Imperial Potentate being received in a most enthusiastic manner. A beautiful table lamp was presented to him with the best wishes of Mother Mecca. During the day Mrs. Crosland was entertained at luncheon, dinner and a theater party by Mesdames Sharpe, Lee, Williams and others.

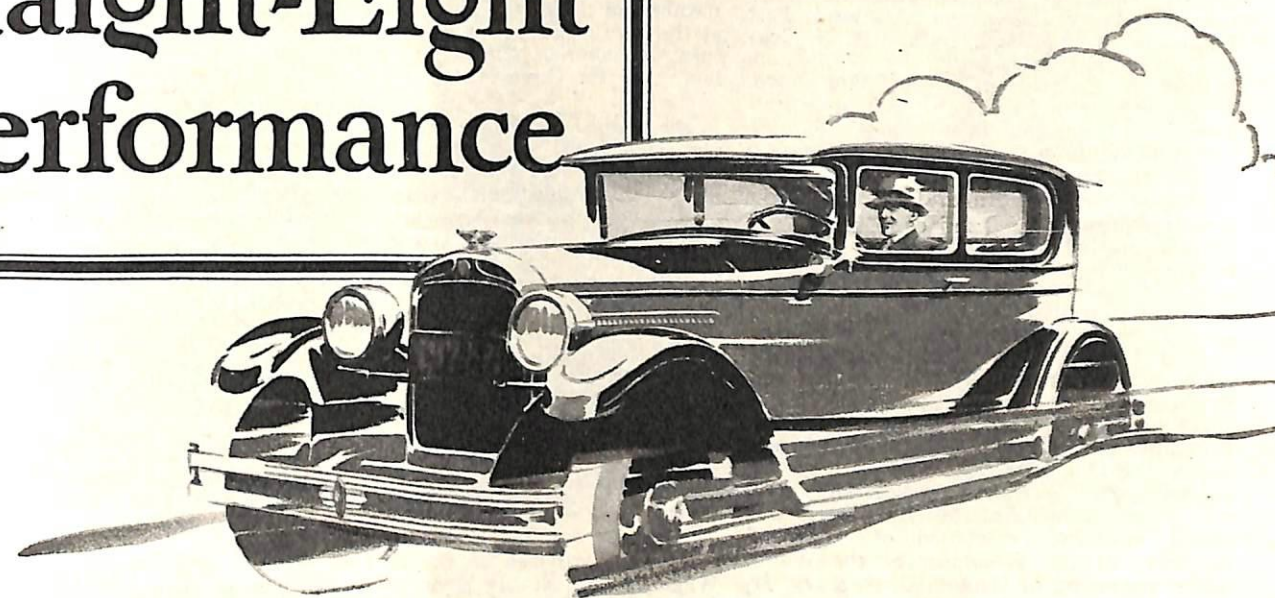
The following morning was taken up with conferences with the Committee on Revision of the Ritual, which was meeting in New York.

Potentate Thomas A. Davis, assuming charge, conducted the Imperial party to Brooklyn, where luncheon was served with the Kismet Divan as hosts. In the afternoon, the Divan and Imperial Potentate conferred on matters of interest to the local Temple and at 5:30 a reception was held for the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland, who was attended by Mrs. Davis and the ladies of the Kismet Divan. Dinner was served, after which a parade, headed by the Band, Patrol, Mounted Guard, Legion of Honor and Glee Club, escorted the distinguished visitor to the Mosque, where Potentate Davis appeared in his scintillating electric equipment and Past Potentate Bradt gave a modern version of the hot sands of the desert. The official reception was most impressive. Following the address of the

Imperial Potentate, he was presented with an Honorary Membership on a silver platter, the card being engraved on the face [Continued on page 46]

The Finer Expression of Fine Straight-Eight Performance

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARDS EIGHTS



The difference between one eight and another is as sharp and distinct as the difference between an eight and a six.

With 20 years of straight-eight experience as a guide, Hupmobile engineering has sought for its own Eight the highest expression of straight-eight performance.

Keep that thought in mind as you drive the Hupmobile Eight—and other eights—and note Hupmobile's distinguished smoothness; how swift and

facile it is in traffic; how quickly it reaches top speed; how easily and surely it holds its 70 miles and better.

Once you are familiar with these superiorities, you will understand the grip which the straight-eight idea has taken on the public; and why Hupmobile is so overwhelmingly favored among all of its type.

Fourteen Distinguished Body Types—priced from \$1945 to \$5795, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

CUSTOM BODIES BY DIETRICH

—New ideas, new luxury, new distinction in the beautiful custom body designs created and built by Dietrich exclusively for Hupmobile

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
EIGHT





WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

[Continued from page 44]

of the silverware. The Imperial Potentate was the only visitor to speak. Others present were Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine, Providence; Imperial High Priest and Prophet Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Rochester; Past Potentate Thomas E. Wall, Aloha, Honolulu; Potentate James H. Price, Acca, Richmond; Potentate F. A. Nicholson and Past Potentate James R. Watt, Cyprus, Albany; Past Potentate Thomas S. Currie, Karnak, Montreal; Past Potentates Wm. F. Seber and Wm. Paaschen, Oriental, Troy; Potentate Edgar B. Sharp, Chief Rabban Arthur H. Lee and Past Potentates Wm. J. Harnisch and Rosslyn M. Cox, Mecca, New York; Past Potentate James T. Rogers, Kalurah, Birmingham; Potentate Grover C. Sweet, Past Potentates George G. Beers and A. H. Ockert, Pyramid, Bridgeport; Past Potentate Harold J. Richardson, Media, Watertown, Grand Master of New York; Potentate Earl E. Jeffries, Crescent, Trenton.

Returning to his home city, the Imperial Potentate made an official visit to his Temple—Alcazar. At Atlanta, the Imperial party was transferred to a private car which was met at Shorters by Fred J. Cramton, chairman and a committee of citizens from Montgomery, representing every branch of religious and fraternal life of the city. Haygood Paterson presented Mrs. Crosland with a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses. Arriving at Montgomery, Mrs. Crosland was taken in charge by Mrs. Crenshaw, wife of the Potentate of Alcazar, while the Imperial Potentate was escorted to a decorated truck, flying the American flag and the flag of the Order, the special committee riding with him. On each side of the truck marched a guard of honor composed of uniformed members of the Woodmen of the World, under command of Captain C. B. Berry, Jr. Three bands and a torchlight procession of about 2,000 were in attendance. When the caravan halted at city square, Congressman J. Lister Hill paid a glowing tribute to "Dixie Dave," and an enthusiastic demonstration followed. It was obvious that the Imperial Potentate was very much touched and it was some minutes before he managed to express his appreciation of the hearty greeting of his fellow townsmen. The Ceremonial was a history-making event. Among the visitors was a delegation of 225 from Zamora, Birmingham, including the uniformed bodies.

Illustrious Potentate Henry C. Crenshaw presented the Imperial Potentate with a Buick brougham, emphasizing the fact that it was a popular presentation, almost every member of the Temple having subscribed to the fund for its purchase. Following the Ceremonial there was a dance at the audi-

torium. Exhibition drills were given by the Zamora and Alcazar Patrols and a final word of appreciation was spoken by the Imperial Potentate.

Escorted by the Divan and ladies of Alcazar, Montgomery, Noble Crosland made his official visit to Zamora at Birmingham, the occasion being a birthday party given by that Temple in Honor of the natal day of the Imperial Potentate. About a hundred were added to the roster. Lavish entertainment preceded the Ceremonial. There was a banquet attended by approximately 5,000 Shriners. The address of the Imperial Potentate was spoken to a capacity audience in the main auditorium of the Masonic Temple. Potentate J. B. Patterson introduced the distinguished guest.

The official visit to Abba, Mobile, began with breakfast, attended by about twenty of the Divan and Nobility. This was followed by a boat trip and inspection of the Ten Million dollar dock improvements. Major-General Sibert, in charge of the work, the mayor and the city commission were members of the party. Luncheon was served at the Alva Country club and the afternoon spent in motoring, winding up with a barbecue and the Ceremonial.

The opening of Midian Temple's beautiful new club house at Wichita, Kansas, was held on April 8th, the occasion being celebrated with a dedication Ceremonial class of 117 novices. The day started with the coming of Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kansas, Divan, Patrol and Band, who were escorted to the Scottish Rite Temple, and were served with an excellent Dutch Lunch. The parade started from the Temple and after a fourteen block walk, finished up at the Forum where the work was put on. A banquet at the Consistory followed the work, which was later followed by dances at the New Club House, and at the Spanish Room, Hotel Lassen, the latter being necessary to care for the crowd.

Scranton was the scene of the latest Ceremonial activities on the part of Irem, Wilkes-Barre, that city having been selected for the event in compliment to the activities of Past Potentate Jerome W. Leverich, who was chairman of the general committee in charge of the affair. The Ceremonial was put on in the afternoon, with Lieut.-Gov. Arthur James as orator of the day. There were approximately 4,000 in the colorful street parade preceding the Ceremonial. Former Lieut.-Gov. David J. Davis was marshal and the Band, Drum Corps, Patrol and Chanters made a very fine appearance. The class numbered 199. In the evening a ball was given, preceded by a concert given by Irem's Band. A collection of two thousand dollars was wired to the Imperial Potentate for the aid of the flood sufferers. (See photograph below.)

El Zagal, Fargo, fostered a big Shrine dancing party, the second event of its kind for the year.



(Noble William B. North of Palestine Temple has been appointed Secretary to the new Imperial Potentate. All communications should be addressed to him at 85 Sprague Street, Providence, R. I.)

Mexican military and civil officials of high rank and American and British residents from all parts of that republic joined in celebration of the birthday of Anezeh Temple in Mexico City, by submitting themselves as servants to the Arab hosts. General Porfirio Diaz, then president of Mexico, was initiated when the temple was instituted.

A 30-hour holiday and a call on the Imperial Valley was enjoyed recently by Al Bahr members and other Shriners of San Diego and their wives. Mr. and Mrs. Al Bahr and Al Bahr, Jr., the camels who spend most of their days monotonously at the Zoo, went along as joyously as a 4-year-old on Christmas.

Nile, Seattle, Nobles will chase golf balls in the near future, it is indicated by the purchase of part of a section of land near Lake Ballinger.

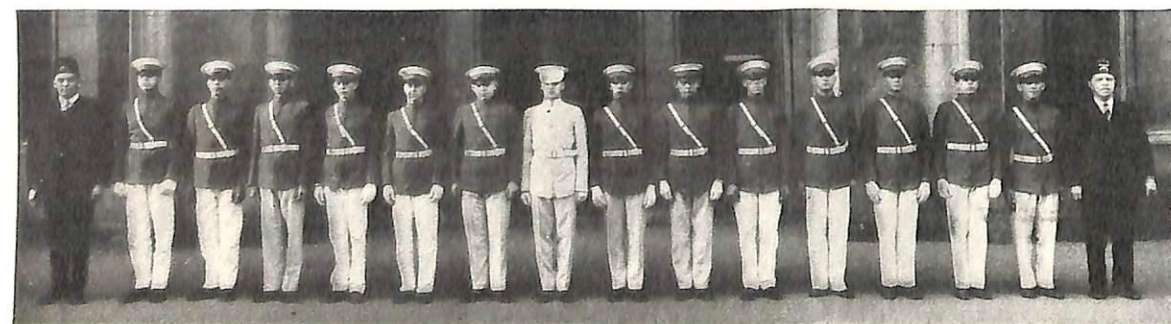
The officers of Nile Temple greeted the new Potentate with a ball at the Shrine Auditorium in Seattle.

Noble and Rev. S. Parks Cadman, Kismet, Brooklyn, broadcasted a sermon to the Nobility recently.

Ismailia, Buffalo, put on a Shrine Athletic tournament and a Ceremonial both in the month of May.

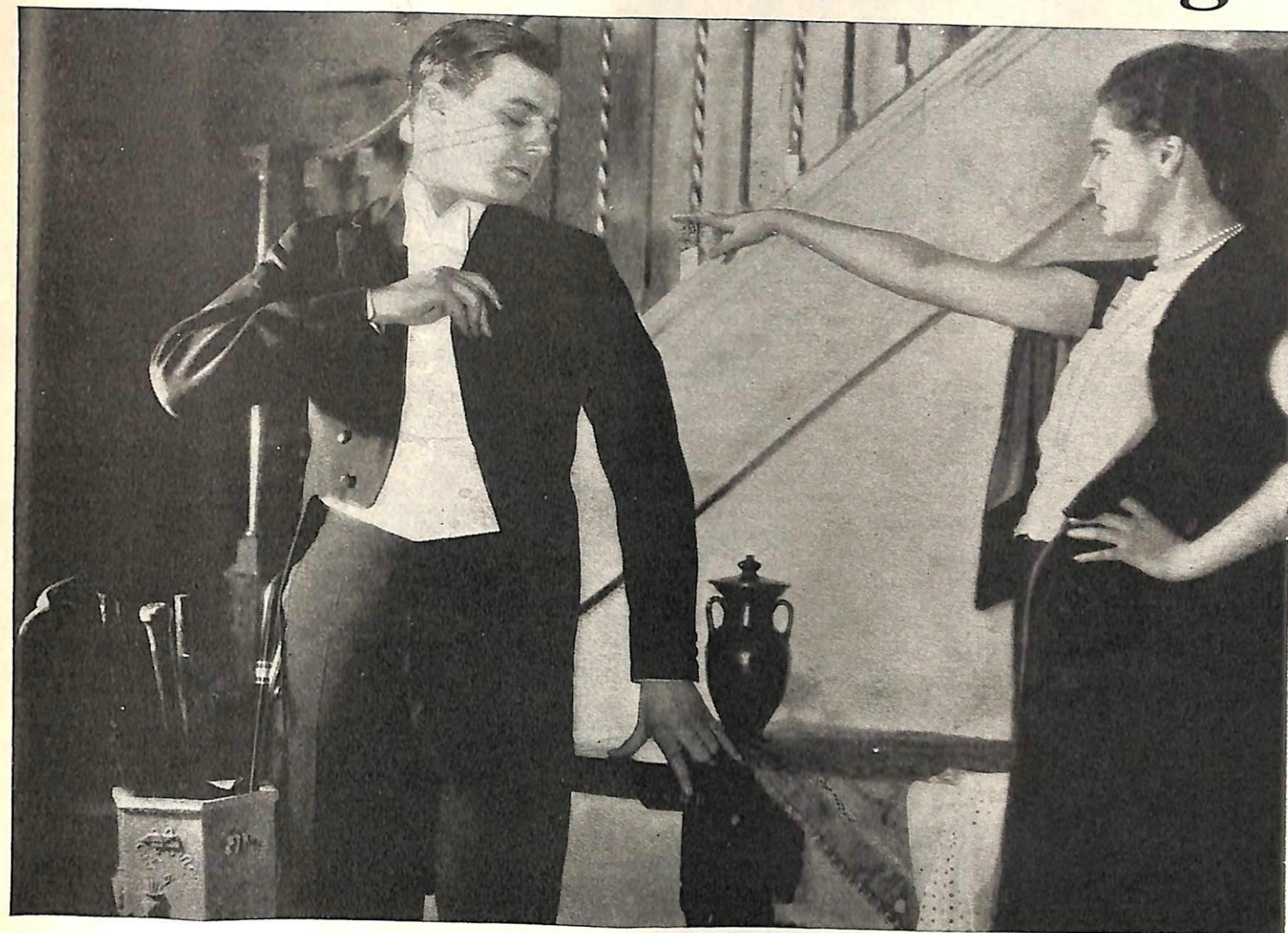
Abdallah, Leavenworth, has issued a call for \$10,000 worth of its bonds to be paid on July 1st, 1927.

[Shrine News Continued on page 48]



(These DeMolay boys, under the direction of Nobles Phil Leyshon and Tony Lance, handled the parking of 1,250 automobiles at the Scranton Ceremonial of Irem Temple, Wilkes-Barre, without a single complaint.)

"You've ruined the evening"



Now dandruff is avoidable

Why do so many marriages fail?

Among the causes, according to famous jurists, is the failure of married people to be fastidious about their person after marriage. They let down. They grow careless.

They permit such things as dandruff to exist. Embarrassing at its best, it is dangerous and disgusting at its worst. And now there is no excuse for it.

Listerine is accomplishing amazing results in checking loose dandruff (epithelial debris). There is nothing complicated about the treatment.

Simply douse Listerine, the safe antiseptic, on the scalp full strength, and massage thoroughly with the finger tips. Keep it up religiously for a few days and in stubborn cases longer. Results will delight you.

The soothing antiseptic essential oils of Listerine leave the head with a nice feeling of coolness and cleanness. You really look forward to every application.

Try Listerine this way. Almost immediately you will note an improvement. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE
So goes the good news about Listerine Tooth Paste—the dentifrice that gets teeth whiter in quicker time than ever before. The price—25c for the large tube.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



WITHIN THE SHRINE



[Shrine News Continued from page 46] THE NEW IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S FIRST TRIP

July	8	Lv. Providence	11:30 A. M.
"	8	Ar. Worcester	1:00 P. M.
"	8	Lv. Worcester	1:35 P. M.
"	9	Ar. Chicago	9:45 A. M.
"	9	Lv. Chicago	6:30 P. M.
"	10	Ar. Minneapolis	7:55 A. M.
"	10	Lv. Minneapolis	12:05 P. M.
"	11	Ar. Aberdeen	7:25 A. M.
"	12	Lv. Aberdeen	3:25 P. M.
"	13	Ar. Deadwood	10:20 A. M.
"	14	Lv. Deadwood	2:40 P. M.
"	15	Ar. Sheridan	A. M.
"	16	Lv. Sheridan	A. M.
"	16	Ar. Billings	Noon
"	17	Lv. Billings	11:20 A. M.
"	18	Ar. Helena	6:55 P. M.
"	19	Lv. Helena	11:30 A. M.
"	19	Ar. Butte	2:30 P. M.
"	20	Lv. Butte	7:45 A. M.
"	20	Ar. Pocatello	4:40 P. M.
"	20	Lv. Pocatello	6:45 P. M.
"	21	Ar. Boise	1:28 A. M.
"	22	Lv. Boise	11:59 A. M.
"	22	Ar. Pendleton	9:45 P. M.
"	23	Lv. Pendleton	7:50 A. M.
"	23	Ar. Riparia	11:50 A. M.
"	23	Lv. Riparia	12:30 P. M.
"	23	Ar. Lewiston	3:10 P. M.
"	24	Lv. Lewiston	9:20 A. M.
"	24	Ar. Riparia	11:50 A. M.
"	24	Lv. Riparia	11:51 A. M.
"	24	Ar. Spokane	5:25 P. M.
"	26	Lv. Spokane	8:30 A. M.
"	26	Ar. Seattle	7:00 P. M.
"	27	Lv. Seattle	9:00 A. M.
"	27	Ar. Victoria	1:15 P. M.
"	28	Lv. Victoria	Early Morning
"	28	Ar. Vancouver	P. M.
"	29	Lv. Vancouver	7:00 A. M.
"	30	Ar. Lake Louise	9:40 A. M.
"	31	Lv. Lake Louise	Motor
Aug.	1	Ar. Banff	A. M.
"	2	Lv. Banff	10:55 A. M.
"	3	Ar. Calgary	1:40 P. M.
"	4	Lv. Calgary	2:10 P. M.
"	5	Ar. Regina	6:10 A. M.
"	6	Lv. Regina	Early A. M.
"	7	Ar. Winnipeg	8:15 A. M.
"	10	Lv. Winnipeg	7:00 A. M.
"	10	Ar. Grand Forks	12:15 P. M.
"	11	Lv. Grand Forks	11:40 A. M.
"	11	Ar. Fargo	1:55 P. M.
"	12	Lv. Fargo	2:09 P. M.
"	12-13	Ar. Duluth	9:50 P. M.
"	14	Lv. Duluth	8:00 A. M.
"	14	Ar. Marquette	6:45 P. M.
"	16	Lv. Marquette	Early A. M.
"	16	Ar. Mackinaw	P. M.
"	17	Lv. Mackinaw	11:30 A. M.
"	17	Ar. Saginaw	5:30 P. M.
"	18	Lv. Saginaw	A. M.
"	19	Ar. London, Ont.	P. M.
"	20	Lv. London	10:05 A. M.
"	20	Ar. Toronto	1:20 P. M.
"	21	Lv. Toronto	Night
"	22	Ar. Boston—Providence	
"	25	Ar. Bangor	

When Elf Khurafah Temple, Saginaw, held its annual Potentate's Ball the Auditorium presented a scene of rare beauty. The vast desert scene of Elf Khurafah in all its rich oriental brilliance was the foundation for a most elaborate setting.

Frank C. Roundy, Past Imperial Potentate, and four Past Potentates of Medina Temple—E. Edwin Mills, E. L. Johnson, Will H. Wade and Arthur H. Vincent—were honor guests when Moslem Temple "pushed" or "pulled" 100 captives through the regular tests of nobility at Detroit, Mich. The last named two are governors of the Chicago unit, Crippled Children's Hospitals.

Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, has closed an arrangement whereby it purchases the Majestic franchise of traveling shows for that city. Noble Frank Biemer, for years manager of the Majestic interests in Ft. Wayne, will be in charge and all road shows will play at the Shrine Auditorium in future. The old Majestic will establish a stock company.

Medford, Ore., Nobles led off in a series of monthly entertainments given by towns in the vicinity of Ashland, Ore., for all members of Hillah Temple. Radio and musical specialties made up the program. Shriners of Grants Pass, Klamath Falls and Ashland are to follow.

A professional vaudeville show of five acts added variety to a big gathering of Algerians at Helena. Great Falls sent a delegation of fifty, besides its own patrol of eighteen. Lewiston ran a race with Great Falls for the largest deputation.

Out of more than 1,000 attending the Shrine Directors Association, the largest and the smallest came from Missouri. Robert W. Hay, St. Joseph, was a 295-pound bale. C. C. Rock, St. Louis, weighed nearly 8 stone or 110 pounds.

Musselshell, Big Horn and Beartooth helped to swell the attendance when Al Bedoo had a ceremonial at Billings. Many other parts of Montana, besides those with the bony names, were represented.

El Korah, Boise, introduced a novel feature in its Winter Ceremonial—an afternoon dance. The parade was headed by a Hospital float, which attracted much attention. Vaudeville closed a successful day.

Mirza, Pittsburgh, Kansas, has settled the contest over the title to the land on which its \$450,000 mosque is erected by paying \$25,000 to thirteen heirs of the late John N. Hodges, a pioneer coal operator.

Syrian, Cincinnati, took an active part in laying the cornerstone of Norwood Masonic temple. Following a Scottish Rite reunion, more than 100 wanderers were roped and herded in.

Ismailia's contributions to charity in the last seven years total \$200,000, it was revealed by Potentate George H. Chase, in connection with the "Shrine Follies of 1927" in Buffalo, to raise funds for such purposes.

Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, had a house warming in its new Mosque, exhibiting the beauties of the new home, listening to the Band, Chanters and the new pipe organ. A card party wound up the evening.

Basket-ball between two teams of girls, the Hottentots and the East Tenth Street Gang, brought out a crowd at a recent business meeting of Murat, Indianapolis.

Egypt, Tampa, has increased the initiation fee to \$150.

Noble William P. Greiner, Long Beach, Cal., is renovating the buildings on his 14 acre orange grove at Smiley Heights, near Redlands and when completed will use them for a day nursery for children, whose parents are compelled to go out to work. While a very small fee will be charged for this service, there is no idea of profit in the undertaking.

A short memorial service for the sixty Nobles of Kaaba, Davenport, Ia., was the unusual prelude to its latest ceremonial. Tebala Temple, Rockford, was present with a delegation of 120, including a 36-piece drum corps which gave a demonstration of quickstep drill with drum corps music. This was followed by a drill of the Kaaba Patrol.

Honorary memberships have been conferred on five members of Syrian, Cincinnati, by LuLu, Philadelphia. The five Nobles are J. Harry Fillmore, Jr., Dr. Edward L. Ball, Howard Hafford, William Waterworth and Dr. C. W. Betzner, all former members of the Shrine band of the Queen City.

Indians and cowboys, a snow owl, a salmon wheen, a section of a glacier from Alaska and a tank filled with giant goldfish from Lake Tanana were among the rarities displayed along with Zuhrah Temple's undisclosed surprises for novices the other day.

Arthur B. Eaton, Philadelphia, Past President of the League of Masonic Clubs, spoke on "Twentieth Century Fraternalism" to 1,000 guests at a testimonial dinner in honor of James A. MacDonald, Potentate of Syria, Pittsburgh.

Murat, Indianapolis, was host to the children of its own members recently, giving a vaudeville show and boxes of candy. Shriner policemen acted as traffic managers, under direction of Potentate George M. Spiegel, assisted ably by Mrs. Spiegel.

Of the 312 members of the Houston, Texas, Rotary Club, 92 are members of the Arabia Temple.

Eight hundred Nobles and visiting Potentates from several Temples enjoyed a barbecue given by Khedive, Norfolk, at Virginia Beach. It was followed by supper and a cabaret show.

Oasis' Shrine Band of 50 paid its Potentate, C. M. Vanstory, the annual honor of a serenade at his home in Greensboro, N. C. A public program at the Greensboro Country Club followed.

Zembo Temple, Harrisburg, Pa., has voted to erect a building at a cost of \$500,000. With the grounds the investment will run to \$750,000.

Rameses, Toronto, has a dance in the lounge room of the club every Wednesday evening, and a special chicken dinner is served every Sunday at a cost of \$1.

LuLu, Philadelphia, reduced its financial obligations \$75,000 during the year which has just closed.

The great spider stunt, borrowed from Al Sihah, Ga., caught the approbation of a big turnout at Yaarab, Atlanta.

[Shrine News continued on page 50]

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE
this surging theatre throng
along Broadway all agreeing
on one star as the greatest? Of
course not! Yet this throng is
but a fraction of vast multi-
tudes of smokers who are wel-
coming and praising one pipe
tobacco—Old Briar—as "the
best pipe smoke ever made."

**IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT
HAVE OLD BRIAR**

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

SPECIAL OFFER: You are entitled to the best pipe
smoke ever made. And you can enjoy it immediately. Di-
rectly on receipt of this coupon, we will mail to you the reg-
ular Old Briar 50c humidor box. In addition, we will include
one 25c pocket package of Old Briar—extra—if you include
your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman
only 50c when he delivers your order. Tear out the coupon
now, while it's handy.

Print Name

Address

City and State

Your Dealer's Name

Address

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon

THE most convincing thing in the world about Old Briar is the whole-hearted praise of the smoker himself. It's just plain common sense that pipe smokers are turning to the best tobacco they can get. They are entitled to it!

Light up your pipe full of Old Briar. Draw in the ripe fragrance of this wonderful tobacco. Enjoy its full, pleasant aroma—its extra smoothness—its comfort. Smoke it awhile. Notice how mild and cool it is—how completely satisfying! Now, you know why vast multitudes of pipe smokers are welcoming Old Briar—why even the ladies enjoy its fragrance.

It has taken generations of tobacco culture and years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, to produce Old Briar. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected.

And, every day, thousands of pipe smokers are proving for themselves that Old Briar is the best pipe smoke they ever had.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in Pocket packages at 25c and Humidor boxes at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealers' prices.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]

COMING EVENTS

July 2d—Opening Golf Course and 3-day Tournament, Al Amin Country Club, Little Rock
 July 4th—Ceremonial, Mahi, Miami, at Key West
 July 4th—Boat trip, Boumi, Baltimore
 July 4th—Flag sweepstakes, Golf, El Jebel, Denver
 July 14th—Outing and family party, Crescent, Trenton
 July 19th—Moonlight Excursion, LuLu, Philadelphia
 Aug. 6th—San Diego Boat Trip, Islam, San Francisco
 Aug. 12th—Ceremonial, El Jebel, Denver, at Grand Junction
 Aug. 24th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Sept. 5th—Ceremonial of Mahi, Miami, at Ft. Pierce
 Sept. 13th—Ceremonial, Acca, Richmond, at Staunton, Va.
 Sept. 16th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Sept. 17th—Trip of Crescent, Trenton, Uniform Organizations
 Sept. 22d—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona

Aladdin Temple, Columbus, divided its most recent ceremonial into five sections as follows: Arabian tribal assembly; typical Aladdin frolic; traditional banquet; Aladdin Band Concert Patrol Drill; and finally the long, hot journey to Mecca. It was a dual-ceremonial and the second day was a duplicate of the first. There were 2,000 at the dinner. Incidentally, Aladdin sent \$500 to Jerusalem, New Orleans, for Relief Work.

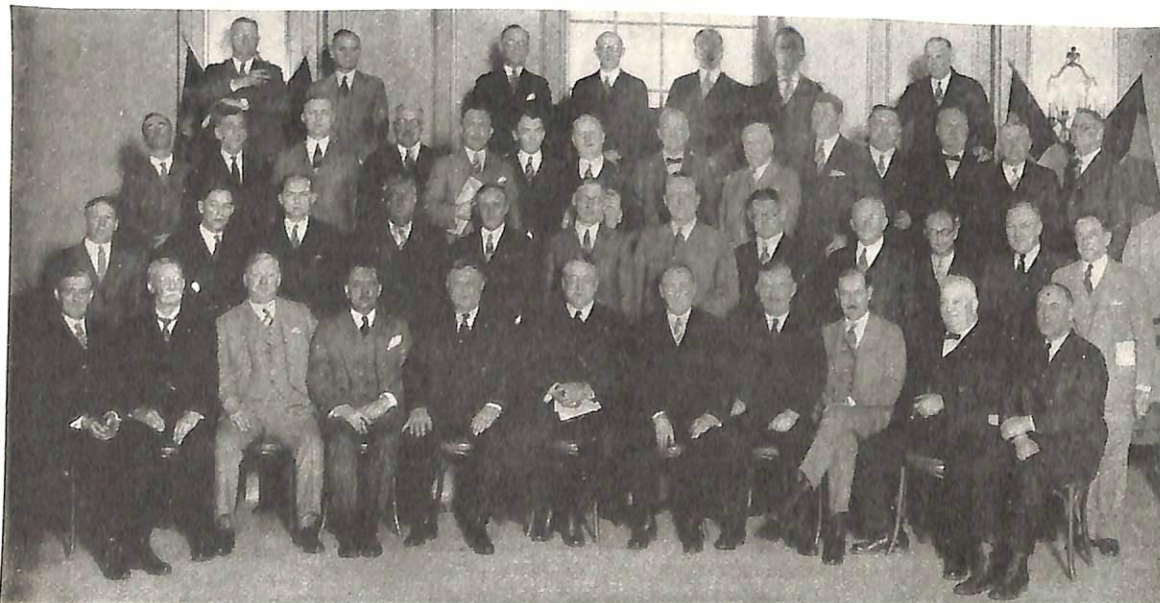
PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHRINE COUNCIL

Front row left to right: Potentate MacDougall, Jaffa; Past Imperial Potentate Shaffer, LuLu; Potentate Highfield, LuLu; Repr. Fisher, Acting Sec'y. Penna. State Shrine Council, Zembo; Past Potentate Fechtel, Council, Irem; Past Potentate Carroll, Treasurer, State Shrine Council, Syria; Potentate Blossom, Zem Zem; Potentate Eisenbrown, First Vice-Pres. State Shrine Council, Rajah; Potentate Shoemaker, Zembo.

Second row left to right: Repr. and Past Potentate Gearhart, Jaffa; Ass't. Rabban Weisbrod, Syria; Ass't. Rabban McKim, LuLu; Repr. Roe, LuLu; Chief Rabban Fancourt, LuLu; Past Potentate Breisacher, Jaffa; Chief Rabban Daniels, Syria; Repr. Martin, Syria; Ass't. Rabban Breidenger, Irem; Treas. Bower, Irem; Past Potentate Meyers, Syria; Past Potentate McMurray, Second Vice-Pres. State Shrine Council, Jaffa.

Third row left to right: Repr. Dill, Zem Zem; Past Potentate Hershey, Jaffa; Repr. Ryall, Syria; Repr. West, Syria; Chief Rabban Munn, Jaffa; Recorder Langdon, Zem Zem; Recorder Barber, Syria; Recorder Turner, Jaffa; Repr. Milne, Zem Zem; Past Potentate Ladner, LuLu; Repr. Seasholtz, Rajah; Past Potentate Harvey, Irem; Repr. Woodring, Irem; Repr. McLain, Syria.

Last row: Past Potentate Frazier, Jaffa; Repr. Duncan, Jaffa; Past Potentates Carter and Miller, Jaffa; Past Potentate Leverich, Irem.



Jaffa Temple, Altoona, had one of the biggest days in its history when it entertained the State Shrine Council and tendered a formal reception to Malcom MacDougall of Johnstown, recently elected Illustrious Potentate of the Temple. Pennsylvania's seven Temples, LuLu, Philadelphia; Rajah, Reading; Irem, Wilkes Barre; Zembo, Harrisburg; Zem Zem, Erie; Syria, Pittsburgh; and Jaffa, were represented. Zem Zem secured the 1928 session and the following officers were elected: President, Fred A. Fechtel, Past Potentate of Syria; First Vice President, George F. Eisenbrown, Potentate of Rajah; Second Vice President, John J. McMurray, Past Potentate of Jaffa; Treasurer, A. Rook Carroll, Past Potentate of Syria. (See photograph below.)

Islam Redwood Shrine, San Francisco, tendered a banquet, through its officers, to the author and composer of "The King and Cripple," Messrs. Archibald Treat and Edwin H. Lemar. Potentate Ernest L. West presented Mr. Lemar with a beautiful watch as a token of appreciation of his services in connection with the play. Among those present were Potentate Ernest L. West, John H. Skeggs, Victor Etienne, William D. Key-stone, Julian D. Harries, Dr. William P. Read, F. H. Tibbetts, William L. Hughson, Charles A. Adams, Herman Wertsch, and Clem T. Reese.

El Maida, El Paso, has appropriated fifteen cents per capita to apply on the organization expenses of the National Masonic Tuberculosis Sanitarium sponsored by the Grand Lodge of New Mexico. Ballut Ab-yad, Albuquerque, has contributed \$1,000 to the same fund.

HELPING THE FLOOD SUFFERERS

On April 25th the Imperial Potentate appointed a committee consisting of the Potentates of the Temples in the flooded district, along the Mississippi River with Potentate William B. Hill of Al Chymia, Memphis, chairman, to conduct a campaign for funds for the destitute. The Imperial Potentate started the subscription with \$10,000. All contributions should be sent to Chairman Hill, unless the donor desires to assist the sufferers through the organization created by a conference of the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. In such cases remittances should be made to Noble John A. Davilla, Treasurer and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, New Orleans. In many temples where ceremonials were held after receipt of the official circular, contributions were asked for and liberal responses made. Benefit performances were organized, and money has been raised in various other ways. In some instances the temples joined hands with other fraternal bodies in putting on mammoth performances and the proceeds were sent according to the inclination of the individual temples, either to the Red Cross direct or to one of the two relief agencies under auspices of Shrine and Masonic fraternities.

Ten thousand initiates since its institution is the record of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, counting the last class of 147. Its history covers 39 years. Harold J. Richardson, grand master of Masons for New York state, was elected an honorary member. Kismet's "Million dollar band" had a leading part in the entertainment.

When Potentate Fred W. Pearson who lives in Joliet attended the recent ceremonial of Ansar Temple, Springfield, he came down in a special train and brought 150 Joliet Shriners with him. A parade and a public drill by the Ansar Patrol were features of the occasion. The Patrol was rewarded by having Trixie Friganza who was on the bill at a local vaudeville theater pose with the Patrol.

Acca, Richmond, anticipates holding its Christmas celebration in the new Mosque, work proceeding rapidly toward completion by that time. A recent trip to the upper end of the state was made by some 200 members—Charters, Patrol, Band—to the great apple festival and concerts were given in some eight or ten cities on the way, tremendous crowds meeting the train at every stop.

Two thousand Shriners attended the Spring Ceremonial of Aad Temple, Duluth. It was announced that a midsummer ceremonial will be held in Hibbing, to initiate candidates from the Iron Range. [Shrine News Continued on page 52]

Sail to the SPANISH MAIN with the Shriners



Join the Shrine Magazine twenty-two day Cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America

Send the coupon

The coupon below will bring you the complete story of the cruise of a lifetime. We will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet that tells about the places we will visit and the comforts and luxuries of our ship. We will also send you cabin diagrams, a full schedule of prices and all the details. You will be under no obligation. Sending the coupon is just another way of saying you are interested in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE Cruise to the West Indies. Send it now.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE,
1440 Broadway,
New York City.

I am interested in the cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America under the auspices of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. Please have Mr. Boring send me full particulars.

Name.....

Address.....

Following many suggestions that the Shriners have a winter holiday, the cruise of a lifetime has been arranged under the auspices of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. Nothing like it has ever been given before for Shriners, their families and their friends. An entire trans-Atlantic liner has been chartered,—the S. S. Megantic of the White Star Line, and it will be ours from stem to stern. Every detail of our cruise will be handled by the well known travel experts, James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., so we will have not a solitary care. Trips on shore in glorious sunshine, special trains and automobiles, golf games, bridge games and a host of other entertainments for Shriners and their ladies will make our cruise a gala holiday.

Our ship will sail from the winter of New York on January 14th, 1928, and within a few hours will reach the gulf stream and the golden sunshine of the south. For 22 days we will sail over seas as blue as indigo, pass coral reefs as white as alabaster, and wander through the streets once trod by Ponce de Leon, Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd. We will visit Havana, Jamaica, Colon and Panama, Curacao, Venezuela, Porto Rico, Bermuda and then return to New York—all on our own ship—with friends in every stateroom. One fee pays all expenses both on shipboard and on shore, except what you may care to spend for personal items. The rates for the all-inclusive tour are as low as \$320.

In order to assure a generous amount of room for all, our cruise will be limited to only 480 members. Bookings will be accepted in the order in which they are received. For your own sake—send the coupon for full details today.

Next January you will need a winter holiday to bring back the vigor of youth. Why not take it in the glorious sunshine of the tropics with friends who will not permit an hour's loneliness? Twenty-two days is not a long time to be away. By chartering an entire ship, prices have been reduced to a minimum—but the returns in health and happiness will be immeasurable. The coupon below will bring full particulars—and tell you how you can be with us. Why don't you send it now?



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

- PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATES**
- *III. Walter M. Fleming.....Mecca Temple
June 6, 1876, to June 14, 1886
 - *III. Sam Briggs.....Al Koran Temple
June 14, 1886, to Aug. 16, 1892
 - *III. William B. Melish.....Syrian Temple
Aug. 16, 1892, to June 13, 1893
 - *III. Thomas J. Hudson.....Syria Temple
June 13, 1893, to July 25, 1894
 - *III. William B. Melish.....Syrian Temple
July 25, 1894, to Sept. 3, 1895
 - *III. Charles L. Field.....Islam Temple
Sept. 23, 1895, to June 23, 1896
 - *III. Harrison Dingman.....Almas Temple
June 23, 1896, to June 9, 1897
 - *III. Albert B. McGaffey.....El Jebel Temple
June 9, 1897, to June 15, 1898
 - *III. Ethelbert F. Allen.....Ararat Temple
June 15, 1898, to June 15, 1899
 - *III. John H. Atwood.....Abdallah Temple
June 15, 1899, to May 23, 1900
 - *III. Lou B. Winsor.....Saladin Temple
May 23, 1900, to June 12, 1901
 - *III. Philip C. Shaffer.....LuLu Temple
June 12, 1901, to June 11, 1902
 - *III. Henry C. Akin.....Tangier Temple
June 11, 1902, to July 9, 1903
 - *III. George H. Green.....Hella Temple
July 9, 1903, to July 14, 1904
 - *III. George L. Brown.....Ismailia Temple
July 14, 1904, to June 21, 1905
 - *III. Henry A. Collins.....Rameses Temple
June 21, 1905, to June 13, 1906
 - *III. Alvah P. Clayton.....Moila Temple
June 13, 1906, to May 8, 1907
 - *III. Frank C. Roundy.....Medinah Temple
May 8, 1907, to July 15, 1908
 - *III. Edwin I. Alderman.....El Kahir Temple
July 15, 1908, to June 9, 1909
 - *III. George L. Street.....Acca Temple
June 9, 1909, to April 12, 1910
 - *III. Fred A. Hines.....Al Malaikah Temple
April 12, 1910, to July 12, 1911
 - *III. John F. Treat.....El Zagal Temple
July 12, 1911, to May 9, 1912
 - *III. William J. Cunningham.....Boumi Temple
May 10, 1912, to May 14, 1913
 - *III. William W. Irwin.....Osiris Temple
May 14, 1913, to May 13, 1914
 - *III. Frederick R. Smith.....Damascus Temple
May 13, 1914, to May 15, 1915
 - *III. J. Putnam Stevens.....Kora Temple
July 15, 1915, to July 13, 1916
 - *III. Henry F. Niedringhaus.....Moolah Temple
July 13, 1916, to June 27, 1917
 - *III. Charles E. Ovenshire.....Zuhrah Temple
June 27, 1917, to June 6, 1918
 - *III. Elias J. Jacoby.....Murat Temple
June 6, 1918, to June 12, 1919
 - *III. W. Freeland Kendrick.....LuLu Temple
June 12, 1919, to June 24, 1920
 - *III. Ellis L. Garrettson.....Afifi Temple
June 24, 1920, to June 16, 1921
 - *III. Ernest A. Cutts.....Alee Temple
June 16, 1921, to June 15, 1922
 - *III. James S. McCandless.....Aloha Temple
June 15, 1922, to June 7, 1923
 - *III. Conrad V. Dykeman.....Kismet Temple
June 7, 1923, to June 5, 1924
 - *III. James E. Chandler.....Ararat Temple
June 5, 1924, to June 4, 1925
 - *III. James C. Burger.....El Jebel Temple
June 4, 1925, to June 3, 1926
 - *III. David W. Crosland.....Alcazar Temple
June 3, 1926, to June 16, 1927

Abou Saad, Canal Zone, now has two Chinese members of that Temple, having initiated Joseph Chong Hon and Peter A. Yip at a recent ceremonial. Both men are York and Scottish Rite Masons and prominent in business circles in Panama.

More than 7,000 orphans in and around Pittsburgh received gifts this year from Syria Temple.

Every branch of the military and naval service was represented at the first dinner dance of the Kismet Temple Honor Legion, held in Brooklyn. Members who had served in the war with Spain, in China during the Boxer uprisings, on the Mexican border and in the World War attended with guests to the number of 125. Major Conrad V. Dykeman, son of Past Imperial Potentate, Conrad V. Dykeman, is the captain of the Legion and acted as toastmaster.

A nine-acre Masonic Community, in the heart of Harrisburg, Pa., the property being owned by Zombo Temple, is being considered by Zombo, the Harrisburg consistory and blue lodge. It has been proposed to have one big building and also that separate structures for the various bodies be erected, contiguous to each other. Nobles of Zombo have subscribed \$560,000 for a mosque.

Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, celebrated its semi-annual Pilgrimage to Mecca with suitable entertainment and a big ceremonial. The feature of the air was the ascension of a candidate from a passenger plane who took the parachute jump over the parade grounds near the armory. As far as we know this is the first time a candidate has ever been picked out of the air.

An exploding volcano, with rolling lava, steam sulphurous and red hot rocks showered promiscuously, gave a touch of variety to the recent doings of Al Malaikah at Los Angeles. A group of Hawaiian entertainers brought along one of their landscape features. The wrath of the fire god was demonstrated in a duet dance among other things.

Sesostris Temple, Lincoln, started its Spring Ceremonial with a parade through the downtown section of the city after which an automobile trip was taken to the new playgrounds of the Temple on East O Street, where a shelter house was dedicated. Forty-nine candidates were initiated at the University Coliseum.

Delegations from Moslem, Detroit, and Saladin, Grand Rapids, joined in laying the cornerstone of Elf Khurafeh's new temple and theater at Saginaw, Mich. Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate and present grand secretary of Michigan Masons, was one of the speakers at the meeting which followed at the Masonic Temple.

Monument place, the historic landmark at Elm Grove, now the home of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va., has undergone extensive landscape improvements. Plans of Osiris Temple are to continue this work of beautifying and at the same time keep intact the structure about which much of the early history of that section clings.

Murat Temple, Indianapolis is staging roller skating parties in the Egyptian room of the Temple for members and families. Boxing bouts, fencing exhibitions, and other athletic stunts staged after regular meetings are bringing large turnouts.

Palestine Temple, Providence, staged one of their usual bang-up Ceremonials at Rhodes-on-the-Pawtucket. Successful ceremonies are a habit with Palestine.

Sesostris Temple, Lincoln, observed Arbor Day by setting out several hundred trees on the new three hundred and twenty acre picnic ground site east of the city.

The best ever by far was the verdict of the Nobles of Aleppo, Boston, who attended the first ceremonial staged by Potentate Francis H. Appleton. Great credit is due the new director, Walter E. Knight, for the snappy way the program was carried through. Three accessions to the roster of the temple that evening call for more than passing notice—Melvin Maynard Johnson, 33° Past Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, one of the Vice-Presidents of the George Washington Masonic Memorial Association and a director for three years, also deputy of the Order of De Molay in Massachusetts and a distinguished member of the Boston bar; Donald McMillan, the world-famed explorer, and the Rev. Brother White.

At a recent Ceremonial of Ahmed Temple, Marquette, Michigan, a class of thirty crossed the "hot sands." Among the number were Gordon and Alger Mudge, brothers. Assisting in the ceremonies were Thomas J. Mudge, father of the novices and Drs. Edward J. and Will A. Mudge, brothers of the candidates. Thomas Mudge and his four sons are now all members of Ahmed Temple.

Representatives from Kansas City, St. Louis, Joplin and Springfield, Missouri; Leavenworth, Pittsburg and Salina, Kansas; Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska; and Des Moines, Ia., were present to help make a success of the big ceremonial staged by Moila Temple, St. Joseph, Mo. Candidates and members all agreed that they had had their money's worth when the day was over.

El Katif Shriners and Spokane Elks cooperated in a minstrel show at Spokane recently, the entertainers being taken from both bodies for a performance in the Masonic temple. The Shrine patrol, by arrangement, invaded the Elk lodge room and escorted those found therein to the temple.

The Potentate's ball of Ziyara Temple, Utica, was held in the Armory there and was a scene of dazzling, Oriental beauty. Most of those in attendance were in Oriental dress and prizes were given to both the man and woman having the most elaborate costume.

Egypt Temple, Tampa, Florida, treated the city to a free concert at the city Auditorium recently. Several hundred members of Egypt Temple and their wives made the annual pilgrimage to Havana where Egypt put on a Cuban Ceremonial.

Tigris Temple, Syracuse, had their annual dance and in addition to the dancing, amateur and professional entertainers were featured.

A "Frisco" Ceremonial was conducted successfully by Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Mo., it being so entitled because officials and employees of the Frisco railroad were special guests from eleven states.

Seven hundred members of Kismet, Brooklyn, recently attended in a body the conference of the New Bedford branch of the Y. M. C. A.

Governor Trumbull of Connecticut was among those who responded to the 900 invitations sent out for Sphinx's annual ball, which took place at Middletown.

Boumi leased a Baltimore theater for five weeks of benefit performances, followed by a mask ball and mardi gras.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]



MASONIC TEMPLES are made more beautiful and impressive with Zenitherm walls and floors. With its interesting stone-like texture and variegated coloring, Zenitherm lends itself to pleasing and desirable effects. It has all of the dignity and massiveness of stone, an added warmth, yet can be sawed, nailed and worked like wood. Zenitherm is water-proof, fire and heat resistant and enduring. It is moderate in cost. *It requires no maintenance.* To the national reputation which Zenitherm has achieved as a material for walls and floors in all types of buildings may be added its prestige gained in masonic temple work. Among some of the temples of dignity and beauty in which Zenitherm can be found are the following:

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52])

A "Futuristic Revue," so called, but more like a looking backward event, was produced recently by Ararat, Kansas City, with a cast of 200. Dancing and singing schools were drawn upon to supply performers between the ages of 14 and 25. The revue was based on a love affair in which a youth gets a box of pills somewhere which carry him and the heroine and the rest back successively through twenty ages to the Stone Age.

To be a champion golfer among Shriners is regarded as a great honor in California. Among those who have competed for it successfully from time to time, are Eaton McMillan, Dr. Harry Brownell and Frank Schnell. Henry Bode, Henry Claudius and Harry Thompson are also very handy with the sticks. Those named and 300 more had their fill of pasture pool at the annual "high jinks" of Islam Temple, though a still larger number played bridge and enjoyed other sedentary exercises.

Noble Guy W. Galbraith, newly elected Potentate of Al Koran, Cleveland, became a Noble in 1915 and was put in service shortly afterward as Captain of the Patrol, putting in two years in that capacity, then entering the Divan and serving in each position successively until in January he was elevated to the post of Potentate.



Guy W. Galbraith, the new Potentate of Al Koran Temple, Cleveland, Ohio.

Long before dawn, Easter Sunday morning, the benches before the bandshell in Plant Park were filled with thousands of people there for the Easter Sunrise Service, for many years an annual event arranged and sponsored by Tampa Shriners. The concert began promptly at 6:03 A. M., official time of the sunrise, and continued smoothly for more than an hour. More than twenty thousand persons crowded the park and the overflow crowd stood in the aisles and along the balustrades of the Lafayette street sidewalks. The entire program was broadcast over radio station WDAE and radio loud speakers scattered over the grounds enabled even those farthest away to hear perfectly. Monday evening Miss Morini gave a concert in the municipal auditorium under the auspices of the Shriners.

UNIFORMED UBODIES

Company "D," Medinah's Arab Patrol, were hosts at a dinner dance to Illustrious Potentate Richard Kropf and Mrs. Kropf last month at the Alamo Cafe. Captain Crossey of Company "C" and Mrs. Crossey were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Bob Spruce. Moving pictures were taken by Directors Brownlie and Fritz. It was learned that Major Roundy may appoint Noble Tony Kucera captain of Company "E" when that company is formed. Should this unforeseen "accident" occur Captain Spruce will be greatly handicapped by the loss of one of his best men, especially during the sword manual drill.

Two Shrine band members died suddenly not long ago, by strange coincidence, while taking part in pilgrimages to St. Petersburg, Fla., and Montpelier, Vt. W. E. Linton of the Egypt Temple band, Tampa, was on his way to St. Petersburg to play at the dedication of a Shrine clubhouse. Myron J. Blair expired after he had finished marching with the Mount Sinai band at Montpelier. His home was in North Troy. Mr. Blair was owner of one of the largest piano sounding board factories in New England.

A bass drum eight feet high and mounted on four wheels is part of the equipment of Zembo's band at Harrisburg, Pa.



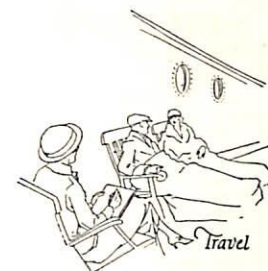
JAFFA TEMPLE CHANTERS

Richard J. Hall, Director; H. W. Lindaman, Ass't. Director; August W. Weidner, President; George S. Flenner, Vice-Pres.; James C. Ross, Secretary; Andrew B. Sheriff, Treasurer; Edward M. Fleming, Business Manager; William T. Canan, Pianist; Mahlon S. Koller, Ass't. Pianist; E. L. Bartholomew, Ass't. Pianist; Ross C. Myers, Librarian; Andrew Taggart, Ass't. Librarian.

SHRINE CLUBS

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Mondays, Allerton Hotel.
Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.
Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.
Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Chinese Gardens.
Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Knoxville—Kerbela, Shrine Club, Weaver's Cafe.
Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.
Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, changing each week to a different hotel.
Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh Street Christian Club Annex.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
San Pedro—Shrine Club Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club rooms.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A. [Continued on page 60]



Dependable Pens for Outdoor Days

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New oversize models—Red or Green \$2; new Ladies' or junior models—Red or Black \$1.50; Ingersoll "Standard" metal barrel \$1. By mail postpaid if not locally obtainable.

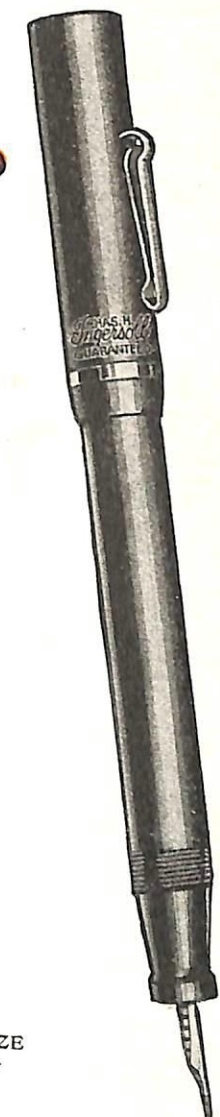
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Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!



Dear Shrine Reader:

IS IT possible that there are so many delicious pies? Recipes have poured in from every section of the country and such delicious Pies! Such crusts—flaky—tempting—pies covered and pies uncovered! We puzzled our heads over the wealth of recipes in deciding upon the winners. I am sure that if my readers will try them, they will agree with me that these are "real pies."

The contest for this month is "Homemade Summer Drinks." What particular cooling drink does your family especially like? What drink have you found delightful to serve on the veranda or lawn? The recipe may be any cooling fruit juice or other soft drink which you have learned how to make successfully at home. Bring forth your favorite recipe and enter it into this tournament of summer refreshment.

Here are the rules you are to follow:

HOMEMADE SUMMER DRINKS

1. Write only on one side of the paper.
2. Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
3. Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of baking, size or number of servings and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
4. Address SUMMER DRINK CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
5. Contributions must be received by Aug. 15th.

Remember first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2 each for the following five best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. L. ROSENTHAL,
1898 Billingsley Terrace,
New York City.

Mock Pumpkin Pie, with Whipped Cream: 1½ cups cooked cornmeal, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 eggs, 2 cups scalded milk, ½

teaspoon salt, whipped cream. Mix the cornmeal, sugar or molasses and spices together. Beat the eggs until light and stir in the scalded milk. Add the salt. Line plate with unbaked crust and pierce center with fork. Pour in above mixture and bake until firm. When cold cover top with whipped cream. Crust: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening and cold water. Sift together flour and salt, add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers. Add cold water slowly, enough to hold dough.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. GERALD T. SMOTHERS,
5815 Briggs Street,
Omaha, Nebraska.

French Pudding Pie—Pastry: ½ cup shortening, 1½ cups pastry flour, ½ teaspoon salt, cold water. Sift flour and salt together, cut shortening in with two knives until the consistency of small peas. Add only enough ice water to hold. Roll, cover in inverted pie plate. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. Slip shell off and put inside the plate. Filling: ½ cup plum preserves, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, ½ cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk. When the crust is cool, dot here and there with the plum preserves. Sprinkle chopped walnuts over them. Then cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the well beaten eggs and the milk and cook in a double boiler until thick. Pour this mixture over the preserves and nuts. Then spread the meringue on top of pie, made from the whites of the eggs and three tablespoons sugar. Brown in oven and serve ice cold. Makes six large servings.

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

\$2.00 WINNERS

MRS. R. A. STRASBAUGH,
Keedysville, Md.

Lemon Sponge Pie (one large pie): 1 cup of sugar, 2 level tablespoons butter, 2 beaten egg yolks, 2 tablespoons flour, grated rind and juice of one lemon, 1 cup of sweet milk. 2 egg whites beaten stiff, pinch of salt (½ teaspoonful). Mix in the order given. Beat the butter to a cream; add sugar and yolks of eggs; add grated rind and juice of lemon; add flour, salt; then the milk; lastly, add the beaten whites of eggs. Turn the filling into a plate lined with plain pastry. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes, until golden brown. Plain pastry: 1½ cups pastry flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 round tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup cold water (about).

MRS. C. C. LITTELL,
222 Lonsdale ave.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Rhubarb Custard Pie: 2 cups rhubarb, chopped, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch of salt. Stew rhubarb in ¾ cup sugar until soft. Cool and add milk and yolks of eggs beaten with rest of sugar, flour and salt. Add lemon juice. Pour into pie dish lined with pastry. Bake in quick oven for 10 minutes and in moderate oven for 15. Make meringue of remaining egg whites and sugar, allow to brown in oven. Crust: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, cold water. Sift together flour and salt, add shortening with finger tips. Add water slowly, enough to hold dough.

MRS. EZRA H. WHITE,
603 Main street,
Lewiston, Maine.

Lemon-Prune Pie: 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 3 round tablespoons cornstarch, 1 egg, juice and grated rind one large lemon, 1 cup cooked and chopped prunes, salt, butter size of half egg, marshmallows. Bake a shell for the filling. Into the double boiler put the water and butter. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt, dry; moisten with egg and lemon juice and rind, add water and butter; cook till done. Fold in cup of prunes. Cool; fill the shell; cover the top with marshmallows; brown in a hot oven. Rather rich.

MRS. J. S. HARLAN,
Box 316,
Driscoll, Texas.

Walnut-Sweet Potato Pie: 4 medium sized sweet potatoes, 3 eggs, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon maple extract, ¾ cup chopped walnut meats. Boil or bake sweet potatoes until soft. Mash fine and beat in eggs. Add sugar, salt, flour and milk. Cook until thick. Flavor with cinnamon and maple extract. Beat in chopped walnut meats. Pie Crust: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, cold water. Sift together flour and salt; add shortening with tips of fingers, add cold water slowly, enough to hold dough. Do not work or knead. Bake crust in large pie pan and pour in filling. Brown top of pie lightly in oven 450° F.

MRS. LAURENS SPENCER MITCHELL,
405 Seventh avenue,
Tampa, Florida.

Mock Cherry Pie: 1½ cups cranberries, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup water. Wash and look over berries and raisins and cut in halves. Mix sugar and flour together and mix with fruit. Pour into unbaked crust. Sprinkle with water and extract. Dot with butter. Put on upper crust whole, lattice or wheel. Bake in hot oven. Will serve six. Crust: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, cold water.

\$1.00 WINNERS

MRS. LAURA L. NEEDHAM,
1 North Common Terrace,
Lynn, Mass.

Cantaloupe Pie: 1 large or 2 small cantaloupes, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt. Baked pastry shell: Select a ripe cantaloupe, cut in halves, remove seeds, scoop out pulp with a large spoon and put into top of double boiler with sugar. Mix cornstarch with a little cold water and add to cantaloupe. When thick add beaten egg yolks and cook a little. Add salt and cool a little, then pour into cooked pastry shell, top with meringue made from whites of eggs and four tablespoons sugar, flavored with lemon if desired. Brown meringue and let cool before cutting. Time in oven, 20 minutes. Temperature, 325°. Servings, six.

[Continued on page 57]

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

MRS. F. N. CLARK,
Big Rapids, Mich.

Pumpkin Pie: Prepare a rich pie crust of 1 cup flour, ½ cup cold lard, ¼ cup ice water, ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour this mixture into the unbaked crust: 1½ cups canned pumpkin, ¾ cup sugar, 2 well beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup condensed milk. Bake in moderate oven till set. Take from oven and sprinkle 1 teaspoon sugar over while still hot. Cool and serve. Six servings.

MRS. DAVID P. DELLINGER,
Cherryville, N. C.

Cocoa Butter Pie: 2 cups milk, 3½ tablespoons pastry flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup dark brown sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup grated fresh cocoanut. Scald milk in double boiler; mix sugar and flour and add to milk; cook 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened; add the butter and salt and the cocoanut, and stir into the egg yolks which have been lightly beaten; return to the boiler and cook 1 minute; when cool, add vanilla. Pour into unbaked pie crust and bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees F., for ten minutes. Reduce temperature to a slow oven, 250 degrees F., and finish baking until the custard has set. Cover with meringue made of the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and 2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar. Brown lightly in the oven. This makes two pies in 9-inch pans. Eight servings. Crust: 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, water. Sift flour and salt. Cut in shortening and add just enough water to hold the dough together. Roll out and fit in pans.

PICKWICK

[Continued from page 25]

been instructed by Mrs. Martha Bardell to commence an action against you for breach of promise of marriage, we beg to inform you that a writ has been issued against you in the Court of Common Pleas . . .

Pickwick staggers under the blow—really staggers, so that Winkle and Snodgrass have to support him, and Sam seizes a limp hand in frantic grief.

Nothing that Sam can say in behalf of his patron at the trial is of the slightest avail; Winkle, on the stand, only makes matters worse; Mrs. Bardell's attorney, Boz-fuz, paints Pickwick black as pitch—a revolting, heartless villain. The jury is swayed to the side of the plaintiff, and a verdict given, with costs, to the plump widow. Will Pickwick pay? No! NO!

So next we see him in a debtors' prison—suffering for a principle. And finding in the same jail Mr. Alfred Jingle—a tragic figure—spent, ill, friendless.

Jingle—Everything—all shirts gone—never mind—saves washing. Nothing soon—lie in bed—starve—inquest— . . . workhouse funeral—serve him right—all over.

Who can doubt that Pickwick comes immediately to his rescue! Food, rest—the strange fellow must be saved. And now appears Mrs. Bardell! Headed for a cell—in hysterics. You see, Pickwick wouldn't pay the costs, and Mrs. Bardell couldn't, so her avaricious lawyers pop her into Fleet prison to see if anything can be squeezed out of the case—and there you are! Where, oh, where have the happy days all fled! Pickwick, stung still with all the tragedy that the silly woman has caused him, hardens his heart against her as best he can.

And again Christmas comes around—again the Pickwickians are gathering at Dingley Dell—all the love affairs are about to be terminated in "God bless you my children"—but the young people need their darling Mr. Pickwick to help straighten out a few remaining tangled, sentimental threads—the old crowd needs its Mr. Pickwick to keep its heart warm—the world needs its Pickwick out of jail, if it needs anything.

Pickwick (to his lawyer, Perker)—Perker, pay that money—pay that money! Never mind injustice. God's will be done.

[CURTAIN]

"What's the verdict?"

Will you ignore the truth until it is too late? Many men and women do. And when maddening pain drives them to their dentist in search of relief they discover that neglect has taken high toll in precious health . . .



4 Out of 5 Invite Dread Pyorrhea

If let alone, Pyorrhea reaps a rich harvest. Its poison forming in pockets at the base of the teeth ravages the system, threatens good health and often causes such serious ills as rheumatism, neuritis and anemia.

It marks 4 persons out of 5 past 40 and thousands younger. These uneven odds can be bettered.

You can safeguard good health and keep your teeth and gums sound by practising these simple preventive measures. Have your dentist make a thorough examination of teeth and gums at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, forestalls Pyorrhea if used in time, as well as preventing trench mouth and gingivitis. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this disease.

It firms gum tissue and keeps teeth white and free from acids which cause decay.

As a measure of safety, start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children to use it. They'll like its taste. And it is health insurance for which they'll thank you in years to come. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



We Make
This Promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once you'll never go back to ordinary mouth-washes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



A simple cream mixture, frozen in fancy mold and garnished, makes a delectable dessert.

THERE is every reason why ice-cream should be regarded as our national dish. A demand for cooling and refreshing frozen dishes is an actual need arising out of our hot summers and stimulating climate. No type of dish is so suitable or more capable of variety than that made with cream, eggs or fruits chilled and whipped to a solid form. The same nutrients are there as if the foods were fried or boiled, but frozen forms are far less taxing to digestion in sultry summer days.

Perhaps some home-managers may think that frozen dishes are too much work. But actual tests have proved that it takes no more time to prepare a freezer of cream than it does to make a pastry or cake—both of which also require working in a heated kitchen. Having all the utensils kept in one definite place saves time in assembling. The work can often be done most easily right in the kitchen sink, so that the melting water may flow directly away, and where ice-chipping will make least disorder.

It is of first importance to know why mixtures freeze when surrounded by ice and salt, and how you can change consistency by varying the proportions used. When you mix salt and ice, they unite and change into liquids. This change requires a large amount of heat; and it is the absorption of this heat out of the contents of the freezer can which gradually cools and freezes the mixture. Again, melting ice and salt are colder than a solid mixture; for this reason the melting water should not be drawn off, because then the freezing process within the can is at its height. Further, the larger the proportion of ice to salt, the slower the freezing, and hence the smoother and finer-grained the product. Therefore, in making any mixture which you wish "velvety," use 1 cup salt to every 3 cups finely shaved ice. In packing any already whipped mixture such as a mousse or a parfait, use 1 cup salt to 1 cup ice.

Use only coarse or rock salt. Shave or chip the ice with one of the many improved ice-chippers instead of the laborious old way of hammering ice in a bag. Place large chunk of ice in sink and shave off a considerable quantity. Use small cup, and measure ice and salt into pail around can. If the can, and especially its contents, are already cold, much more time can be saved in the actual freezing. That is why it is often a good plan to make the cream or other mixture and place in the can, and set it in the refrigerator overnight or for several hours. Too often we start with a really warm freezerful, and then are surprised that it takes so long to make ice-cream!

When the desired firmness is obtained (one should never stop turning the crank after the freezing has begun), always remove the dasher or inner paddle; then repack the contents, pressing down with large spoon and laying a waxed paper on the top to keep out moisture. Close lid tightly, then pack can well with additional salt-ice mixture and let stand to "ripen." If you are making one of the many attractive mousse mixtures, first dip mold in cold water, fill, cover with



Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



Frozen fruit salad or iced roll is easily made by packing canned fruit in ice-salt mixture several hours.

Luscious Frozen Dishes & Desserts

—which are as cool and refreshing as they are easy to make



The charming frozen creations of the confectioner may be equaled by the housewife who uses fancy molds for her chilled refreshments.

waxed paper, and let paper project under tightly pressed down lid. Bury in 1-to-1 salt and ice for about 4 hours.

Here are a few other suggestions which will make your frozen dishes a perfect success:

- 1—Raw milk or cream will expand more than cooked milk, but the latter gives a more velvety and creamy mixture.
- 2—The addition of eggs gives higher food value, and body. This increased consistency can also be given by gelatin, which is used as a similar stabilizer for commercial ice-cream so that it will keep longer.
- 3—All mixtures should be more highly sweetened and flavored when tested warm, since chilling detracts from both sweetness and flavor.
- 4—Allow raw fruits to stand in sugar for at least one hour before adding to mixtures, or stew slightly.
- 5—Nuts, cut fruits, etc., should not be added until the basic mixture is half frozen, or they will hinder the action of the freezing. Do not fill any can more than $\frac{3}{4}$ full, as



Frozen dishes are quickly evolved if equipment is kept together in a permanent place.

all mixtures expand $\frac{1}{4}$ at least during the combined whipping and freezing process. This is a tip to always buy an over-sized freezer.

It will also be helpful for the housewife to know the differences between the many kinds of creams and ices, and the methods of preparing each. There are only two main kinds of cream: (1) Philadelphia ice-cream is made from sweetened and flavored cream only; (2) French ice-cream is made from sweetened and flavored cream with beaten eggs or junket added. Fancy creams are variations of either mixture to which nuts, fruits and cake, etc., are added.

True ices are made from fruit juices and syrups, with no cream, but are similarly stirred or whipped while freezing. They are of three groups:

- (1) Water-ices made of fruit juices cooked with sugar or syrups.
- (2) Sherbets made of fruit juices and syrups and with melted gelatin or whipped egg whites added.
- (3) Frappes are water-ices of fruit syrups and sugar, frozen to a granular consistency.

There are also many other delicious frozen dishes which can be made without even the labor of any crank turning. The most common of these are the parfait and the mousse. Often they are quite similar. They are made from a rich syrup, highly flavored, as with coffee, chocolate, etc., on to which whipped egg whites are poured and beaten in until the mixture is quite firm. This is then packed into a fancy mold, and kept packed as previously described, when it is unmolded and garnished appropriately. Cream is also whipped stiff, and combined with syrups in a similar way. Parfaits are usually served in dainty stem glassware, while mousse are molded in large single molds served on fancy platters. If a mousse is made of several fancy creams and ices, and filled with fresh fruits such as strawberries, it is spoken of as a "bombe."

The housewife who admires the delightful novel shapes of the commercial caterer may imitate his creations quite simply and easily if she invests in a few fancy molds. These may be secured in the housefurnishing departments, and are made of heavy retinned ware in shapes like hearts, clover, turk's cap, etc., etc. A freezer with two portions, so that both ice and a cream may be made simultaneously, is another wise investment in some families. Again, even the tiny toy freezer or invalid's freezer holding about 2 cups, will quickly furnish a cooling dish which a child can make. There are also several types of power-operated freezers for home use, where current supplies the motor power, and all the housewife needs to do is connect the can and let it "crank its own."

Now that it is the open season for cooling drinks and picnic hampers, let these two leaflets bring you helpful suggestions: "Frosty Drinks" and "A Dozen Sandwiches." Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to SHRINE SERVICE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 33]

then heard Arnoldo walk out of the library.

But Peter's exit from the study was not destined to be so easy as had been his entrance. Directly before him, where he had to pass to make his escape, was now a squat, powerful figure, working in a little secluded rose garden. Peter swiftly slipped into a clump of syringia bushes and watched and waited.

The squat figure was that of Tony, the second gardener and rose specialist at Sound Crest; he and Tony had known each other for a matter of twenty years. From the inception of his plan Peter had counted this Tony as one of his dangers, for all during the twenty years of their acquaintance Peter had been an object of Tony's doglike hostility.

In the past Peter had often thought that there was something more between the Italian Arnoldo and the Italian Tony than the usual relationship between master and servant.

For almost half an hour Peter crouched motionless amid the syringias, then darted soft-footed and alert along the twisting path through the shrubbery.

As Peter headed composedly in the direction of his cottage he had to admit that the scene had been a disappointment. He now realized that, for all the talk of the pair, almost nothing in the way of definite, concrete facts bearing upon the mystery had been revealed.

But despite this, the scene had swept his plan onward. It had definitely confirmed his ideas of Arnoldo's guilt. And far more important, he began to see Beatrice as the greater brains, the superior driving force, behind that double murder of three years before. Though she might now hold Arnoldo in contempt, at that time she must have been deeply in love with him; and to clear the way for their love, there had been the murder of Mrs. Dodge and the attempt to murder Peter.

Dr. Grayson was impatiently waiting in Peter's sitting-room when Peter arrived at his cottage. Sharing his impatient wait was the little hunchback Jennings who had been Peter's confidential secretary for a dozen years and who knew almost as much of Peter's business affairs, his plans and aspirations as did Peter himself.

Peter let them have it all: his unexpected meeting with Maida in the library, ending with the resumption of their alliance; his session with Beatrice, in which she had offered him Peter Buchanan's fortune to help avenge Peter Buchanan's murder; the scene between her and Arnoldo which he had overheard at the door of the little study; and finally his narrow escape from a meeting with Tony.

"Perhaps Beatrice is all you say—perhaps not," was Dr. Grayson's grave response to Peter's declaration that Beatrice had been the leader of the pair in the old tragedy. "But if Beatrice is, how are you going to handle her—that is, for the time being?"

"I'm going to play her along!" cried Peter. "She thinks she's got me duped, and on that basis she is planning to play me along just as I've told you! All right—let her! I'll pass up no opportunity to study her. Our next practical step is to arrange some method of hearing all we can of the further talk between Beatrice and Arnoldo. The library is the most likely place for their talk—that's where we must plan to listen in. I'm going to be at that study door many a time again, but I can't be there always."

The three discussed the mechanical listening and recording devices of routine detection; but the proper operation of any such device required a relay of detectives; and they decided, after much talk, that any attempt to introduce [Continued on page 61]

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veniently the mass of important Shrine news that will always be one of the big features in every number. By contracting for a large number of these binders we are able to offer them to Shriners at the unusually low price of \$3.00. The moment you see one you'll agree that the binder is worth much more than we are asking. Tear out the coupon now—before you forget it—and send it with a check or money-order to THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54])

An auditorium, with capacity of 4,200, which is being built by Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, as a part of its new Mosque, will be a gift in part to the music-loving people of Des Moines. It will be available for any large tuneless or dramatic event, when not needed for Ceremonial or other purposes by the Temple.

Damascus Chanters and numerous soloists and foot artists pleased the people of Rochester to the limit at the Temple's Jubilee Revue. Toe dancing, Charleston and other numbers were especially pleasing. A mixed chorus was one of the features.

A hundred Nobles of El Mina, Galveston, journeyed in a special train to Beaumont, Tex., recently to greet their new Potentate, P. B. Doty, who lives in that place. There were also visitors from Port Arthur and other cities. The Drum Corps of Port Arthur and the Beaumont Patrol met the train and escorted the party to the Beaumont hotel, where a dinner dance followed.

"The Streets of Mecca" were reproduced in the Egyptian room of Murat's home in Indianapolis recently. The "streets" contained, among other things, an old-fashioned merry-go-round, a baby doll rack, a shooting gallery, cane racks and "the old corn game," all of which were operated on a no fee basis. A century group of neophytes furnished more amusement.

The greatest public dance that San Antonio ever saw was recently conducted by the Uniformed Bodies of Alzafar Temple. It was the Shriners' Charity dance and Midnight Follies at the Municipal Auditorium.

Arabia, Houston, Tex., had Devotional Day on a recent Sunday when all Nobles of the temple were invited to St. Paul's Methodist Church, where services were conducted by the Chaplain of Arabia, Dr. J. W. Mills. This custom is observed once a year.

Zorah's exposition and hippodrome show was one of the year's biggest events in Terre Haute, Ind. A ballet chorus of 40 girls and other vaudeville acts competed for attention with the industrial displays of 50 manufacturers and merchants.



Albert Weisendanger, Al Kader, is speaking to grade school pupils requesting their co-operation in preventing fires and protecting young growth. Noble Weisendanger has spoken to thousands of pupils on these subjects in the past two or three years.

Sesostri's Club House, Lincoln, Neb., will abound in wild birds, not meaning anything personal. The committee in charge of laying out the grounds and constructing the building has arranged to have the property made a game refuge and also obtained a number of pheasants from the Izaak Walton League. Wild ducks will be fed and made welcome, to encourage their stopping en route north or south. The presence of wild life will make the place more enjoyable. Shriners and their families will be treated hospitably and afforded golf, tennis and other means of amusement. The entire playground will cover 320 acres.

Noble Herman I. Schmits of Zuhrah, Minneapolis, suggests that temples hereafter to be organized look over the following list of Arabic titles in selecting names for themselves: El Koda—The Holy; El Shereef—The Noble; El Mobarek—The Blessed; El Mumenin—The True Believer; Amir—Prince. These names are so appropriate that they would have been selected long ago, were it not that knowledge of the Arabic tongue is not as widespread as it might be among the Arabs of North America.

Twelve horsemen swept into the hall of Mohammed Temple, Peoria, Ill., during its recent procession to the land of the elect, astonishing and delighting the assembled multitude by some rapid and novel maneuvers. The magnificence of their costumes enhanced the effect. Potentate V. Michel was aided by Charles H. Todhunter as director of the work.

Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, put on a show composed of fifteen frolicsome fun features, an organ recital, Wooden Soldier drill by the Patrol, Chanters in popular selections, ten big headline acts of vaudeville and a real motion picture review.

Islam, San Francisco, put on a Ceremonial at Fresno, which afforded an opportunity for the regular Band, the Oriental Band, Chanters and Patrol to "strut their stuff" abroad.

Oasis Temple, Charlotte went over to Greensboro, and put on a ceremonial to show the home folks how it was done.

"A Night in Bagdad," by Moslah, Ft. Worth, was a "hot" number. Oriental splendor was "splashed all around."

Amid great enthusiasm, Islam Temple, San Francisco, members seconded a motion at the March Stated Meeting to sponsor a De Molay Chapter, to be known as Islam Temple Chapter.

Aileen Stanley, vaudevillian, is a believer in luck. She was adopted by LuLu three years ago as the Temple's only daughter and presented by Mayor and Past Imperial Potentate Kendrick with two diamond bar pins. Later she lost them. When she arrived in Philadelphia not long ago Miss Stanley was agreeably surprised to receive from the Nobles exact duplicates of the pins she had lost. The Shriners, 450 strong, went to the theater in a body to make the presentation, with flowers and speeches.

A large number of Shriners from Al Kader Temple, Portland, headed by Potentate Hammersly attended the Grand Convocation of the State York Rite bodies at Bend, Oregon. They reported a most enjoyable trip, including a visit to various central Oregon scenic spots, such as Powell Butte, the Ice Caves, Lava River, McKenzie Highway, and Shevlin Park. Entertainment was in charge of the central Oregon Shrine Club headed by Dr. H. N. Moore, President.

If you were in the vicinity of Northern Illinois when Tebala Temple, Rockford, staged its big ceremonial and didn't catch the first train to attend it you were about the only Shriner in that neck of the woods that didn't go. Medinah and all the other nearby temples joined in to help put things over with a bang and they are still talking about that War Review in which 36 Nobles properly costumed represented every war in which the United States had taken part.

Under the expert guidance of G. M. Armour, illustrious Potentate, Boumi is enjoying a very successful year. Visitations are being planned to the East Coast and Western Maryland; Shrine Club plans are being made for the annual Excursion Cruise and thanks to the efforts of Noble E. Palmo Dowell, the N. V. A. Benefit in Baltimore went over with a bang with every Shriner helping to make it a success.

Between 500 and 600 members of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, went over to Cameron and put on a big show under the sponsorship of the Cameron Blue Lodge in the Shrine Club there. Dr. George L. Vieweg, Illustrious Potentate and his Divan, together with Band, Patrol and Chanters in full uniform were present.

Dr. Charles E. Wilson, Atlanta, president of Yaarab's Band, also enjoys the honor of being head of the mosque Builders, an association of Nobles who worked in the campaign to raise \$1,000,000 for Yaarab's new home. George E. Beck, member of the chanters, was chosen vice-president. Construction of the building is to begin soon.

Merchants closed their stores at noon and all school children were given a half holiday when Alee Temple of Savannah made a pilgrimage to Brunswick, Ga. The Shriners and their ladies were given a fish dinner at the Golf club on the links under the oaks.

Elf Khurafah Temple, Saginaw, furnished the music and entertainment for a joint party of all the Shrine clubs in its jurisdiction at Lansing, Mich. Charles W. Chapple was elected president and H. P. Choate re-elected secretary of the Flint Club.

Pasadena Shriners have their own band and attended a showing of "Joanna," following which they took possession of the stage and put on a performance of their own. [See Hospital Notes on page 62]

JULY, 1927

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 59]

a relay of the average clumsy operatives supplied by detective agencies for such work—men who knew neither the grounds nor the house at Sound Crest—would involve more danger to their plan than it promised benefit.

"Let me take my turn at the listening," begged Jennings with grim eagerness. "Don't forget that I've lived at Sound Crest and know the house and grounds as I know my own face—and I know the habits of the household and the habits of Tony and those of Arnoldo Dodge."

It was decided that eager little Jennings should have his wish.

The trio then proceeded to discuss at length the next step for forcing onward the dramatic movement of Peter's carefully planned play. This next step was based upon that much talked of steel cabinet known as Peter Buchanan's Scandal Chest—which empty and harmless object had been carried away the previous night by men from the detective agency engaged by Dr. Grayson to assist in the second mystery at Mystery House. The head of this famous detective agency, Captain Burkett, was an old and trusted friend of Dr. Grayson, and he had undertaken the delicate business of handling the scandalous contents of the cabinet in behalf of the alleged thieves. Within a few days, it was now decided, the rumor was to be allowed to leak through to the newspapers that already the thieves were trying to realize upon their rich booty of scandal; that perhaps a dozen or more men and women, their names not yet definitely known, but rich and of high social position, were scrambling madly to buy security from exposure; that safely under cover was being put through the biggest and boldest blackmailing operation New York had ever known.

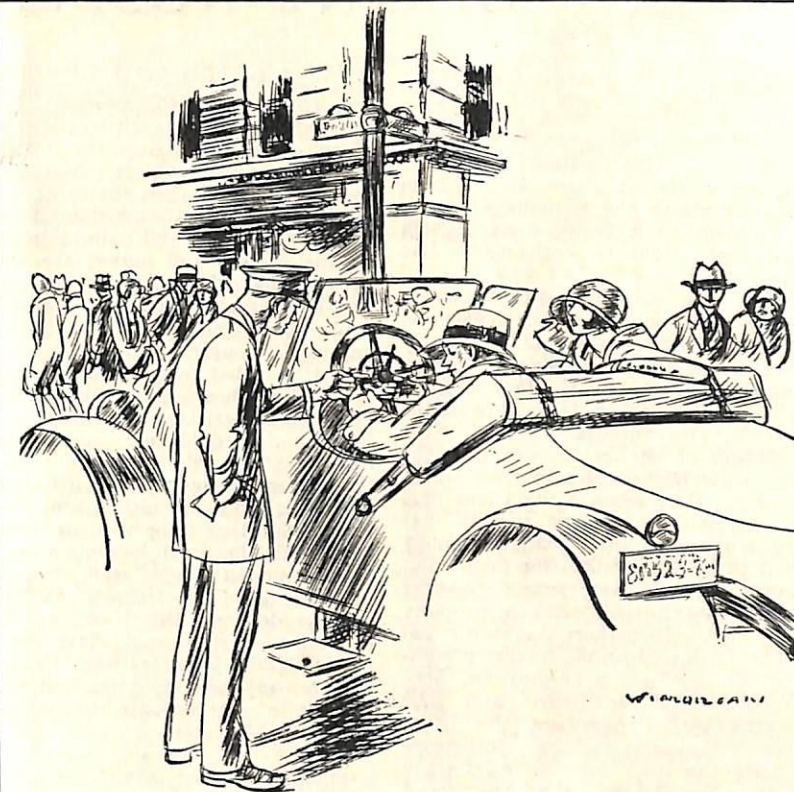
All this plausible rumor of wholesale blackmailing was to keep quiescent the suspicion of a single individual that he might be a solitary victim, and to prevent his reasoning from such a suspicion to a deduction that would rouse his every fear and put him on his guard against Peter's every contemplated move. Arnoldo Dodge was the one intended victim of this reign of blackmail, and the only incriminating papers among the great volume that was striking terror into society were those Peter had long had which proved Arnoldo's heavy defalcation—enough evidence to ruin Arnoldo's name and send him to prison. For these papers Arnoldo was to be asked a half million dollars. Peter's chief purpose behind this course was this: a half million was close to the total of Arnoldo's fortune, and to relieve him temporarily of the whole of his fortune before his arrest—and the arrest of Arnoldo was Peter's ultimate hope—was to remove the danger of Arnoldo's escaping the penalties of guilt through the power of money.

"And that course may help us in an even better way," Peter added with grim significance. "Such a heavy and imperative demand for immediate cash is almost certain to prompt further important talk between Beatrice and Arnoldo—and all important talk is naturally going to tend to hark back to the old mystery."

This session had lasted until long after dinner. "Time for a little practice, Peter," Dr. Grayson now remarked.

In Peter's bedroom, the shades carefully drawn, Dr. Grayson removed Peter's bandages, revealing hands without an injury. With Dr. Grayson and Jennings critically watching him, Peter took his stand before his full-length mirror and with two empty one-ounce bottles that were exactly alike he rehearsed one feat: the making it seem to any who might look at him from the front that there was only a single bottle.

"Despite all these [Continued on page 63]



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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THE HEIL CO.
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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes



A DAY AT THE SALT LAKE UNIT

[Continued from page 41]

separated by wide swinging doors which are thrown apart whenever there is any fun going on. And above the swinging doors is a Shrine emblem in a transparency which serves as a night light to both wards like a protecting spirit.

Sun porches are valuable adjuncts where those well enough spend most of their time. A dentist's chair and equipment are ready for use when needed, and Shriner dentists rotate monthly in their voluntary service. Noble A. Sperger, a barber, takes care of the children's hair, also voluntarily.

The Epitome of the extra care that the Nobles and their friends give to their wards came Christmas time when Santa Claus paid a visit to his wide-eyed little friends. He had heard what each little patient wanted, and he had those very things for each. Before his visit the cots were ranged together and Santa went to each with a properly addressed parcel. Then there was music and candy. The Shrine Hospital Auxiliary committee had charge of the celebration, Mrs. C. M. Ball, Mrs. E. L. Brown and Miss Catherine Fischer. These are the ladies who, through the year, see that clothes are mended, that the little personal affairs are attended to. For instance, they buy brand new clothes in which each child leaves for home.

It has taken constant, serious, unrelenting effort to make all this possible. Nobles F. C. Schramm, C. H. Fischer and Milton E. Lipman, the executive committee, are at the hospital every day. Potentate J. Walter Ellingson and other members of the board are in constant touch with the hospital, always ready to help.

El Kalah is proud of her unit and will become prouder as the years permit the good work to go forward.

The annual report of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Shriners Hospital, Winnipeg, shows that they collected \$3,954.75 and spent \$2,494.14 for the benefit of crippled children. A total of 947 articles were supplied to the hospital and 460 articles of apparel to discharged children. The Auxiliary makes a specialty of supplying proper food and clothing, braces, etc., to these children who are to be readmitted to the hospital. In many cases the discharged children cannot, owing to circumstances, receive the proper treatment in the homes to which they return. It is in such cases that the Auxiliary works to save suffering to the child and expense to the hospital.

Alhambra, Chattanooga, is making a very strong effort to have a hospital established in that community, having a plan to finance the project and turn the institution over to the Board of Trustees for operation. The movement has the approval of the Civitan Club. The proposed cost for building and equipment is estimated at \$350,000.

More than \$1,200, which will be used for treating crippled children, was taken in by the Nobles of Midian, Wichita, Kans., by the sale of toy balloons and luck pieces on the streets. The Wichita Consistory matched this amount, making \$2,400 for the hospital fund.

Fifty handicapped children were treated at a clinic at Albany, N. Y., being convalescents who were under observation after being at the Springfield, Mass., unit of the Shrine Hospitals.

A GIFT FROM BEYOND

A check for \$140, representing the savings of one of the little patients of the Winnipeg Unit, has given the Board of Governors a serious problem. Margaret Sendall was 9 years old when she came to the hospital. She had not walked for years. After several operations and painstaking treatment by the doctors and nurses, she was so improved that she could take a few steps and it was confidently hoped that soon she could romp and play. The hearts of her parents, a country pastor and his wife, rejoiced in what was being done for their only child, when a great grief came to them, for she was stricken with influenza and her little body could not stand the strain. Shortly afterwards the board received from the father the money which Margaret had laid aside from her nickels and dimes, with the request that it be used as thought best. "Although the great longing of our hearts, to see our little lassie walk, was denied to us this side of the Unseen," said the letter, "yet we do know that if she had lived, you through your staff would have accomplished this." If the board satisfies itself that the parents can spare the money, it will devote the gift to some purpose that will be a memorial to Margaret.

There is no Shrine Hospital in Knoxville, but nevertheless Kerbel Temple does wonderful work for the crippled children in their jurisdiction. Dr. Robert Patterson, a most excellent orthopedic surgeon, is holding clinics in the small towns in this jurisdiction. At LaFollette they had twenty-eight cases, ten of whom were hospital cases and six were operated by Dr. Ben Cates, hairlip expert, and Dr. R. N. Newman, eye specialist. These latter cases were handled in Knoxville and demonstrated to the people in this mountain country the value of our great objective. In Sevierville, Dr. Patterson conducted a clinic with ten cases and in Newport eighteen cases, three of which were hospital cases, four eye cases and two hairlip cases. Kerbel is truly taking the mountain to Mohammed.

The crippled kids at the Shrine Hospital couldn't go to the Big Egg Hunt at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco on Easter morning so Gene Farmer and Gus Oliva put their heads together and organized an egg hunt for hospital children only. Gus had a live white bunny and two baby chicks for each and every kiddie there. We'll leave it to you to guess whether or not they had a good time.

One of the remarkable cures credited to the Chicago Unit of the Children's Hospitals is that of George, an 8-year-old, who had long suffered from an ununited fracture of the tibia, the large bone of the lower leg. After he had had two operations, had been three times in a cast and had been treated with ultra-violet light, baking and massage, he was able to walk again.

Patients in the Lexington, Ky., unit are enabled to go to school through the co-operation of University of Kentucky students who volunteered to teach classes at the Hospital.

Oshkosh women's auxiliary Unit rallied to the support of the crippled children recently with a card party at which 150 tables were occupied.

Tangier, Omaha, sent \$1,900 to the Convalescent Home fund at the Twin Cities and obligated themselves for fifty cents a member each year for five years.

A little Eskimo lad from Hancock, Alaska, is at the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children in Spokane, Wash. He is there to have a badly crippled leg made straight so that he can run and play like other boys. Walter Swanson, the new patient, was run over by a coasting sled six years ago and for a long time could not walk. His teacher, Miss Myrtle Johnson, whose home is at Rockford, Wash., knew of the wonderful work the Shriners are doing for children, and applied for his admission to the hospital at Spokane. She brought him all the way from Hancock.

Like most boys of 10, he is a bit shy, but soon forgets it when asked to tell of the two months' trip. He and his teacher left his home by horse team for Chinook, where they took a steamer for St. Michaels, changing there for Holy Cross. Another steamer took them to Nenana. After a little pleasure excursion to Fairbanks, they resumed their journey, till at Seward they boarded the steamer Alaska for Seattle and a real railroad conveyed them to their destination.

He thinks he has arrived at about the cheeriest place in the world and wants to stay. He loves the educational therapy work, the carving and painting of little wooden toys.

One of the 14-year-old boys in the Portland unit felt that he could do no better than try to express his appreciation of the work done at the hospital and the following is the result:

In cities fair from sea to sea,
The Shriners Hospitals stand;
To help the crippled boys like me,
Be whole men of our land.

If we have not the cash to pay,
They help us without cost;
And when we boys are grateful,
They know it won't be lost.

Our Portland Hospital is near
The beautiful Rocky Butte;
They give us help in getting well
And scenery to boot.

On Sunday noons we get ice cream,
Oh, boy, is ice cream good?
The grub is good stuff all the time,
They don't hold back the food.

The woods are just outside the grounds
And changing all the time;
If nothing else should happen here,
They'd quite fill out my rhyme.

On Christmas Day they gave us gifts,
Cameras, toys and books;
We had a merry Christmas then,
You could tell by the happy looks.
ROBERT HATCH.

Arabia Temple, Houston, Texas, the pioneer shrine organization in crippled children's work, has already handled more than one hundred cases in a year. An entire floor in the Baptist Hospital in Houston is maintained by Arabia Temple, to carry on the work. The Houston shriners started this activity seven or eight years ago. The temple maintains its own brace making establishment.

When little Marie Summers, was taken to the Shrine Hospital in Spokane it was necessary for her to be on a couch for two months with heavy weights suspended from feet and head. It was also necessary for her to wear a plaster cast for four months. Nevertheless, while taking the treatments the child completed her school work assisted by the hospital teacher.

[Shrine News Continued on page 66]

MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 61]

other things you're doing, Peter," approved Dr. Grayson when Peter had finished, "in the end this idea of yours may be your only way. You may be right—Dodge may never let the truth come out of his lips, except to a dying man."

"I've seen that possibility from the start—and I've got to be ready for it! Am I getting any better, doctor?"

"You're improving every time, but you've got to keep on practicing twice each day," said Doctor Grayson.

The plans were now all made, and before Peter there stretched a period in which there was little to do but wait.

That Sunday Dr. Grayson, in complete charge as coroner, had made his official examination of the body taken from Mystery House, and as the dead man's physician he had identified it as the remains of Peter Buchanan. On Monday came the inquest, controlled by Dr. Grayson; its finding was that Peter Buchanan had been murdered by persons unknown. On Tuesday came the funeral; it was a strictly private affair; besides Dr. Grayson and the officiating clergyman and Mr. Henry Delacroix, so ran the long newspaper accounts, only the immediate members of the dead man's family, Arnoldo, Beatrice and Maida Dodge, stood beside the grave.

The murder and the theft of the Scandal Chest, together with these later events, were built by the newspapers into as sensational a mystery as had been the original murders of three years before. The accusation of the dead man's brother by the dead man's friend before the burning house added much drama to the narrative; and something was added by the hint that a suit by Arnoldo Dodge against Henry Delacroix would follow this denunciation. But the Scandal Chest added most of all; and on Wednesday, as had been planned, the rumor of a reign of blackmail terror began to be the dominant element in the news of this second great mystery of Mystery House.

Peter and Jennings took their turns at listening in the little study, when they could gain it in safety, but they heard nothing further.

Since that half of Peter's great plan which aimed at the solution of the mystery made little real call upon his energies for the time being, his mind naturally turned to that half of his great plan which for him was no less important: the bringing into his life the element of romance which thus far had been denied him—the half which had come to be represented for him by the figure of Maida Dodge. He had hoped that she might telephone him or seek him out, impelled by their secret alliance to try to clear her mother's name; but she did not.

And then Peter recalled the great bluff, screened from the house by a wild growth of scrub pine and beach plum, to which Maida had led him for their first talk. It occurred to him that this isolated spot might be a favorite retreat with her; and since he could gain it through a neighboring wood without coming in sight of the house, he began to frequent it.

While awaiting her appearance Peter kept back in the natural thicket of scrub pine and beach plum. Before the thicket was an irregular grassy area that crowned the great jutting headland—an area which, as far back as Peter could remember, had been kept cleared and in grass for the sake of the wide view it commanded of Long Island Sound. This headland, a sand bluff that rose almost straight from the narrow beach to a height of perhaps two hundred feet, was the highest point of the great dunes and bluffs that characterize a great stretch of Long Island's North Shore.

On the bluff's very lip stood a large sum-

mer-house, heavily timbered to withstand the winter storms that beat upon this promontory, which had been built in Peter's boyhood as an observatory from which to view the far reaches of the Sound.

On the third afternoon that Peter kept his lover's watch in the thicket—it was on the Friday following the burning of Mystery House—Maida came. Peter waited till she had taken her stand in the summer-house and was gazing out to sea in deep thought that was plainly troubled, then he quickly crossed the grassy space and joined her.

"I hope I didn't startle you too much, Miss Dodge," he apologized.

"You did—rather," she confessed.

Her tone indicated that she wished she were alone, that she was under a strain in his presence. To help ease the situation Peter had recourse to the ancient device of turning the talk into the commonplace subject nearest to hand. The summer-house, as he remembered it years ago, had stood some twenty feet back from the peak of the promontory; it now extended over the edge of the cliff several feet. Rough, heavy timbers were standing in one corner.

"What has been happening to your cliff and summer-house, Miss Dodge?" Peter asked pleasantly. "A storm?"

"Yes." And then she explained at length, as if she welcomed this intrusion of an impersonal subject. "All the North Shore suffers heavily from winter storms. They usually come out of the northeast, and when they are driving behind high tides they hurl the water across the beach and it fairly dredges away the foundation of our sand cliffs."

"I presume, then, that all these timbers I see about mean that this summer-house is to be moved back to save it from diving down the cliff in next winter's storms?"

"Yes, I think father's going to start the moving in a week or two."

"What a view, Miss Dodge—more than half your horizon is water! Splendid—splendid!"

For a moment Peter gazed out at the far expanse of water. Now that he had exhausted the subject of the summer-house, there was only the subject of the old mystery to serve as an approach to love-making. It was indeed an ironically strange courtship, so it struck Peter at that moment, in which love had to be made almost wholly in terms of an ancient tragedy.

"Have you learned anything new bearing on those old murders, Miss Dodge?" he asked.

"No. Have you?" Her gray eyes turned eagerly upon him.

"Something. Perhaps a great deal." He was thinking of what he had overheard between her father and Beatrice.

"Oh!" she breathed, tensely clutching his arm. "What—what is it?"

"I'd rather wait to tell you until I've verified what I suspect." He could not tell her all that was in his mind concerning her father—not until there was incontrovertible proof. "Furthermore, some things are now under way that may bring new developments. Perhaps prompt and definite developments."

"I'm so glad," she quavered—"for—for mother's sake—and—and of course for my own. And—and—"

"Yes?" encouraged Peter.

"And I would so like to have Peter Buchanan's name cleared!"

"You—you really cared for Peter Buchanan?"

"I always liked him, in spite of what people said—I've already told you that. And then, for—for—"

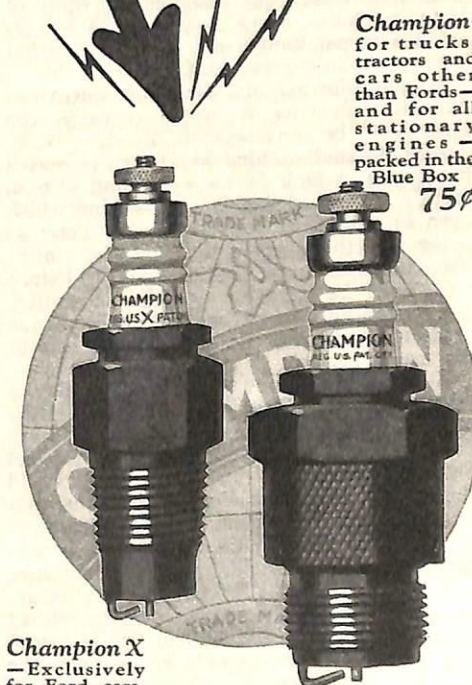
"Yes?" Peter again encouraged her.

[Continued on page 64]

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MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 63]

But she would not finish what had been upon her tongue.

"Remember, if you do learn anything—anything at all," Peter reminded her, "you are to let me know."

"Of course—and at once."

That seemed to exhaust this subject, and Peter had not yet managed the adroit opening of a door for his love-making. They fell silent and before Peter could plan a new approach, steps sounded behind him. He turned quickly. Coming smiling toward them was Beatrice.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Delacroix," she exclaimed cordially. "I see you have discovered our famous view."

"Its fame is certainly deserved, Mrs. Dodge," he returned.

With chagrin he noted that at Beatrice's appearance, Maida glided silently away.

"Of course you know, Mr. Delacroix, that Peter Buchanan's will is to be read at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," said Beatrice.

"I have been asked to be present, and also my husband and Maida are invited. If the will turns out as I expect, I shall want to see you at once on the business we spoke of the other day. And since you and my husband have fallen foul of each other, I'd better not ask you to the house again. Could I call upon you, say around three in the afternoon?"

"At three o'clock—I shall be most happy to see you, Mrs. Dodge."

AFTER that they said the usual things about the view, and presently they turned away. Then it was that Peter saw, standing upon the grassy area, where he would have to pass them, Arnoldo and, a pace or two behind him, the slouching watch dog Tony.

Peter had not come face to face with Arnoldo since the morning he had made his accusation before the smouldering ruins of Mystery House, so he now approached Arnoldo with palpitant wonderment as to what his brother in his rage might try to do.

"I was showing Mr. Delacroix our view, Arnoldo," Beatrice remarked casually, too casually to be convincing to Peter.

Arnoldo said nothing at all; there was a hard, baleful look in his eyes—and also in them a quickened, brilliant something which even in that tense moment struck Peter as being something other than merely violent hatred held in check. As for Tony, to Peter's vast relief he gave no sign of recognition, but looked on in the crouched and glowering attitude of the dog that is ready to leap at his master's word.

A little after noon the following day a telephone message came from Captain Burkett. To anyone listening in it would have sounded like a report upon stocks Peter had ordered investigated; but this code conveyed the information that Burkett had just put up to Dodge the matter of those documents in the stolen Scandal Chest which concerned Arnoldo; that Arnoldo had been almost bowled over by this menace of the resurrection of one episode of his past he wished to remain buried; that he had finally promised to buy the documents and to pay the half million demanded. Since this was Saturday he had begged for four days in which to raise the cash, and this request Captain Burkett had granted.

Promptly at three o'clock Beatrice arrived in an open car, driving herself, just as a slow rain began to fall. Peter received her in a little room off the sitting-room which he had fitted up as a study.

"You've heard about the reading of Peter Buchanan's will and what was in it?"

"Not as yet."

"Everything was left to me, as had been forecast. There were no exceptions, stipu-

lations, provisos of any kind—I inherited even though I remarried."

"I congratulate you. The will must have been executed at a time when your former husband was very much in love with you."

"Do you know, right there's a point I've since thought a great deal about. I mean that perhaps Peter really loved me, in his way, a great deal more than I ever dreamed at the time."

There was too much of truth in this remark for Peter's comfort, so he quickly shied away from the subject. "How large is the estate?"

"About five millions, so they say. That's a great deal more than I expected; it appears that Peter was more able at affairs than some of us thought. But of course, as I told you, I cannot touch it for myself. I'm certain Peter would have changed his will and left me out had he been physically able to do so. So I must leave myself out."

"The money must all go to other purposes," she continued—"and the first purpose, of course, is to help solve the mystery of Peter's murder and to bring his murderers to justice. As you know, my purpose in coming here is to place at your disposal definite financial assistance."

"How much do you wish to offer?"

"All the five million, if it prove necessary."

Peter knew very well that her real purpose in coming here was not to offer him five million dollars. She had some very different motive, or he judged her wrongly; and before her arrival he had planned with Dr. Grayson and Jennings that their interview should be interrupted—a glimpse of her and what she might do if she thought herself left alone might be most illuminating. So it was at this juncture that Jennings knocked and entered.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he announced as he had been instructed.

"Will you excuse me for just one moment, Mrs. Dodge," begged Peter.

"Certainly, Mr. Delacroix."

Peter stepped out into a little hallway and very decisively closed the door.

"There really is a gentleman calling," whispered Jennings.

"Who?"

"Mr. Larry Kane."

"Oh! Tell him to wait—I'll see him in a few minutes."

Peter had prepared a peep-hole for this occasion, screened on the study side by a great bowl of cut roses. To this he now cautiously applied his eye. What he saw did not surprise him in the least. Beatrice was on her feet going through his desk with greatest speed, glancing at each document and then carefully replacing it exactly as she had found it.

Peter watched her until she had exhausted the resources of his desk, then he noiselessly opened another door that gave from the little hallway and said in a clear voice: "I'll finish our talk a little later." Having given this warning, Peter re-entered the study. Beatrice was sitting just as he had left her.

Presently she took her departure, wearing a raincoat which Peter urged upon her, for by now the rain was falling steadily. Then he had Jennings show in Larry Kane.

"Mr. Delacroix," said Larry, with some embarrassment, but driving straight ahead, "after thinking some things over I've decided to come to you and ask you for a frank talk."

"Thinking what things, Mr. Kane?"

"Things Maida Dodge has told me. Things that you told her. She told me that you said—you said you loved her."

"So I do, Mr. Kane."

"So do I," Larry struggled on. "And—and I don't blame you. I think almost any man would. And—and—if she says yes to

you, I want you to know I'll have no hard feelings. Because—well, you know the way suspicion has been hanging over me on account of those old murders—you know I'm entirely out of it. I can't say anything to Maida the way I'm placed."

"I've begged District Attorney Jackson to put me on trial—hoping that the trial would clear me of this terrible mess. You see, it means both Maida—and—and my getting a proper start in life. No one is going to give a real chance to a chap who has a possible murder charge over his head. I hope you get what I'm driving at."

"I understand perfectly."

"I suppose you think it's a funny line of talk to be giving the man who's supposed to be your rival," said Larry, with a faint smile.

"I like it," said Peter, and he did.

"The chief thing Maida told me—the thing that brought me here—is that you confided to her that your real business is trying to solve the mystery of those old murders."

"I'll confide the same to you: it is."

"And you think," Larry continued with choking intensity—"I'm not asking you to tell me anything you feel you shouldn't—you think you can see who the guilty persons are going to turn out to be?"

"Yes."

"Then—do—do you see me as one of the guilty persons?"

"I do not. When I name the guilty persons—if I ever do—that will instantly clear you of all suspicion."

"Thank you—thank you!" cried Larry. "That's all I came for—and I'll be going, unless—wistfully—"you'd let me help you in some way if I can be of some use."

"I'll be glad to call on you if I ever need you," Peter assured him.

Larry went away glowing with gratitude; and behind him he left a warm glow in Peter's heart. He was a nice youngster, Larry Kane; and if he, Peter, didn't win Maida, as he intended doing, he wished Larry all the luck there was.

THE rain continued to pour down heavily during the rest of the afternoon and through the evening. It was Jennings' turn to listen at the door of the little study which opened into the Sound Crest library; and despite the storm he set out, for there was the strong probability that Captain Burkett's demands upon Arnoldo would stimulate interesting talk that night. Dr. Grayson spent the evening with Peter, and he had Peter at his rehearsal with the twin bottles before the long mirror, when, toward eleven o'clock, Jennings returned.

"Hear anything tonight?" asked Peter.

Jennings had. The talk between Beatrice and Arnoldo had been a long one, with much reiteration and argument, but its substance could be briefly stated. Arnoldo had immediate and most urgent need of half a million dollars—he had to have it within four days; but for what purpose he refused to tell Beatrice. Could she not raise half a million for him on Peter Buchanan's fortune which had so patly come to her by will that day? Beatrice had replied she could not; that there would be much legal red tape to be unwound before she could claim Peter Buchanan's five millions.

"Think of Arnoldo Dodge's nerve," exclaimed Peter, "trying to use my own money to buy me off!"

Further discussion of Arnoldo's request for aid was cut short by the ringing of the doorbell. Jennings answered it, and came back with a letter.

"It's for you, Mr. Buchanan. It was delivered by one of the servants at Sound Crest—Mrs. Dodge's personal maid."

The letter was in Beatrice's well-remembered handwriting, which Peter had last seen in her invitation to tea; and it read:

"Dear Mr. Delacroix:

I have not forgotten my promise to report to you promptly anything that may arise. Something of the very greatest importance has just developed—within the hour—and I must see you at once, tonight. Since it is the safest and easiest place for me to manage, and is also easy for you, I am going to ask you to meet me at the old summer-house on Sound Crest. You remember—where I saw you yesterday afternoon.

If I should be a few minutes late, please wait for me. Any delay will merely mean that I have found it necessary to exercise unforeseen precaution.

Sincerely,

BEATRICE DODGE."

Without comment Peter handed the letter to Dr. Grayson.

"You are going?" he inquired.

"Most certainly!" exclaimed Peter. "I don't know what Beatrice's game is, but it's my best plan to seem to play into her hands."

Peter set out through the driving rain for his midnight rendezvous in the old summer-house on the tip of Sound Crest. There was grim humor for Peter in this tryst with his former wife; he chuckled sardonically as he shoved a passage through the storm;

if Beatrice only knew who the man really was she was slipping out to meet!

At length Peter won his way into the shelter of the summer-house. The illumined dial of his wrist-watch showed five minutes of twelve; five minutes to wait. Out here on the headland's tip he got the full fury of the storm; a milder version of the winter storms which assailed this promontory as a crazed army attacks and tries to overwhelm an enemy stronghold.

Again Peter looked at his watch. It was now ten minutes past midnight; Beatrice was late, as her note had said she might be. He turned from the sea and faced toward the house; in a moment there came a double flash of lightning, and by its glare he saw Beatrice, a hundred yards away, emerge from the thicket and come hurrying toward him. Then darkness reigned again.

Almost the next moment, it seemed, he was conscious of her presence close to him in the blackness of the summer-house. "You certainly made quick time of it, Mrs. Dodge," he remarked pleasantly.

There was no reply. The strange silence instantly aroused in Peter that deep-seated, instinctive terror, which from the very birth of life on the earth has been nature's first safeguard for animals against danger. That terror quickened his vision; he saw a vague shape close upon him; he sensed that something was descending upon him and he threw himself aside. A terrific blow from a heavy

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THE BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

[Continued from page 22]

was a reluctance in his laughter. He hadn't intended the same old line, and he was a little hurt that, even in fun, she interpreted it so. He was genuinely impressed. Never before had he known a girl who was at once so pretty, so competent in a responsible job, and so orderly and efficient in her home!

"So you're not going to see Larry any more?" he asked, sitting down at one end of the couch and still looking, with curious eyes, about the apartment.

For the first time it struck him that he'd hardly been inside the place—just to step within the door when he called for her. It would be fun to have dinner here some time, just the two of them together. But he didn't dare suggest it. He could imagine her mocking retort—"Old stuff, Neal—try that on some other little girl!"

"I think it's better." She was sipping her ginger-ale gravely. "Oh, what's the use, Neal? A girl and a man can be friends, as we are, if they're not silly, but when you start off wrong—" She paused. "Let's not talk about it."

"Yeah." His interest in Larry Hunt had evaporated, anyway. On a small mahogany table, a green basket was heaped with filmy silk stockings; a needle gleamed, thrust through what looked, from where he sat, to be an uncommonly neat darn . . .

"Ann!" he said.

She looked up at him quickly. "Want some more gingerale? I do. Will you get it?"

He returned to the kitchenette, that absurdly feminine, almost tender, little room, which was giving him a new picture of Ann. He wrenched the cap from the bottle, irritably. What was the matter with him? He felt—his heart was pumping, furiously—he felt disturbed and upset. The alarm-clock on the shelf above the sink showed that it was after eleven. He ought to go home and let Ann go to bed. She'd had a trying day. But he didn't want to go home. He wanted—

The doorbell cut sharply through his thoughts; he heard the quick patter of her feet. Then her voice, surprised and a little distressed.

"Why—Larry!"

"I couldn't go away without seeing you again. I had to see you, Ann! I—" The Fat Boy's voice was thick, and unnatural.

"But it's late, Larry dear. You shouldn't—I'm going to bed in just a few minutes." His cue, Neal reflected, to remain in the kitchenette. "I don't see what more there can be for us to say, Larry!"

"I love you. Ann, I know you've got it into your head that you won't marry me, but—" Apparently Larry had swayed against the open door; there was a sharp bang, the sound of stumbling feet.

Ann's voice held now a dangerously reasonable quality. "Yes, Larry, but we can't discuss it now. You must go, please. You'll wake everyone in the house."

"I won't go. I won't be put off like this!" His voice rose shrilly. "There's some other man! There's—"

"Larry, you're drunk! You—" "Of course I'm drunk! What'd you think I'd do? I—whose hat is that?"

Neal wanted to laugh. There was an instant's pause. Then,

"Oh, come in and shut the door, if you can!"

As Neal emerged from the kitchenette, Ann was guiding Larry's stumbling bulk into the living-room. She met Neal's eyes helplessly.

"You!" said Larry, in a tone of pure melodrama.

"No," Neal answered, cheerfully. Between them Ann hesitated, and suddenly there was amusement in her gray eyes. She addressed Larry in the precise, clipped tone of a well-trained actress. "Won't you—sit down?"

It was so exactly like a line in a play that Neal grinned. Larry caught the grin and lunged to— [Continued on page 66]



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THE BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP *(Continued from page 65)*

ward him, and Neal's hands tightened on his arms, and shoved him gently downward into the depths of an arm-chair.

"Look here, Larry, there's nothing to get sore about! I dropped in for a minute to see Ann, and I'm going on home now. You'd better come with me and spend the night at my place."

"You!" said Larry again, thickly, and he glowered accusingly at Ann. "You said—"

She was beginning to get angry. "It doesn't in the least matter what I said!" she interrupted, firmly. "Except that I said I didn't want to see you any more—and I don't! Never!"

"Fraternity brother," said Larry, pathetically. "I s'pose you're in love with each other! I s'pose—"

"It wouldn't be in the least your affair if we were!" Ann said, cruelly. "Though as a matter of fact—we're not!"

Suddenly Larry remembered. "You said there was someone else!" he exploded. "You said—"

"I said that to get rid of you!" she retorted, shortly.

"You said you had to get home because you were expecting somebody. You bought ginger-ale! I thought you meant a girl. And all the time—my best friend—"

Ann's face was crimson. "Neal, he's so drunk! He—if I go into my room, can you take him away?"

Neal looked at her. So little and pretty and slender. Could she have got that ginger-ale for him? Or for someone else!

"Will you, Neal?"

"Yes."

Larry had become docile; when Neal gave him his hat, he rammed it down over his damp, fair hair. Lamb-like, he followed him through the hall, down the stairs, out into the muggy street.

"I never thought it was you! It—oh, my God, Neal!"

"It isn't," Neal said, shortly. "I wish it was!"

Larry was staring at him, and Neal felt, oddly, as though he were staring at himself. He wished it was! Did he? What did he mean? Ann, his friend, toward whom there was to be no sentiment!

He ought at least to telephone her that Larry was safely in bed. It was late, of course, but she might be worrying. And he felt that he wanted to hear her voice. Everything seemed, suddenly, so mixed up.

"Ann!"

"Oh." Her voice was unnatural. "I was afraid it might be Larry."

"Sleeping like a baby. He'll be all right. Ann!"

"Yes."

"You're not—too upset?"

She laughed. "Of course not."

Silence, constrained, awkward. He wanted to say something else . . . he didn't know what . . .

"Well—good-night."

"Good-night; Neal."

He sat, holding the telephone in his hands. He hadn't done anything to anger her! Yet he felt that she was angry. Perhaps—perhaps she thought that he thought—oh, it was too involved! Larry was such an ass! If it hadn't been for him—

He stripped off his necktie and opened his collar. Hot . . . hot! She'd bought ginger-ale, before she left Larry. Could it have been—he set down the telephone and walked angrily up and down the room. What a fool he was! Like silly girls, who interpret the slightest act as a sign that a man is in love with them! It was a suffocating night! Why shouldn't she have bought ginger-ale, without his trying to read into it some subtle meaning? She probably had been thirsty! Why shouldn't she soften her dismissal of Larry with whatever lies she chose? Good lord, they were friends, he and Ann! Wouldn't have hurt his feelings, any, if she'd told Larry that they were secretly married! Married—what an idea!

He went to bed with a vague feeling of guilt, of disloyalty toward Ann and their friendship. And in the morning, he left Larry sleeping. If the Fat Boy had any early engagements, that was his funeral! He couldn't bear the thought of facing him, in the early morning light.

He telephoned Ann and asked her to have lunch with him.

"Sorry—I'm just grabbing a sandwich. We're frightfully rushed down here."

She had been rushed on other occasions, but this day he was not satisfied. Something alien, something wrong, had crept into their relationship, and he needed to be reassured. Could she really be annoyed with him? Could she think . . . I didn't know you were so domestic! was all he had said. Rubber plant! Could she think . . . ?

He took Peggy Tillinghast to dinner and went afterward to her apartment—a few

friends were dropping in. Peggy knew well enough that without the few friends, he wouldn't be there! It was fussily and un-serenely feminine, this apartment of Peggy's. And there were not enough ashtrays. She put on a ruffled apron, embroidered in pink flowers, but she couldn't find the bottle-opener. He recalled the shining row of utensils in Ann Poole's kitchen . . .

He called Ann in the morning. "Gone on vacation."

How laconic, how heartless, were switch-board operators!

Her own telephone did not answer; he called the office again.

"Do you know where Miss Poole has gone?"

A wait, interminable. "Nope."

"Thank you."

In the morning, with a sense almost of panic, he walked to Ann's apartment. There was no answer to his knock. He found the janitor. Miss Poole had left no forwarding address.

She was angry with him, then! He'd lost her friendship!

He dined alone at the tea-room. Hot . . . muggy . . . would he ever be hungry again?

He dined alone at an expensive restaurant, and went to the theater. No fun in that! He felt miserably alone, abandoned. But there was no one he wanted to see. It was too hot for sociability. At least New York was . . .

Provincetown—and Norma Day! He seized the thought gratefully. There was a girl a man remembered! Lithe and olive-skinned, with sleek, dark hair . . . she would be crisp and cool in a summer frock. And there was the bay, the cool, blue Massachusetts bay, in which one could swim.

The train had been hot and dirty, but when he emerged, next morning, on the station platform, salty, dustless air fanned his face and filled his lungs. Carrying his suitcase, he walked toward the street which runs parallel to the curving shore. The Bay lay blue and placid, with the white line of sand curling out to the coastguard station at Wood End. White sails were calm and cool against the water, and white gulls circled rhythmically.

"Neal Collier!"

He turned from the water and looked at Norma Day.

"Think of seeing *(Continued on page 69)*

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

SHRINE NEWS *(Continued from page 62)*

Boys of the Cleveland, Ohio Industrial home were entertained with dinner and a program of sixteen performers recently by the Cleveland Shrine Luncheon Club and each guest presented with a gift. The motto of the Cleveland Shriners has always been "Scatter sunshine among the underprivileged boys."

Members of the Grays Harbor Shrine Club and their wives were guests of the Elma, Wash., Shrine Club at a dinner and dance recently.

William G. McAdoo was a recent guest of the Lunch Club of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles; the meeting was attended by 600.

The ladies of the Shrine Club of Wichita, Kas., gave a bridge party recently. One hundred and twenty-four players enjoyed the afternoon. The club has completed plans for a series of dances.

The chief of police of Geneva, N. Y., Robert W. Morris, was the principal speaker at a meeting of the Shrine Club of that place, but he did not say: "Back up! Can't you read that sign?"

The Duluth Shrine Club listened to an address by L. A. Rossman of the Grand Rapids Herald-Review, on the Minnesota iron ore situation at a recent dinner.

Nobles of the Crescent Club, Birmingham, Ala., and their lady friends enjoyed a dance at the Tutweiler Hotel; largely attended.

The Hibbing Shrine Club curlers defeated the Superior Club stand welders, 74 to 33. *(Shrine News Continued on page 78)*

JULY, 1927



SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Jellied vegetable mold decked with mayonnaise.

The "Just-So" of Preparing Gelatin Dishes

Cool, inviting Midsummer Dainties from Soups to Salads



Gelatin may be shaped in stars—or stripes, for holiday dishes.

WHAT could be more pleasing on a sultry day, than to have set before one at table a cool-looking mold or ring of gelatin with meat, fish or vegetables embedded in its crystal depths! It makes us want to eat, it is so invitingly chill! All gelatin dishes are hot weather favorites with the housewife because she can make them several hours in advance, and place in the refrigerator ready for any time of serving. In making all gelatin dishes the same steps are followed:

- (1) Soak gelatin in cold liquid 10 minutes until absorbed.
- (2) Dissolve gelatin by adding to hot liquid or softening over hot water.
- (3) Combine with sugar, juices, flavors and other ingredients.
- (4) Pour into mold wet with cold water or rubbed lightly with cooking oil.
- (5) Chill; unmold by holding hot towel around mold and slightly loosening jelly at edges. Invert dexterously on chilled plate.

It is helpful to know that there is a standard recipe on which one may base limitless varieties with fruits, vegetables and meats. Here it is: 1 tablespoon or 1 ounce granulated gelatin, 1/4 cup cold water or liquid, 1 3/4 cups additional liquid or pulp, 1/4-1/2 cup sugar (omit with meats and vegetables), 1/8 teaspoon salt. This makes 1 pint of jelly. Acid mixtures require more gelatin than sweet ones; in very hot weather decrease the amount of liquid or increase gelatin by a half teaspoon. If it is to hold up a heavy mass of fruit or vegetable, it will have to be made stiffer. Mixtures in small molds harden more rapidly and require less gelatin than if made in a large mold. Most rapid results are gained when all the ingredients used are cold, and where the gelatin is melted over hot water and combined with cold ingredients.

Gelatin dishes fall clearly into these types: (1) Aspic, or jelly made with meat stock; (2) Clear Jelly, without other additions; (3) Whips, made by beating the jelly to a froth as it stiffens; (4) Sponges, made by adding stiffly beaten egg-whites; (5) Bavarians, made by folding in stiffly whipped cream.

The old way to make aspic was to cook highly flavored meat stock for hours and then tediously clarify it. A short-cut way is to use highly flavored water as made with

beef cube or meat extract, and stiffen it with gelatin. Or—a summer secret of my own—use a can of commercial bouillon or consommé, and give it solid form with gelatin. Add diced meat, sliced eggs or flaked fish and let them harden with the aspic. Thin slices of chicken and ham embedded in clear quick aspic, chilled, and served with mayonnaise, is a most pleasing summer supper or luncheon dish. Indeed aspic is one of the most serviceable and economical ways in which to utilize left-over salmon, tuna, meats, etc.

Jellied soup is only a step from solid aspic. Use canned soup, or flavored meat water, as above, season highly and chill. When it has jellied, cut into cubes or beat with a fork. Serve in cups as a refreshing first course. Vegetable aspics are another suitable variation. These may be made from the strained and well-seasoned juices and pulps of tomato, cucumber or asparagus. Or we may conceal in the transparency of the gelatin, cut raw or cooked diced foods, making a kind of jelly-salad, much more welcome than the same foods served in familiar hot and boiled forms. Use the standard recipe, but give tartness with herb-vinegars or lemon juice. Such aspics are most attractive when stiffened in a ring mold, turned out on green leaves, and the center space filled with mayonnaise. Good combinations are shredded green pepper and cabbage, with diced cooked beet; peas, with carrots and cucumbers; tomato, celery and apple; tomato jelly with cream cheese and olive relish garnish.

An unusual type of gelatin dish, also most suitable for hot weather service, is the chilled salad-dessert. Here we take the usual fruit or vegetable jelly mixture and add to it stiffly whipped cream, packing the mold in ice for several hours. This may be packed in brick form and sliced like brick cream, or molded in a pound baking powder can, it can be sliced in thick rings for individual fancy plates. Eaten with a chilled mayonnaise or sweet-sour dressing, and arranged on lettuce, these delicious mixtures are sufficiently chill to be salads, or sufficiently sweet to be used as desserts.

With the fruit season in full swing, it is difficult to imagine a more ideal summer

(Continued on page 73)

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(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



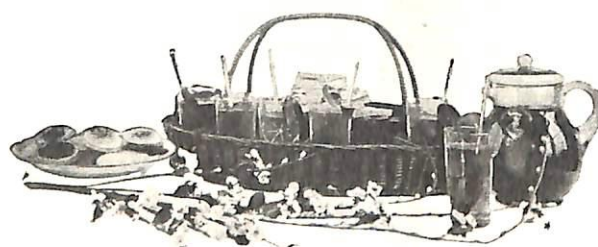
(The two photographs above show an automobile camp trailer and how it can be set up in seven minutes ready for occupation. It contains beds, ice box, folding table, camp stove, etc.)



(Above) A picnic basket that keeps foods clean and cool. It has an ice compartment and is metal-lined.



(Right) This gasoline camp cook stove folds together in a small space, and weighs but 15 pounds.



(Above) A serving tray with compartments. Glasses fit at sides, sandwiches or cake in the middle.

(Below) This gallon size Thermos jar holds hot or cold fluids or food and does not break easily.



(Below) A vacuum bottle for hot or cold liquids. Comes also in styles with extra nesting cups. An outdoor luxury.



(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors.)



THE BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

(Continued from page 66)

you!" A shade hat flopped about her face, which was uncommonly flushed, and her smile was a bit wan. "Don't try to tell me that New York is any hotter than this! We've been perishing for a week! And the mosquitoes—" She sighed.

He looked at her steadily. Then, "Oh, do you call this hot?" he asked, carelessly. He drew in another long breath of the warm, salty air. Clean and dustless, with no mixture of bad gasoline and garbage and steaming asphalt!

"Hot! I've never seen such weather!" She surveyed him with the hostile gaze of the sufferer toward one who suffers not—the loathing of the victim of sea-sickness toward the good sailor. "Come on up and see us," she invited, and went on.

"Thanks." He continued his way down the street, eyes on the bay. Funny... he'd thought Norma so much prettier than that! Thought of her as quite a different person! He shrugged and dismissed her from his mind. He'd leave his things at the hotel and go down to the shore for a swim before lunch. Swim and lie on the sand, luxuriously.

The beach was almost deserted, when he reached it, the tide, he noted, only half full. But he didn't care. Just to paddle a bit in shallow water, to lie on his back in this freshness, was enough. A hydroplane, humming like a lazy bee, was coming up the harbor; eyes watching its graceful progress, he did not see the parasol on the sand until he bumped into it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" It was a blue parasol that he addressed, clear blue like the sky and the bay, with white gulls circling its surface. From behind it, a girl's head emerged and a pair of cool gray eyes looked amusedly into his.

"I wondered if you'd come down here!" she said. "I hoped you would!"

"Ann!" He stared, unbelievably. He hadn't remembered that she was so pretty! As though one could forget a thing like that in four days! He dropped to the sand beside her, eyes clinging to her face.

She held out her hand, and it was cool and firm—so cool that he didn't drop it, but continued, shamelessly, to hold it in his.

"Isn't it divine here?" she asked him. "Can you believe that it's hot, anywhere?"

Her cheeks were pink, but they were coolly pink, like roses in the morning. And her eyes—Neal had never seen her eyes so wide open, so fresh, or so deep.

"I'm so rested! I've had three of the most heavenly days! And the evenings—Neal, there's such a moon! The beach is

all silver and the water's all prickly with little lights!" She was smiling at him, lips parted, eyes sparkling. Vivacious... he'd never thought of Ann as that!

"Sounds most romantic," he said. "I suppose you have a swain to enjoy it with you?"

She laughed and dug her bare toes into the sand. "Isn't life like that? I haven't!" Her head was a little back, and her eyes continued to look into his. "It's so cool, Neal! I mean—" She looked down, and he realized that he was still holding her hand. He flushed and released it. "No! I mean—it isn't inhuman to hold a girl's hand in weather like this!"

"Ann—" His voice faltered. He didn't know this Ann, didn't understand her. They were friends, friends! He must remember that! He mustn't frighten her again, lose her now that he had found her! He looked at her beseechingly.

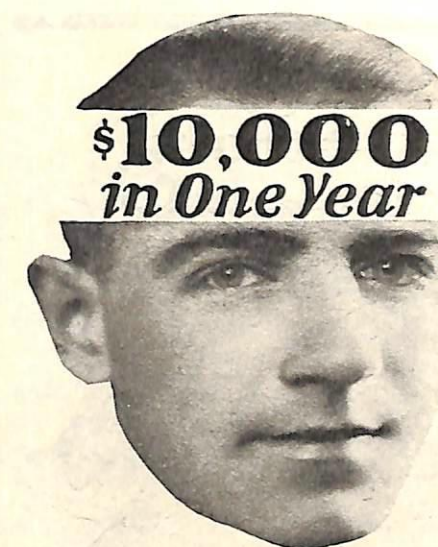
"You look just the tiniest bit—warmish!" she told him. "Trains are so stuffy. Why don't you run down and duck in that gorgeous water—I stayed in so long that my fingers got all puckered!—and then come back and talk?"

SHE watched him, smiling, as he splashed about, as he emerged and ran up the beach toward her. A breeze came rippling from the Truro hills, and it struck against his skin, cool and tingling. It seemed to enter his head, scattering those half-formed fears and apprehensions which had lodged there. Peggy, Dorothy, Susanna, Norma Day... this was Ann, who was waiting for him.

"Gosh, that was great!" He sank down beside her, leaned forward and placed a cold, wet hand on the back of her neck, where the sun had been beating. She looked up at him expectantly. "Friends, my eye!" said Neal Collier, explosively. "I mean—" He put his dripping arm about her shoulders, and kissed her, with cool, salty lips. "I mean I'm crazy about you, Ann! Do you love me?"

She was still smiling... and somehow he hadn't been afraid that she wouldn't be. She leaned toward him and returned his kiss, with an enthusiasm which amazed an old fisherman, mending his nets, just a few yards down the beach.

"Of course I do!" she said. And whatever else might follow, both Neal Collier and Ann Poole knew then that their beautiful—pure and unadulterated—friendship was no more. Like an exotic, tropical flower, it had withered in a temperature of less than seventy degrees.



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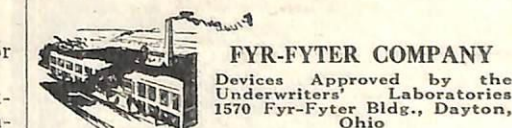
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HOW DO THEY DO IT? (Continued from page 17)

With several other young mechanics, he talked over the proposition of making a fifty-cent watch. Just talk. Fool talk. Any group of youngsters in school or workshop or store discuss propositions as feasible that never come to anything.

His father took sick and he went back to the farm and took charge. Marriage. Forty acres and a house of his own. More farming. Occasional fiddling about with the construction of a gas engine. Others were working with the same contraption. He was just a farmer with a fad.

The fad grew to a passion in him and he gave up the comfortable farm home and moved back to Detroit to go to work in

a shop again and have better facilities for fooling with the gas engine.

On the face of it, it was the act of a nitwit. A million other men with a like inclination might have done the same thing and worked through to a poverty stricken old age and a twilight of regret for having been silly enough to give up a comfortable home to follow a fad.

Lean years there in Detroit living in a little house, working for the Edison Company at a power station and growing more and more rabid in his addiction to the after hour folly of fashioning a toy horseless carriage.

The picture of [Continued on page 71]

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

EASY to buy and hard to sell. That is what is the matter with a good many of the stocks and bonds which are stuffing the safety deposit boxes of America. Like the Athenians, the people of America are always attracted to something new.

It does not follow by any means that because an investment security is new, it is not valuable. A stock may be hard to sell and still be a sound, profitable investment. It merely means in general that when a security is hard to sell it is either too bad or too good to have a general appeal. It sounds almost impossible to say that an investment suffers a certain disadvantage by being too good but it is a fact none the less.

Some bank stocks, for example, are nominally quoted at three, five or ten times par. They are the most conservative, sound and profitable of investments. In consequence, those who own them seldom change into other investments and such shares are sold only once in a blue moon. But if a holder does want to sell, that very value and inactivity makes it extremely hard for him to do so. There is so little of the stock in circulation that sometimes an order to sell or to buy may result in a fluctuation of 10 to 50 points in the price.

Made to Sell

Some stocks, on the other hand, were "made to sell not to buy." They are the kind the high pressure salesmen bring around to you urgently recommending that you purchase at once for the stock is subject to advance in price without notice. Incidentally, the prices at which such stocks are sold first are purely fictitious so far as actual investment demand is concerned. They are fixed by the promoters.

After you have bought such stock, the only interest the promoters have in many cases is to keep you from selling it again until they have sold all they have to dispose of. A stock of this type may have a valuable property back of it. It may pan out profitably but until its future is assured and a general demand is created, it will be hard to dispose of.

A man may have to raise money for an expensive operation, he may lose his job, his business may suffer from unforeseen conditions, he may be incapacitated in a score of ways. Then he needs and wants his money in cash where he can use it. If he has liquid investments, he can get it at a moment's notice.

Stock Markets Help Quick Sales

No one should buy a stock or a bond until he is sure he can sell it again at need. That is where the stock exchanges of the country come in. They bring the buyers and sellers together and provide a gauge of value for the securities listed. Usually it is

a pretty accurate gauge. There is, and always will be, some manipulation but no pool, no matter how powerful, ever succeeded in advancing the price of an unworthy investment to fictitious levels and keeping it there indefinitely.

Merely because a certain security was a good investment once does not mean that it will remain so. Conditions may arise which will change it entirely. For example the advent of the soft and semi-soft collars has cut the profits of a number of manufacturers of the stiff type whose stocks once were splendid investments. An investor may make the mistake of failing to change as well as of changing too often.

It is frequently necessary to distinguish between a temporary trend and a permanent condition. To take advantage of the one means profits, but to mistake the one for the other means almost certain loss. The British coal strike of last winter will illustrate this. For a time while the British mines were closed there was a terrific demand for American coal. This resulted in the reopening of many American mines and the advance in the prices of bituminous coal company stocks.

When the strike was settled, demand from abroad dropped off, stock prices fell, the United Mine Workers quit work April 1 and hundreds of mines paid out thousands of dollars for maintenance and did not bring in a cent. The holder of coal stocks who sold during this temporary spurt acted wisely and reaped a reward.

When To Lay 'em Down

It is a sterling principle that the successful speculator is the one who knows "when to lay 'em down." It is equally true that one must know when to "pick 'em up." Knowledge of those two things can only come through thorough information of the affairs, properties and prospects of the companies whose stocks and bonds are involved.

When all is said and done, it is the actual value of the properties and the efficiency and honesty of their managements reflected by public demand for the securities that determine the market price of stocks and bonds in the long run. These may be affected temporarily by other factors, but such influences cannot be maintained.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

HOW DO THEY DO IT? [Continued from page 69]

him through those years is a queer one. He was a nut. A crank, a wastrel. A queer possessed boob gone mildly mad over tinkering with a toy.

He worked nights in a shed by his house. One rainy morning about three o'clock he decided to knock off and go down the street a little way to an all-night lunch wagon for a cup of coffee. The thing he was working on was theoretically ready to run. He decided on the spur of the moment to drive it to the lunch wagon, opened the doors, climbed on the little toy and drove wabbling out into the rainy night and down the deserted street to the lunch wagon. It was the first journey of the first Ford.

The proprietor came to the door and exclaimed over the feat. Later he staked Ford to a period of leisure to perfect the contraption and try to get it on the market.

Ford worked eight more years after that first night trip in the rain before he really got started but that effort was the reasonable labor of a man with a possibly marketable article. His real genius came to life in him with the problem of manufacturing and marketing his car. The Ford of now was born when he refused to turn his invention over to moneyed men to make expensively and market to the wealthy. He wanted to make and sell something that every one could buy and run and he did. Since then Ford has been the Ford of big things and a motivating central idea. Before that he was just a fool with a fad. The fad worked out so Ford is Ford.

Is his early history any argument for a farm boy with a good home and heritage and a penchant for mechanics to leave home and take a spot in a city shop? It is not! Try to follow Ford and you will probably make a fool of yourself. On the other hand if you are rated a fool remember Ford and take heart. He was on the down slope of life's grade before any one suspected that he was more than a harmless nut.

His method can be analyzed. It is the method of the artist. He does for the doing. His success, however, is as much a mystery as the genius of Bernhardt and as impossible to emulate by rule.

No prophet or philosopher can say that if a certain person will do thus and so success will follow, and likewise no seer or

sage can say that if a certain one does thus and so failure will inevitably ensue.

I have known a goodly number of successful men in the past eighteen years. I have watched some of them come from nothing to importance and been witness to the successive steps of their ascension. Their natures are as varied as the characters of the many failures and mediocrities of my acquaintance. There is no one answer to them as to personal habits, early training, time of arrival or method of work.

Two qualities however of all the successful people I have ever known, have stood out conspicuously: Courage and energy. I have known highly successful men who were heavy drinkers, rakes, gluttons, incessant smokers, time-wasters. I have yet to meet a successful person who lacks either courage or energy. Apparently those two qualities and those two alone are the common character possessions of all who make the grade.

If you have courage and energy—and one other little thing—you are probably slated to be a success.

That one other little thing? Don't you wish you knew! Don't I wish I knew!

I don't know what it is but I do know that my ignorance is shared by every other person in this world.

The undeterminable soul of success is just that. An undeterminable soul. It is as definite as a knuckled fist and as elusive as the riddle of creation.

William Jennings Bryan had it. He was a success in spite of the fact that he never succeeded at anything. John J. Pershing has it. Pancho Villa had it. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Rockefeller, Babe Ruth, Schwab, Ford, Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen. Whatever it is all those named have it conspicuously.

Have you got it?

Until you've proved its possession you can't claim it and no one can absolutely identify it in you. Until you are dead you can't be sure you lack it and not all the apostles of rule or conduct measurement can prove to you that you lack it.

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THE PRISONER [Continued from page 13]

said, and a dim figure rose from a chair farther away. Just enough light fell on him to render his features discernible. Of course it was my "watchman" from across the Lane. Occasion it was to be, indeed. She'd called in Duane, the bitterest hater of all.

"I thought," Miss Downing explained to Jimmie, "you'd like to have him with you." Miss Downing motioned us to chairs, even smiled as Natalie seated herself on the very edge of hers, to be poised for flight at the lightest alarm. For an instant the woman's eyes rested in envy on the beautiful creature. "If only I were you!" said the glance. Then Miss Downing found words.

"My dear," she said to Natalie, "will you be good enough to listen to me? And believe me?" The voice itself was winning enough, but to this Miss Downing added the quiet authority of one entitled, by suffering unspeakable, to be heard without question. It had us all in a spell. "Be good to that boy beside you," she pleaded gently. "There isn't the shadow of a cloud on his name. There never has been. Take

that from one who knows. I'm going to tell these others more, but you—I beg you to take that boy on faith! He deserves it. Yes"—Miss Downing smiled—"he deserves even you, my dear. And nothing matters, you'll find, nothing, nothing in the world matters, but taking people on faith!"

Before she should slip again, Miss Downing turned to Jimmie. To the girl she'd spoken in the counsel of an elder. Toward the boy she became curiously shy. "You've never supposed it," she said, "but I've always known you. Known you from your very first days. Known when you were good, and when you were naughty. When you were well, and twice when they thought you'd die. I was there in the crowd, in front of the house when it burned, and saw you go in there, to find this lovely, lovely thing. Well done, my lad. Well done. It was like you." For a moment Miss Downing admired him. "This once, at least, I wanted you here, to see you face to face."

The rest was to Natalie again. The gust of it startled us. [Continued on page 72]



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THE PRISONER [Continued from page 71]

"How could you think of letting him go! Take him! Cling to him! It's the only thing there is! What do the little blemishes matter!—where there are any. Take him! Never let go! Either of you! Never, never! Now go. And be good."

Without a word, and without demur from the girl, the abashed young fellow took the wondering Natalie by the hand and led her away. Miss Downing watched them with a smile I shall long remember. We heard the front door close behind them, and their feet on the gravel outside.

In the room, Duane created the only sound. It was difficult to see him, but not to hear his breathing. Miss Downing shifted her chair to face in his direction, and of a sudden lifted her palms into the light and regarded them curiously. We knew it was coming.

"They say these hands are dreadful, James. Well—they dropped—it's true."

Like myself, Miss Smink started up. To make sure we heard aright, Miss Downing repeated it. "They were right, James. You above all. Who had a better right than you to be bitter! Who wouldn't have turned away!" Again the patient laughter. "And who was I to defend myself! I wanted to die. And they condemned me to live! That was the cruelty."

After a moment Miss Downing forced herself on.

"Oh, I was proud, at first. The awful remembrance here—the thing itself in this house—was nothing. I refused to believe it had happened. For days at a time—for years—I could make myself believe it was all a hideous dream. I could make myself think I was right on the edge of waking up from it all. Especially in the Spring-time, when the lindens bloom, and the first birds come. I'd say to myself, 'The rest of the world is so much the same, so right, so lovely, so real—this other must be a dream.' It simply didn't fit in with the rest of the world. 'Tonight,' I'd say, 'the moon will rise. It never fails me.' You used to come here as certainly as that, James. Do you ever remember? I'd say to myself, 'If that moon can rise, then it's just as possible that James may come.' Even when you—postponed it—so long—I'd tell myself that that, too, was only a dream. Each night I'd say, 'Well, then, tomorrow is the night when he'll come.' It helped me along, from one night to another. Then I'd go to bed. And fight off sleep. And dreaming real dreams. And wondering why I'd been singled out to endure this—this curious thing."

Miss Downing laid back her head and the even voice went on, expressionless now, as if what it said was incredible in any case, and belief or disbelief alike mattered nothing.

"It was that way for years. I'd watch the people on the streets, walking to work, or coming home. It seemed so strange that others could be so happy, so safe. They never knew that round any corner—round any corner—they might step into just such things as I did. Once even I escaped them. Never would have thought they could happen, if Father—"

The word was bound to have dropped, yet it hit us like a shot. I turned away from the rest of it. But having ventured, Miss Downing hurried on, before she should fail.

"Then I saw what I'd done. And why you all treated me so. You loved my Father. For the good he did. You wanted nothing to tarnish his memory. When that came home to me, I tried to help. I let you heap anything on me. It was my contribution to his memory. Never have I breathed a word of what did happen. Never would I have hinted this much, ex-

cept to save that splendid boy. And bring that foolish girl to her senses. But tell him, James!" Miss Downing sat up and sent this at Duane. "So there can be no more hideous mistakes! The shortage at the bank—you've known all along it never was yours. The trouble was, we never could get any one to believe that, could we? Who it was that used your name to get the money you've never known. You never will." The woman's fingers flew to her lips. But still she forced herself on.

"No matter who it was, the blame was mine, James! That I could see—too late! I forced him—the man that did it. Oh, he was big, but he went so fast. In time, when he'd caught up with his plans, he might have made everything right. I ought to have given him the chance. But he took such risks! 'Borrowed' from the bank. And used you, James, in case it was found before he'd made good. I'd found it out. I said I'd be no daughter to such a man. I said he must stop. Oh—Miss Downing started, and whispered—"I—I've told! Well—"

The rest, which cost her every effort of resolve, came forth in a gust.

"For days he followed me about with his pleading. Begging me not to tell and disgrace him. Begging me to wait for his plans to work out. He knew they would. He said it was common. Often big men raised money that way. He said I was all for the barren truth, when an innocent device would be so fruitful. Sometimes I think he was right. Good works are so rare. I thought it was important, how they were done. So I waited. And waited. Till I learned something else. He'd dropped all the 'plans.' He'd got all the money together he could. He was running away. With a silly woman. And fixing the shortage on you, James. So I took my stand. It maddened Father. He threatened my life if I told. He actually got his pistol. He chased me. I could hardly believe it. My Father! But I asked him how he'd explain the 'shortage' of me. It finished him. He'd gone too far to turn back. And there at the top of the stairs, before my eyes—"

This had pulled Duane to his feet and into the light before Miss Downing. At last he was there, as she'd hoped, after twenty-one years.

"He did it himself, James! And with his dying breath accused me. Accused you too. And they believed him. The dead they could believe, but not the living. And our punishment began. If only I could have borne it for us both. Because you never deserved it. I did. Anything, anything would have been better than what I drove my Father to do. It's what they all think. It's why they've punished. They're right. I deserved it all. But no—no—"

We all had been brought to our feet, by an ominous noise outside, a gathering, near-murmur and hum. I thought I'd heard it a moment before. I was not mistaken. What it all was we knew, except Miss Downing, now crumpled in her chair. "No, it was monstrous, monstrous!" she was saying. "When a little love—a little charity—might have helped me forget! Never to have any one near me! Not a living thing! Even to hate me! But some one near, if only to hear their breathing. I deserved a great deal. But not the loneliness. Not the lo—"

Two sounds, near enough, cut her short. One was a stone through the window. Duane made the other—part word, part roar. It seemed all the mingled hatred and gall in Duane, in him these twenty-one years, and now suddenly proved to him baseless and vile, had invented a noise fitted to express its shame. They stared their surprise at each other, Miss Downing and he. One had been hit [Continued on page 74]



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THE "JUST-SO" OF PREPARING GELATIN DISHES

[Continued from page 67]

dessert than fresh fruits combined with gelatin to give form and sparkling clarity. Use the tart fruits for the juices—lemon, cherry, lime, grapejuice—and select the milder fruits such as peaches, bananas, etc., to lay in the fruit jelly mosaic. Fruit gelatins should be quite sweet when tested hot, as they will taste less so when cold; do not add heated fruit juices or they will lose color and flavor—heat the sugar and water and add the cold fruit juice. It is most easy to make a gelatin whip by beating the partially cold jelly with a Dover eggbeater until it becomes creamy and solid. A richer "sponge" results when to the above we add stiffly whipped cream and thus give the most fluffy textures which are perfection when served with chilled berries or ripe melon cut in cubes.

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AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 39]

deep water and to quickly resent any one imposing on him because he was unfortunate. I wonder if much of our sympathy for crippled children in the Shrine is not due to the fact that most of us knew a Crip Huland when we were kids.

There we were at a big ceremonial, several thousand of us, boys again. There we were heeding The Sign of the Shrine. There we were learning lessons of life while we played joyously. There again we were teaching the big boys from the outside world that their money and their influence did not amount to anything in reality. There again we were teaching a pugnacious boy that if he fought back he got the worst of it.

But, biggest and best lesson of it all, we were teaching each other that the underprivileged kid must be given a chance in the world. We were reminding ourselves that there are still little Crip Hulands in the world that someone has to look out for and that our Hospitals for Crippled Children are the biggest and best things in the Shrine.

I looked around the room and every man was alert with expectation of the fun to come a little later. Every man wore that same look that was on the faces of the boys back home in the little schoolhouse after The Sign had been flashed around the room.

Allah bless them, they were getting ready to tie knots in the spiritual cotton shirts of the candidates. Allah be merciful to them, for they are a bunch of small boys again and are going through a modified form of the first kid in the swimming hole and the last one out!

Yes, men learn when they laugh for we see but little when our eyes are full of tears. The generous impulses come from the man with the broad grin on his mug, not from the sanctimonious, sad-eyed fellow with the corners of his mouth drawn down. Truly are we the playground of Masons and in our Ceremonials we have turned back the hands of Time's clock till we are at boyhood again. The cheerful laughter, the ready smile, the play and the kindness of childhood are all reproduced in a meeting of the Shrine.

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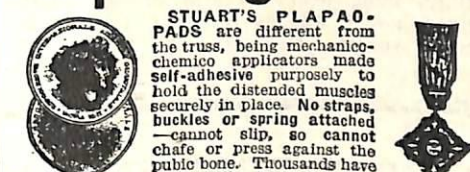
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THE PRISONER [Continued from page 72]

by a stone, the other by the truth. "Oh, I—" But another stone put end to Duane's struggle for speech.

This second was better aimed. To a splintering of glass and a roar from outside Miss Downing slipped back in her chair. From a muddy splash at her temple a thin red trickle ran down. A moment later the snarling mob was straining at the old front door. With ripping and clatter it gave. Miss Smink, like a mouse, had scuttled to a corner. Before Duane or I could move, they'd bulged through the drawing-room door, through every door. They filled the hall, the house, two hundred or more, a few women among them, milling, yelling, and breaking things. They thought it a lark. Not all were hoodlums. The better sort in Deep Haven were there, "to stop any mischief."

Miss Downing was having her wish. Many beings, living enough, and if only to hate, were near—very near. They panted still, from hysteria and haste. Wanting a sight of Miss Downing, they got it. Yet a look, it seemed, was enough. A few in the rear had only to peer over those in front, at the limp, white figure in the chair, with the streak on her face. Then the uproar died. The hush was complete.

The trouble was that the woman they came to confront, confronted them. But they principally faced a towering, black-haired man, with coals for eyes, who quivered, choked for his breath, and shook a chair as if to fling it.

Filled with too much for words, Duane could but look what he felt. And by the looks on the crowd, they got all he meant. They got even more from his guardian stand above Miss Downing. Following their glances, Duane himself looked down and saw for the first the pallor and the mark on her face. It felled him. He thought she was dead.

"Crucified!" he shouted, as he stood beside her. "Crucified! The whitest soul that God ever made!" A white hand, certainly, hung over the arm of the chair. Duane put it to his forehead, said to it foolish things. Perhaps, after twenty-one

years, he was to be forgiven the extravagance.

Yet even a hoodlum could read such a sign, and at once the crowd was uneasy to be away. Perhaps it had thoughts of the coroner. Duane may have had the same thought. At this stir of the crowd, to escape, he turned on them. It stiffened his spine and limbered his tongue. He fairly hurled his words, like missiles, blistering hot.

"Carrión! . . . Filth!" he began the terrible broadside. "You-u who'd soil the very bottom of a sewer, what are you doing this close to a saint!"

The crowd was only too ready to act on the hint.

Duane nailed them to the spot. "Till I heave you out of here, don't you stir!" His own shoulders heaved in the effort of expression. Between every two or three bellowed words he had to draw breath. "For the first time in your lying lives you're going to get acquainted with the truth—when I tell you what you are! Oh, I'm the lowest and the worst of you! I dare call you what I please!"

The physician I summoned for Miss Downing did her no more good than that blast from Duane did me. Between fear of the coroner, and lust for a new sensation, he had that crowd in a vise. I saw good citizens among them thinking to stand the lash by looking over the room, perhaps usefully sizing it up as real estate, and yet waiting for Duane to blurt what he might of the interesting pass between himself and Miss Downing.

Duane was sparing of all but his views of themselves. I shake even yet when I think of that benediction. So, no doubt, does Miss Smink, but with other emotions. I could guess the ones that shook her when I gave her my arm that night. We left the house with two voices in our ears, a man's and a woman's, greatly excited and talking at once.

"No, no; it isn't too late. No, no; it wasn't your fault"—and—"Oh yes, I deserved it. But not the loneliness, James. No, no; not the loneliness."

A VERY PERFECT GENTLE KNIGHT

[Continued from page 38]

"Hello!" she said. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

She came to meet him, waiting to be kissed. Oh, yes—that was the way it had come to be with them, when he came and when he went.

"Sally!" he groaned. "I—I can't kiss you—I'm engaged!"

"Engaged?" she said. "Bill, what do you mean? How do you get that way?"

"I—Bernice—" Gradually he explained.

"I never heard anything so ridiculous!" said Sally. "Engaged, indeed! Stuff and nonsense! Bill Blount—do you love me?"

"Of course I do!" he said. "You—you knocked me for a loop the first time I ever really saw you! I've always loved you!"

"Ah!" she said. "That—that's better. I don't care who you're engaged to, then—you're going to marry me, and the sooner the better, if you ask me! Bill—kiss me, at once!"

He did. But then he groaned, again.

"But—Sally—Bernice—I mean—she thinks—I tried to explain—but—"

"It's all right, lamb, I understand," said Sally. "What could you do, poor darling?"

"Gosh—Sally—I thought—I didn't think you'd ever speak to me again! Oh, Sally,

—you're the most marvelous thing that ever happened—"

"I love it," said Sally. "You keep right on thinking so, Bill, no matter what you find out! I—I sort of like you, too, you know."

"That's what beats me," said Bill. "When I've been such a gosh-awful fool!"

"Stop calling yourself names! That isn't going to get us anywhere."

"Well—I mean—if I'd been anything but a worm I'd have told her right away—about you, I mean—"

"Oh, stuff!" said Sally. "How could you, after the way you've been pulling this deathless devotion line all this time? Be yourself, Bill! Let's think this out. Who was she engaged to before she picked on you?"

"Phil Barrow—you know him, don't you?"

"Yes—of course. Nice—rather a stick, but nice. Um-mm. Is he in love with her, Bill?"

"Cuckoo about her—always has been. Never looked at anyone else."

"What do you suppose happened, then?"

"Gosh, I don't know!"

"That's what you've got to find out. If I knew that I might know what to do. You

go find him, Bill. Now. Tonight."

"Good Lord—what good would that do?"

"I don't know. That's my hunch, though. You go find him, and then let nature take its course."

"I don't see what good it'll do, Sally. I mean—you don't know Bernice and Phil—"

"No? Had you happened to notice that I'm a female woman, lamb? You try, won't you?"

"All right," said Bill. "I'll go look for him."

"Do. And come back when you're through—I don't care if it's five o'clock in the morning."

So he went off. He drove around to the Barrow house first, but Phil wasn't there. They suggested that he might be at Bernice's.

A process of elimination took him, finally, to the club. And there, in the bachelor quarters, he ran him to earth.

"Take him—God knows we don't want him!" said Jim Hazlitt.

These were harsh words, but not, on the whole, unfair. Barrow was one of those men who never drink, and the effect of liquor upon him was a fine argument for the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He appeared, when Bill came in, to be in a coma. Bill said as much.

"You wait!" said Hazlitt. "He'll snap out of that in a minute and begin talking. He's got it in for you, by the way. Bernice has given him the air, and he blames you. How about it, Bill?"

"Lo! There he ish!" said Barrow, raising his head. He pointed a wavering finger at Bill. "Snake in the grass!" he said.

"Take him away, for the love of Mike!" said Hazlitt. "We're trying to play bridge."

"Two yearsh!" said Barrow. "You see that man?" Again he pointed at Bill. "For two yearsh he's been sh-shaping his dirty way to—to—undermine me! And now he's shushed!"

"All right, all right," said Bill. "Come along and we'll talk it over."

Barrow stood up. "Eighteenth green," he said. "Man to man. May the besht man win."

"Fine," said Bill. "Let's have a shower first, shall we?"

Barrow stood up, concentrating his mind upon this. Then he shook his head.

"Paper said fair'n cooler t'night," he said. "Possibly thunder showers tomorrow—not t'night."

Bill linked his arm with Barrow's and took him to the locker room. In due time two forms emerged, dripping, but the cold water had been refreshing, at that, and the force of example had been necessary.

"My head aches," said Barrow. He groaned. "Oh, Lord!"

"You'll be all right," said Bill. "You come along with me. They've got what you need at Platt's, down by the station. Platt's drug store. You know."

"Sell poison there, don't they?" said Barrow, daskly.

"Yes, you cluck—not to you, though! Listen—what goes on? What's the big idea, Phil?"

"Ha!" said Barrow. "You ought to know! Been sitting around with your tongue hanging out waiting for something like this, haven't you?"

"I don't know a darned thing," Bill said, patiently, "except that Bernice phoned me tonight, and when I went around she told me all was over between you, or words to that effect."

"Well?" said Barrow. "What more do you want? That's enough, isn't it? Say—where can I buy some decent Scotch?"

"I wouldn't tell you if I knew," said Bill. "Come on, now—what's the dirt? Spill it, will you?"

Barrow stared at him defiantly.

"Well, I lied to her, if you want to know!" he said. "Last night—well, it was the night for that outdoor performance at Marston's, and I told her I had to stay at the office and work, so I couldn't go. And what I really did was to go to a show with a gang I used to know in the army, and some half wit saw me at the theater and told her. Now you know!"

"I see," said Bill. "Gosh, that doesn't sound so bad to me!"

"Well, that just sort of started things," said Barrow. "I mean, it was bad enough, my having lied. But one thing led to another, and it sort of came out that I was a bit fed up on all this little theater stuff, and that I liked to see a good musical show once in a while. Hang it, a man's got a right to call his soul his own, hasn't he?"

Mr. Barrow, you see, was soberer, much soberer, than he had been, but not yet had all his inhibitions resumed business at the old stands. "Why shouldn't she meet me half way?"

"Echo answers why!" said Bill. "Phil, you come along with me."

"Where?" asked Barrow, suspiciously. "How about getting hold of some Scotch?"

"Not tonight," said Bill, firmly. He led the way to his car.

At Platt's the fountain clerk nodded; a minute later Barrow, too far gone, now, for protest, drank the fizzing contents of a tall glass, and felt miraculously better. He climbed back into Bill's car, then; only when Bill stopped in front of Bernice's house did he show a disposition to rebel. But Bill outweighed him by a good thirty pounds; resistance was futile.

Bernice, they were told, had retired. But, in due time, she appeared. She shrank away as she saw Barrow; on Bill, though, she turned melting eyes.

"They said you wanted to see me, Evan," she said.

"That's right," he said. "I—uh—look here, Bernice, I want to get this straight. Did you give Phil the air on account of this boner he pulled last night when he ran out on your dog fight over at the Marston's?"

"Please, Evan," she said, wincing. "Will you not try to use a couter English? I—yes, I broke my engagement because this man lied to me, first, and because I came to see that I had been mistaken in thinking we were kindred spirits."

"This man!" said Barrow. "Bernice—!"

"Bernice, you're full of prunes!" said Bill. "I mean—wait—you let me say this my own way. You can translate, all right. Do you think I'd ever stand for being led around to all these freak shows you go in for? Not a chance in the world! Once in a while—yes. The way you go to a Chop Suey joint. But for a steady diet—excuse me!"

"Dear Evan!" she said. "Am I wrong, I wonder, to try to alter the racy flavor of your speech? I am not afraid. You will come to understand the subtler appeal of the higher forms of art. Virgin soil is fertile. But once the weeds of deceit have formed lodgment—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Bernice!" said Barrow. "Give me a chance! Good Lord, I know I oughtn't to have lied to you! But you—I don't know—you had me scared, Bernice."

"I!" she said. "But, if that were all—"

"Forget all that, Bernice," said Bill. "I mean—gosh, old Phil's got twice the stuff I've got when it comes to the rest of your line. He can stand a lot more punishment than I ever could in these little theaters and things. You see—uh—I got to thinking, after I left you tonight. I got to worrying about him. And I went out to find him. Do you know where he was?"

"Really!" she said. [Continued on page 76]



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A VERY PERFECT GENTLE KNIGHT

[Continued from page 75]

"No, Evan, I do not. Nor am I interested." She lied in her teeth, of course, but it was safe enough. She knew she was going to hear.

"You tell her!" said Bill. "I will!" said Barrow. "I was at the club, Bernice. I went there to forget it all in drink! I was drunk!" She shuddered.

"Don't you believe him, Bernice," said Bill. "He's boasting. I'll admit he did his best, but he wasn't even boiled. Just partly stewed, that was all—like rhubarb, you know, when they take it up too soon. But that's what I mean. Do you want to have it on your conscience that you've driven a man like Phil to drink? I don't, I can tell you!"

She looked at them both. And her expression, as she regarded Barrow, was gentler. "No," said Bill. "I won't let you, Bernice! It's Phil you love—not me. Do you think I'm going to let you do something you'll spend your whole life regretting just because you've got the wind up? Not on your life!"

"Bill," said Barrow, deeply moved, "you're a real pal! Oh, Bernice!"

"But—" she said, and there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, Evan—how can I—now—after raising your hopes—?"

"That's all right!" he said. "Don't you mind me. You do the right thing, Bernice. Be good, you know, and let who will be pretty—no—well, you know what I mean." She smiled, wanly.

"Then—" she said. "Oh, Evan—my veray parfit gentil knight! Philip—we will never forget, will we, how he has brought us together again?"

"Never!" said Barrow. "Never, as long as we live!"

"That's great," said Bill. "All right. I'll be rolling along, now. Good night, you two."

"Good night!" said Bernice. She held out her hand, and he kissed it, gayly, cheerfully. He liked kissing it. He liked everything and everyone.

It took him exactly four minutes to cover the two and a half miles between Bernice's house and Sally's.

THE EVER-CHANGING, NEVER-CHANGING, CIRCUS

[Continued from page 29]

rails now spend huge sums for transportation. Circusmen. They spend their lives and sometimes hard-earned fortunes in guessing at trade and crop conditions or fighting wind, weather and rival shows. The show "first in" to any normally good circus town gets "first money" which is usually the best. If that rule always held good many a showman would have his fortune firmly laid away in some sound bank. But last season three shows tried their luck in Florida. The Sparks circus was "in between." It followed one show through that state and was followed by another one. Yet Sparks got the most money of the three, possibly because his name or "title" was best known in that particular territory. Circus owners sit up many a night and general agents, who are equally responsible for routing the show, die young trying to solve this annual puzzle of finding where the money is.

If the owner of a big shoe factory were to try to erect his plant each morning, manufacture and sell his product for cash to the local market that day, tear down his factory that night and move it a hundred miles—and repeat that process on each of a hundred and fifty consecutive days he would get a fair idea of what the circus owner wrestles with.

He must be adventurous who would be a circusman. Temperamentally most circus owners are landlocked buccaners. Sometimes they hunt trouble greedily. The owner of Howe's London show once jumped his stock in trade from Lancaster, Mo., to Phoenix, Ariz., to fight the Al G. Barnes show in its own Pacific Coast territory. The aggressor lost \$150,000 in that campaign. But, to illustrate how the cards turn up in the circus game, the winner, after a few months of security, had to jump his show from southern California to Galesburg, Ill., to escape the foot and mouth quarantine. And yet, save for the railroad show's increased mobility, its problem is much the same as that of my father when he piloted a small "mud show." In each case the showman has to find where the circus money is awaiting him or he "goes bust."

But with all these additions of motor

trucks, electric lights, mechanical stake drivers, water wagons and other equipment which increase efficiency the circus remains essentially unchanged, that is, unchanged in spirit and appeal.

The fire eater, snake charmer, glass blower, Circassian beauty, human skeleton and fat girl flourish annually in the sideshow.

In the menagerie the elephants, camels, monkeys, lions, tigers 'n everything are on exhibition as in the good old days. Giraffes, which modern showmen make much ado about, were traveling with our tented shows in the early seventies. As for the hippos, among our oldest circus bills is one picturing "the blood sweating behemoth of holy writ." A sacred white elephant bobs up spasmodically but if he is the genuine article he doesn't cause the ticket wagon to be mobbed. He is only pink or mottled around the ears and eyes. Barnum's white elephant which amazed our forebears years ago was a knockout, financially, because the first of our great showmen had the gray beast neatly whitewashed. Barnum possessed originality.

In the department of blare and harmony you will detect some jazz and popular musical comedy numbers. But last season on the Ringling show I heard Merle Evans' band play the same waltz for the flying-return that I played on the Reynolds show in 1893, and nearly all the quadrilles and galops for the riding acts go much farther back than that.

But it is in the big top performance that an old fan realizes how little the ever-changing circus really changes.

There was a period during the heated opposition between the Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling Brothers' aggregations when the boys from Baraboo and the older showmen whom they were overtaking did produce some novelties. Elaborate and expensive spectacles, including ballets and super-grand opera without much song, opened each performance of the rivals. Each of them carried thrillers, too.

But recently the programs have shown a tendency to depend on standard stuff. The spectacle and ballet have been replaced by the ancient [Continued on page 77]

grand entrée. This is called "the spec" by trouper but it is nothing more than the opening number our grandfathers were familiar with. Even before this grand entrée came into vogue, when one ring was all the biggest shows possessed, the program began with a "garland entry" by equestrians and equestriennes. If you attended the Ringling Circus this year or last year you saw this garland entry magnified a hundred times. It is "one of the best of latter day innovations," so the critics of our circuses declared.

The principal riding acts follow lines laid down by great artists who have been in their graves a half century.

Some say this riding is not so good as formerly but certainly it is of the accepted school. The routine of the ground and lofty tumbler was fixed by generations of acrobats long gone to the performers' paradise. Trained animals leap through fire hoops, growl and spit and sometimes bite their trainers as was their wont when the first "Wallace, the untamable lion" made his debut. The aerialists who fly above the tightly stretched net just before the program ends perform in the manner of thirty years ago. And so it goes, down to the Roman standing races which came in with the first big-top and hippodrome track.

I grant you that mighty leapers no longer bound along the runway and leave the springboard to somersault over the camels and elephants, to land feet first if they are lucky on a mattress stuffed with straw. Too many of the performers who "went into the leaps" as per their contracts lost their gymnastic usefulness or mayhap their lives in attempting the difficult and dangerous "triple." So many broken necks were the harvest of this feature that it was abandoned many years ago.

I admit that Al Miaco and his kindred Shakespearean clowns who answered questions from the seats by quotations from the poet have passed from circudom. George Conkling and other singing clowns went to their reward or into pantomime when the three ring show got too big for them. Of all the talking clowns who cracked the merry quip with ringmasters and were cracked by them in turn only Jules Turnour still wears clown white. Jules has been with the Ringlings since they had a little wagon show.

But, although fifty clowns now disport where one held sway, and although they do invent some timely gags, clown-stops and walk-arounds, it is the historic business with the air-stuffed bladder and the detonating slap-stick at which the towners laugh consistently. Gillies still rejoice when some one soaks a clown.

The featured lady gymnast who, with spotlight, special announcement and special music, does a hundred one-armed giant swings while hanging to a loop rope far above the center ring is doing what her mother did and doing it with supreme artistry. The old act is given new dressing, that is all.

This, as I see it, is right and proper. If circuses were anything but circuses we'd have naught to do with them. Who would listen to gray-haired, debonaire Lew Graham if his "Ladie-e-s and gentlemen" did not boom from the center stage in his old accepted style? Who would have this greatest of all circus orators vary a jot or tittle from the message he has given as official big-top announcer during the past quarter century? And would you be as eager to spend a quarter to see the wonders in Sparks' sideshow if George Conners made a different "spiel" from that he used to entice the towners when he made the sideshow openings for Burr Robbins forty years ago? I don't think you would. George got his training when the price of admission to the sideshow hall of fame was "ten cents, one

dime, the tenth part of a dollar." He keeps on tramping instead of staying on his fat farm near Circleville, O., because farming gives him stomach trouble. I know this because he told me so. Cookhouse chuck, open air and much talking in all kinds of weather keep the old timer fit. And he'll confess, in the privacy of the space behind the flapping sideshow banners, the only time he lost professional form while on the road was when he tried new stuff on his prospective customers.

The tie that binds the proletariat and patrician to the tented world is stronger than it used to be. That is because the circus changes but remains the same. No longer is the mailed fist of authority forwarded by special delivery to the jaw of a rough-neck or razorback. No longer does the seat man, struggling with the same type of planks, stringers and jacks his ancestors carried to and from the tents, feel the sting of brass knuckles on his cheek as his department chief chides him for being a bit too slow. The circus business has lost much of its roughness although it has never lost its esprit de corps.

You can trace this increase in trouper gentleness to the disappearance of the grifting crowd. During the seasons when the three card and three shell men vied with the "send joints" and other "stores" to bilk the gillies who came in all honesty to enjoy the head balancers, contortionists and performing bears, the circus struggled valiantly to keep its hold on public esteem. The people loved the circus but so often were the towners trimmed by shows that "carried grit" that the time arrived when all men's hands were against the circusesmen.

P. T. Barnum discovered a cure for that. He was a Sunday school showman from the start. His partner, James A. Bailey, was also "lily white." Even the natural born sucker was sacred to these geniuses. They might fool the people with a faked white elephant, but somewhere beneath the tents they gave much more honest entertainment than the towners paid for. The Ringling Brothers followed suit. They never had any kind of grafting on their lot.

The influence and example of these master showmen have not only cleaned up nearly all the other shows, they have also made the circus welcome where in other years it had been barred out. The business has become legitimate. Responsible, good citizens manage it. Towns and cities now seek instead of side-track circuses. This change of sentiment has found concrete expression in the organization two years ago of The Circus Fans Association, Incorporated, whose avowed purpose is to assist the honest showman.

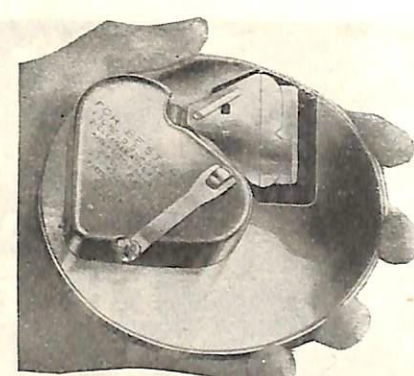
One day last summer I sat in the "reserves" of the smallest circus I had patronized in years. It was a tawdry little show. Its wardrobe and its acts were strictly, reminiscently orthodox. Contortionists, performers on the Roman rings, trapezists, trained dogs, monkeys, ponies, horses and elephants came on, did their stunts and went out again. The performance didn't have a bit of class. It was such as I had seen when I was a small town boy. But on the seats in front of me was a pretty miss with golden hair, a girl of six or thereabouts. She was a spectator as was I, but she was playing an important part, for she was Bliss personified.

"What would you give to feel like that?" my companion asked me with moist eyes.

"You felt like that when you were six, and so did I," I reminded him.

His face grew thoughtful as the merry clowns came out to do their thrice familiar stuff. "You're right," he answered. "That's what brought me here today."

And that is one of many million reasons why the ever-changing circus will never change.



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 66])

Tigris, Syracuse, was instituted on June 15, 1922, since which time they have justified the action of the Imperial Council in granting their charter by their enterprise and progress. The membership is around 2000 and the Temple recently purchased the Onondaga County Orphans' Home property, containing four acres in the heart of the city. The cost was \$60,000 and rooms have been furnished for the Patrol, Band, Field Band and Chanters, as well as a large room for the monthly business meetings. Office and wardrobe rooms have also been installed. The present indebtedness on the property is only \$17,000. It is the ambition of Tigris to some day bring all the Masonic bodies under one roof erected on this site.

1,500 members of Arabia Temple, Houston, Texas, visited El Mina Temple, Galveston. The ladies of the party were entertained at tea by the Galveston ladies at the Country Club, while the Nobles were cavorting about the city. The day's activities ended with a dance at the city Auditorium.

Damascus Temple, Rochester, had a lot of new stunts at their last ceremonial which gave the attending Nobles much pleasure and certainly added to the interest of the affair as far as the candidates were concerned.

Moslem Temple, Detroit, celebrated their Annual Complimentary Vaudeville Show in the New Masonic Temple Auditorium. Like everything else staged by Moslem, it was a big success.

Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, put on a ceremonial at El Dorado and a trip to the oil fields was included in the day's program. No one can say that Al Amin doesn't know its Oil.

Aahmes Temple, Oakland, is taking a prominent part in the program to erect a \$2,500,000 Masonic Temple in that city. The new structure will also be the permanent home of the Shrine.

Mahi, Miami, has thrown down the gauntlet to Gazna Grotto, Veiled Prophets, and baseball as is baseball is on for July and August.

A platoon of police led the big parade staged by Hadi Temple, Evansville during the recent ceremonial. Delegations from Indianapolis, Louisville, Madisonville, and East St. Louis were present at the ceremonies.

El Kalah Temple, Salt Lake City put on its ceremonial at Ogden and they say that the sands were hotter than they have ever been known to get in Egypt. Governor George H. Dern was among the illustrious visitors.

The presence of U. E. Gillen, Potentate of Rameses, Toronto, gave an international character to the recent Ceremonial of Tripoli, Milwaukee. High dignitaries of many other temples were present.

Cyprus, Albany, has voted down a proposal to establish a country club, preferring to wait for completion of the new Masonic temple in that city.

Noble Meyers who has been re-elected Treasurer of Murat, Indianapolis, has held that office continuously since 1884.

The Binghamton Home for Aged Women received the net proceeds of Kalurah's annual charity ball this year, as is the Temple's custom.

Montreal has seen its first Shrine ball, under the auspices of Karnak Temple, with 600 present. It is intended to make it an annual affair.

Midian Temple, Wichita, will stage an open air Mid-summer Ceremonial shortly after their return from the Imperial Council. The prospects are bright for a large class.

Murat, Indianapolis, was \$100,000 better off financially at the end than at the beginning of George M. Spiegel's term as Potentate, it was officially announced.

An exhibition drill by 24 young women, assisted by a color guard of six others, featured the annual ladies' night of Palestine Temple, Providence, R. I.

One hundred and twenty-five petitions were received at one session of Zamora Temple, Birmingham, Ala.

New scenery, new costumes and new jokes featured Al Menah's minstrel revue at Nashville, Tenn.

Blind people of Fort Wayne, Ind., were guests at a special entertainment program in Mizpah club house.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]



This Noble from Nile, Seattle, is a member of Bamboo oasis, and is engaged in fooling spectators with the mule and dummy candidate.

SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU



KNOW OUR NATIONAL PARKS

By Anne C. Granbeck

AMERICA is remarkably rich in national park lands, whose beauty is today, in the age of good roads and motor bus, more accessible and enjoyable than ever before. Nor must we forget that Canada's various new national parks are quite as accessible as our own.

Before mentioning the others, may I speak first of a new national park project, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, in Tennessee-North Carolina. It consists of more than a million acres of the largest virgin forest-land east of the Rockies.

Before we give attention to the numerous western national parks, let us not omit Lafayette National Park on Mount Desert Island, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Two national parks—one American and one Canadian—across each other across the boundary line: Glacier National Park, Montana, and Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, Canada. Glacier National Park is an American Switzerland, with 1,500 square miles containing more than 60 living glaciers, 250 mountain lakes, with the main range of the Rockies, snow-capped.

Just across the border is the new Waterton Lakes National Park, served by the new "Prince of Wales Hotel," of Swiss type architecture, overlooking the nine-mile-long Waterton Lake, Sofa Mountain and Mount Crandall. Buses run to Banff also—an all-day trip.

As to Yellowstone National Park—it is the best known of all our national parks, for it contains more different kinds of attractions than any other—more curious freaks of nature and natural wonders.

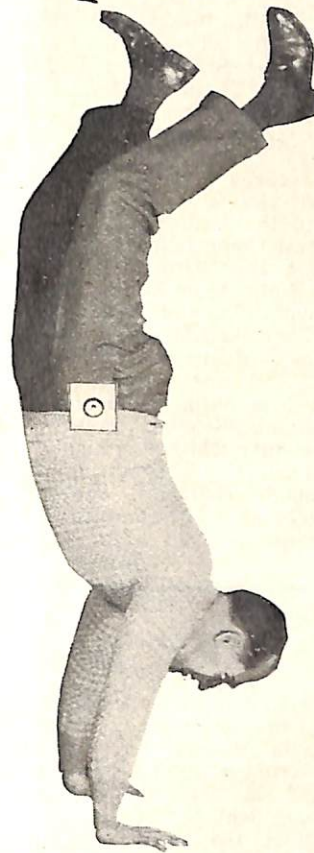
Yosemite National Park is about equally well known, where California and her big trees are at their best. It is open to travel now the year around.

Rainier National Park in Washington, Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado, and Zion National Park in Utah, are others which offer the delights of mountain and lake travel in ever-varying colors and formations; especially Zion National Park with its prismatic amphitheaters and its bright red canyons.

Many other regions and national parks might be mentioned: Crater Lake National Park in Oregon, Lassen Volcano National Park in upper California, Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona, Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado—also, to turn again to the east, the new Shenandoah National Park in Virginia.

Canada has pursued for sixty years a national park development plan, and has in addition to Waterton Lakes, Banff National Park, Kootenay National Park, and Jasper Park. In the east she has Point Pelee Park on Lake Erie, a charming summer resort. The Thousand Islands Park is equally a delight. The great Laurentian region, one vast playground, is something of a park by force of usage; and so are other regions in Canada.

Button Rupture Newest Way [Without Pressure]



SCIENCE now advises discarding cruel steel springs, barbarous leg straps, and other harness that press against the rupture and thus prevent nature from healing it. A new sensible method has been perfected, after thousands of test cases, called Magic Dot—entirely different from any other way. Instead of "pressing" it "seals" rupture, and of course allows users to run, jump, bend and cough in perfect safety.

Breathes Air

With this 1-25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually breathes air, and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you'll frankly admit, that is lacking in your present appliance. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as "an entirely new departure." Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don't buy it yet.

See It First

By a special arrangement you can now have it sent to your home without obligation to wear it. Don't send a penny or order it now. Just mail the coupon for full description of "Magic Dot" and details of this unusual offer. Act now for quick relief. Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it today!

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Please send me free your illustrated book and sample of Airtex. Include also your offer which permits me to see the New Science System without cost or obligation.

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THE LEE SEE CO., Dept. 287 Kewaunee, Wisconsin.

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Make \$100.00 a week and up, selling our fine made-to-measure, all-wool suits, direct to wearer. **Biggest values—positively sell on sight.** Biggest commissions paid in advance. We attend to delivery and collections. 6x9 cloth samples—over 100 styles—furnished **FREE.** Ambitious men write at once.

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THREE FOR \$5.00
\$2.00 each. Plat. Fin. Solid Silver. Looks like \$50 diamond. Scarf pin, button or ladies' pin. Must please or money back. Catalog free. Agents wanted. National Emblem. P. O. Box 524-S, Omaha, Neb.

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercise and dieting. Try this easy way

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Landon & Warner, Dept. A-7, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....



"How I Licked Wretched Old Age at 63"

"I Quit Getting up Nights—Banished Foot and Leg Pains . . . Got Rid of Rheumatic Pains and Constipation . . . Improved Embarrassing Health Faults . . . Found Renewed Vitality."

"At 61, I thought I was through. I blamed old age, but it never occurred to me to actually fight back. I was only half-living, getting up nights . . . embarrassed in my own home . . . constipated . . . constantly tormented by aches and pains. At 62 my condition became almost intolerable. I had about given up hope when a doctor recommended your treatment. Then at 63, it seemed that I shook off 20 years almost overnight."

Forty—The Danger Age

These are the facts, just as I learned them. In 65% of all men, the vital prostate gland slows up soon after 40. No pain is experienced, but as this distressing condition continues, sciatica, backache, severe bladder weakness, constipation, etc., often develop.

Prostate Trouble

These are frequently the signs of prostate trouble. Now thousands suffer these handicaps needlessly! For a prominent American Scientist after seven years of research, discovered a new, safe way to stimulate the prostate gland to normal health and activity in many cases. This new hygiene is worthy to be called a notable achievement of the age.

A National Institution for Men Past 40

Its success has been startling, its growth rapid. This new hygiene is rapidly gaining in national prominence. The institution in Steubenville has now reached large proportions. Scores and even hundreds of letters pour in every day, and in many cases reported results have been little short of amazing. In case after case, men have reported that they have felt ten years younger in six days. Now physicians in every part of the country are using and recommending this treatment.

Quick as is the response to this new hygiene, it is actually a pleasant, natural relaxation, involving no drugs, medicine, or electric rays whatever. The scientist explains this discovery and tells why many men are old at forty in a new book now sent free, in 24-page, illustrated form. Send for it. Every man past forty should know the true meaning of those frank facts. No cost or obligation is incurred. But act at once before this free edition is exhausted. Simply fill in your name below, tear off and mail.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 78)

At an annual meeting of The Shrine Luncheon Club, Cleveland, Al Koran, the following officers were elected: President, Ansel E. Beckwith; 1st Vice-Pres., George C. Strong; 2d Vice-Pres., D. C. Hathaway; Sec.-Treas., Fred C. Lemp, Board of Governors—the first three above, Potentate Guy Galbraith, Al Koran, Harry Coopland, George I. Fahey, George J. Fischer and N. G. Underwood.

Shrine Luncheon Club, Al Koran, Cleveland, staged a good Friday banquet and Service, with the Eminent Commanders of the seven local Commanderies, and the present and past Rose Croix Masters at the head table. Noble Isaac Morris, 33d, opened with an invocation, and Rev. Christopher Jeffries McCombe made an outstanding address on The Crusader's Credentials.

The Bethlehem Shrine Club, under jurisdiction of Rajah, Reading, recently held a concert for charity which was highly praised by the local papers. This was their eighth event of a similar character. The officers of the club are Frank P. Martenis, pres.; J. A. Titlow, vice-pres.; S. F. Keim, sec'y-treas.

The Shrine Luncheon Club of Syria, Pittsburgh, meets every Friday noon and the following list of stunts presented at the meetings in one month will give you an idea of whether or not they are well attended. At one meeting they were entertained by Elsie Janis, in person, and "Joe" Thomas with his famous Saxotette Band. The next meeting was Stetson Shoe Day and the prizes were donated by the Stetson Shoe Company and the entertainment consisted of a Negro Band and several other popular numbers. The following meeting featured the Chamber of Commerce Glee Club and the final meeting of the month was under the auspices of the Aldine Theater and free buttermilk was distributed.

The Logansport Shrine Club, Logansport, Indiana, meets at the Club rooms with their ladies and enjoy a meal together; with cards or a radio party following. The Club has recently moved into its new quarters in the Masonic Temple and have several rooms, with a good library, radio, etc. An unusual feature at the Annual Stag and Smoker was the old-fashioned free lunch counter, on which all the old time favorites were displayed for the inspection of the Nobility.

The Niagara Shrine Club, Niagara Falls, N. Y., had a most unusual start. Ismailia, Buffalo, presented them with a handsome American flag and a club banner. A banquet followed the meeting, which established the club as well versed in dietetic lore.

MYSTERY HOUSE

(Continued from page 65)

club or timber caught him upon the shoulder and almost sent him buckling to the floor. But once again primeval terror guided his actions; to avoid a second such blow he madly lunged in to close quarters and clutched his assailant.

The strength in that silent figure informed him that it was not Beatrice who was sharing the summer-house with him. He felt the earth crumbling—felt the summer-house giving way. The unknown figure with resistless strength flung Peter reeling from him, and leaped back; and Peter, the breath knocked out of him, wildly clinging to a pillar for support, felt the summer-house going—going—

When consciousness dimly returned, the rain was beating on his face, he was lying on the beach and beside him loomed the indistinct bulk of the summer-house. There were three flashlights, and Peter made out Dr. Grayson, Jennings and Beatrice.

"Lucky that I decided to follow you," said Dr. Grayson.

Lucky, indeed, weakly thought Peter—or Beatrice would have seized upon his period of coma to have finished off at the base of the cliff what had been attempted upon its brow.

Peter heard no more then, and knew no more. When consciousness came to him a second time he was in his own bed at home, and the same trio were around him.

"No bones broken," said Dr. Grayson. "Some bruises and a bad shaking up—that's the size of it. But you'll have to stay in bed for several days."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am, Mr. Delacroix," put in Beatrice, "that my note should have made you the victim of such an accident!"

So she called it an accident, did she! Even though her note had been the lure! Well—he could still play his part, too—still keep his cards hidden.

(To be continued)

In the next instalment of "Mystery House" Peter Buchanan finds some of his best laid plans to trap the murderers work out quite differently from what he expected.

Every Man Has the Opportunity to Sign His Own DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE

HOW many take advantage of it? The facts gathered from experience among all ages and in all classes, give the answer.

Out of 100 healthy men who are now twenty-five years old, there will be fifteen who are no longer self-supporting when they reach the age of 45, and sixty-five of the hundred will be barely supporting themselves.

At the age of 65, fifty-four will be dependent upon relatives or charity, five will be barely making a living and five will be independent.

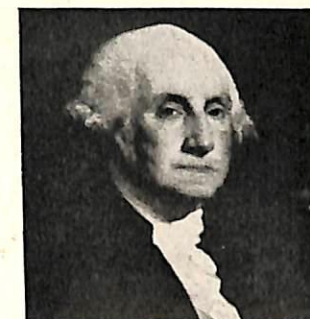
What will be your status at 65?

It is an easy matter and a simple one to protect yourself and secure your own independence for your declining years. You can banish worry—the fear of sickness or disability; the fear that you will become a burden to your children or charity in your declining years, and the fear that death may leave your wife or your children unprovided for.

Thousands—tens of thousands have taken the step that spells future independence. In fairness to your loved ones—in fairness to yourself and your peace of mind, it is imperative that you take the same step.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, who looked ahead to the independence of his country and whose Generalship made that independence a fact, was a Mason as well as a soldier.

One of the first Masons in America he lived to be the foremost one of his time. He was an Entered Apprentice on November 4th, 1752, not having reached the age of 21. Twelve years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence and seven years after he finally defeated the British Armies at Yorktown, he became Charter Master of Alexandria Lodge, Alexandria, Va.

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